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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

The Church of the People

No. 1.] PUBLISHED MONTHLY. [Nov. 1853.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF A COMMITTEE.

TO OUR READERS.

On issuing the first number of the "Church of the People," it may be advisable to state plainly and briefly the principles on which it will be conducted, and the grounds on which we venture to look for general support.

It is undeniable that, notwithstanding the many cheap periodicals of the day, and the extensive circulation some of them have obtained, the great mass of the people are lamentably misinformed on most of those important topics, which are now so freely, and often unfairly, discussed, in the pages of every popular serial. Nor can we be altogether surprised at this; for while good and earnest magazines, conducted on high principles, are within the reach of the upper classes, they are, on account of their cost, practically sealed books to the mechanic, the artisan, and the labourer. These have no better guide to fix their political and religious opinions than the cheap and low newspapers, whose province it too often is to decry all order and authority as the result of despotism, and to sneer at religion as bigotry and priestcraft.

Now while we write for all classes, our especial aim is directed to those who have, as above described, so few means of arriving at a dispassionate judgment on the many topics—in Church matters particularly—which are continually brought before them; and though our articles, written in plain and simple language, will by no means be confined to religious questions, but will extend to any light reading which may tend to "point a moral or adorn a tale," we shall be guided by the following principles in their composition:—

I. We believe in One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, of which the Church of England is a true and living branch,—the only one which has any claims on the allegiance of Englishmen: and as we believe that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that what is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation;" so, too, do we hold to be included in this, a belief in a "*visible Church*" which "hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith."

II. We look on the Book of Common Prayer as the expounder of the Church's views in all doctrinal questions; and while it is our intention never to go beyond the teaching of the Church in such matters, we are equally determined not to fall short of it.

III. We conceive that the well-being of the Church has been materially hindered by various abuses which have gradually and insensibly grown up. These it will be our earnest endeavour to remove. To instance one, we will name the pew system, which has done more to alienate the poor from the Church than anything else.

IV. We consider the religious element to be of the *first* importance in Education, every thing being subsidiary to this: consequently, that it must not be left to chance and uncertainty, but be the great aim of all engaged in education—the clergyman having the entire control and direction of the religious teaching in all its bearings.

We have alluded to abuses within the Church: they are too notorious to be denied. While, however, we cannot affect to be blind to them, they will be discussed in no censorious spirit, but with ten-

derness and consideration for those who are involved in the evil. Notwithstanding all that her enemies have said and done, the many excellences of the Church cannot be overlooked; and to the high position she maintains may doubtless be attributed much of their malignity and envy.

But though we cannot ignore the existence of defects in the Church—defects which are owing, not so much to the Church's system as to the lax and partial manner in which that system is carried out—we are glad to record our conviction, that these are daily becoming fewer and fewer; both clergy and laity are more alive to the greatness of their responsibilities, and more desirous of doing their duty in that station of life in which God has respectively placed them. Churches, in general, are no longer open only on Sundays, and consigned to dreary silence during the rest of the week. Services are everywhere multiplied; the daily sacrifice is offered up at least in every large town, and the Holy Eucharist celebrated every Lord's Day.

That the Church of England is making great and steady progress in the affections of her children, is a self-evident fact. Our arts and sciences are made use of to enhance the dignity of God's House and the solemnity of public worship. Churches are no longer built like town halls and concert rooms; and ecclesiastical music is once more attaining some degree of excellence among us.

With such encouraging facts before us we do not doubt that our own humble endeavours to promote God's glory, and the welfare of His Church and people, will meet with all the success we anticipate; and with this sanguine feeling we have projected the present monthly periodical as an organ of communication between Churchmen in general, and a medium for affording sound instruction and advice, combined with rational amusement, to those vast masses at present living almost without God in the world, and altogether ignorant that He has set up a spiritual kingdom upon earth.

A STORY THAT HAS TRUTH IN IT.

Twenty years ago! A long time is twenty years in any life, but near our great manufacturing towns it seems longer; so many changes have been made that we seek in vain for old haunts; old houses are gone, beautiful nooks are occupied by pert-looking villas, and where a gurgling stream once rolled on until it found itself mingling with the Irwell, some huge manufactory has stopped the sparkling flood, and compelled it to apply itself to useful purposes, to bleach or dye, to take away or give colour, as the ruling mind may please. We are not about to abuse the man who has thus driven away the pleasant dreams of youth, nor are we going to undervalue the fabrics which have been made there, since the water paid its tribute to man. Change is written upon all: new houses, new roads,—and, last of all, that change of our own day, a railway has run its undeviating course through the village: we will tell you its name presently. Only fancy to yourself what a pleasure it was for the artisan to turn from the crash of the looms, and on one day—the day of rest—to find there was a place where he could enjoy silence—rest. But not alone to the factory operative is Sunday a day of rest: the wearied tradesman, the jaded clerk, the sempster working night and day, all look forward to the day when they can retire from their toil and find repose. Even at the time of which we write, Manchester was the great emporium of the cotton trade, and rapid as its march has been, during the past twenty years, steam had then begun its rivalry with man, and was gradually overcoming him with its iron arms. It was the battle of the giant with pigmies, who could labour most. Who could labour best, there was no doubt; but the giant did so much work, and at so much less cost, that he soon left little for the pigmies to do. But the giant did not work alone; he called many of the pigmies to his aid, and paid them so well that they were glad to work for him. And thus huge factories arose, and where all was silence before, busy hundreds laboured. All this you knew, perhaps, before. We know many things in this world; but it is not always that we use our knowledge. It was not without suffering, these changes were made. The hand-loom weaver, who had brought up his son to the trade, found his labour of less value, and that he, in his old age, had to work the harder, when he hoped for rest. But his class are fast sinking to decay. Twenty years has made us all grow older, and some of us very old. In one of the new rows of bright red brick houses, which appeared to grow like magic, lived Daniel Watson. He had brought up his family, consisting of a daughter and two sons, to hand-loom weaving, and very comfortably they were off, until the change came; and Daniel could not understand how it was that many things were missing which he had formerly enjoyed. His pipe he still had; his beer, which he had formerly brewed, he now bought, and in small quantities. The boys were settled, and had taken their share of the earnings away. It was only what he and Jane could earn; and now that she was grown to womanhood, they had barely enough to live upon with decent comfort. Jenny, said the old man one day to her, thee'll do better to give up Harry Gray. He'll be no good to thee, girl. Jenny laughed, but made no reply. She was a pretty girl, full of life and spirits, and liked Harry's company when they walked out on Sunday, and of an evening when he sometimes came to sit

with them for an hour or two. And who was Harry Gray? He was the only son of an old weaver, who had died when the lad was about ten years old, and his uncle had taken him to bring him up at his looms, for he had two, one of which his wife had formerly worked at. He was a steady lad—a little too quiet—the uncle thought, for he did not attend the union meeting, or associate with his set. The young man said that the meetings did no good to any one, and that he would have nothing to do with them. As he grew up, Harry had carefully put by a portion of his earnings, and was doing comfortably. The two old men were companious—they belonged to the same union—and this brought about an acquaintance between Jane Watson and Harry Gray. But Harry had much firmness of character. He could write a little, and he had learned to read. He constantly heard of the great fortunes which men had made by these wonderful machines. He saw the great houses grow gradually larger, and each seeming to outvie its neighbour. But he could not understand that they did any good by the meetings of their union: prices were lower, it was natural; the hand-loom work was no doubt the best, but not so much better that it could compensate for the looms worked by steam power.

Old Watson did not like the lad. He saw plainly his own altered circumstances, and doggedly refused to look beyond. I could earn from 25s. to 30s. a-week, said he, and now I can barely earn 10s. a-week. What is the use of trade, if it brings us to this pass, said old Gray; and I tell the boy so, an' I suppose he wouldn't keep on with me, only that we have got the looms, and you see we are company for each other. That is just it, said Harry; I would go to the factory, where I could get better wages. And cut our throats, said old Watson; and he could not endure the lad afterwards. But still he came to the house; sometimes he had a newspaper, which pacified the old man; occasionally he took some little present from his garden to Jane: he had given her a pair of young pigeons, for, like most weavers, he divided his amusements between his garden and his pigeons, of which he was very fond.

He was not above the vanity of his class. When he went out on Sunday, or for a holiday, he changed his working suit for one of broadcloth, and did not forget the peacock airs, which so often raise a smile. But with all his little failings, one thing was certain, Harry loved Jane Watson,—spite of the bluntness of the old man and the waywardness of Jane. For she would leave him and go up stairs, without saying more than good evening, or walk out to a neighbour's, leaving the old man to tell the good old times of weaving to Harry, who, while he wished such times might come, saw that there was no hope of their coming. The trade had entered upon a new era. Often would Harry try quietly to convince Watson that it was the same with all trades,—they had their days of prosperity and their times of depression; that consumption was increasing every year; and that their looms could not have supplied all that was wanted. And fine times they would have been, said the old man. The masters would then beg us to work, not we them to give us work as we do now. This was the height of old Watson's ambition. Harry could not agree with him, and at length avoided discussion by allowing the old man to have his own way. He did not prevent Harry from coming to his house; his increasing infirmities warned him that he might one day leave Jane alone in the world. He, therefore, tolerated rather than liked Harry's company. Jane knew that he loved her, and did not mind teazing him by taking part with her father—abusing machinery, and declaring she would never work where it was used.

The hand-loom work became gradually worse, and at length old Gray consented that his nephew should apply for work at the power-loom. He succeeded; for owing to the strong prejudice of the elder men, labour was not more than equal to the demand. He did not dare tell the old Watson, whose means were gradually becoming less, and his ravings against machinery more vehement. At length his employment failed him. It was one day in the midst of winter, when on taking home his work, he found orders were issued to give out no more. And how am I to live, said he to the foreman. As you can, was the short reply. So Watson turned away, and at the door saw Gray, who had been refused work, although a better hand than he. Well, this is the end of the machines, Billy, said Watson. When we want work most there is least of it to be had. I didn't think I had worked a loom forty years to come to this. Nor I, old friend, said Gray; but we must take to the power-loom, if they will have us, or there is not a chance for us.

Never, Billy; I'll starve first. Never, Billy, my boy; you won't see Daniel Watson working at a power-loom.—Well, it's no use, I have let the boy go, and he earns double the money he did at home. My looms shall go, for I should only starve if I kept on at them. I didn't think, said Watson, you would have done that, nor Harry either; that's the way our trade has been cut up. If no one had worked at these factories, we should have had all the trade to ourselves. I don't think so, said Gray, for we have had very bad times—strikes for months together — and between the bad times and the strikes, I do not think the trade was ever any very great good. If I had my time to go over again, I would try another trade.—It's too late to talk of that, said Harry, and Watson bade him good day, and walked off home.

When he came in, Jane said,—What! no work, father. What's doing to-day? Isn't the winding done? I don't know, Jenny, what's done or what's not done, only there's no work, and they want yours home to-morrow; they say the power-looms have done it all, and there's Harry gone to the

factory, and old Billy let him go without a word. Then Harry needn't think to come here, said Jenny; does he think I am going to one of their mills to work, and to ask him to beg me in? No Harry, boy, she said, that shall not be.—The old man sat down gloomily by the fire. She had too much good sense not to see that a long continued want of work would ruin them. The weather seemed in harmony with his feelings. A heavy fog hangs over the town—the smoke from so many chimneys is turning day into night—the heavy mist clings to the clothes, and seems to penetrate the chimney corner. You won't go out to-day, father, said Jane. No, said the old man, I don't think I shall ever go out any more. Don't say so, father, said Jenny, you must not be downcast; things have been bad long enough; they will turn again by and bye, and if it comes to the worst, I can go to service, and not be a burden to you. The boys will gladly find you a home. Yes, said the old man, they will find me a home when I want one, but I believe I should die if I were to leave this house. You were all born in it; it was from here they carried your mother, and it is from here I hope they will carry me. A few tears trickled down the old man's face; Jane did not see them. She thought the dull day had added to her father's troubles, for usually she did not look at the dark side of life, although she hated factories and believed they would ruin his trade. It was, however, a severe blow to the old man. He had for the first time in his life been refused work. In the dullest times, he had found some employment; and on the strikes his active mind had placed him frequently among the leading members of the committees which treated with the masters; the shock was, therefore, more severe, and a few days soon showed how deeply he felt his position. He said very little—the same gloom continued over him. On the Friday he said, Jenny, girl, I won't get up to-day; I'm not very well.—As he had sometimes done this before, Jenny took no further notice than to say she would make him some breakfast, and perhaps afterwards he would find himself better. I don't know, said the old man, whether I shall ever get better. Jenny, life is not of much use to me, now that my work is done. Not yet, father, by many years, I hope, said she; you are no great age yet. No, said he, age does not trouble me; but never mind, girl, go thy way, I cannot help thee.—Jane did not understand the strugglings of the proud heart. He revolted from the very thought of dependence, even upon his own children, and yet there seemed no escape from it. He did not shed a tear, it seemed impossible; food he almost loathed; there was one who had watched him in these moods, but she was no more. She could talk to him and cheer him up. Jane did not understand this,—troubles she had none, unless it was, which of her admirers she should flirt with. There was little community of feeling between the old man and his daughter, yet he loved her, and his only care about leaving the world was the thought of her. Strange notions had he of other matters. He was a member of the Church of England, for she had his baptismal register, but he knew nothing more of it than that he remembered once belonging to a benefit club that went once a year to church. He knew the masters went to church, and therefore concluded that there could not be much good in it. Jane sometimes went, with young Gray; but oftener they walked out. The Prestwich hills were the general resort of young and old who could leave Manchester on a fine Sunday. There were roads through the fields and cloughs—beautiful springs ran through the valleys; there the throstle seemed to sing his first song, and the swallows to linger longer before he left for his warm winter home—there, too, was fresh air, and green fields—and there they heard neither the clack of the loom nor the crash of the piston, nor the burr of wheels. It was so different from every day life, that it was a holiday.

Saturday came, and still the old man did not rise, but Jenny had no fears for his health. He did not speak nor eat much; he was so completely cut up, she thought, by the loss of his work; but perhaps when Monday came he would be better. In the evening Harry Gray came in, bringing a newspaper and a couple of pigeons. He had killed them on purpose for the old man. Knowing that Watson would refuse anything if it was purchased, he killed his young birds and brought them to Jane. I have brought you a couple of pigeons, Jane, he said; I thought, perhaps, you would like them. I am getting more than my little house will hold. This was not quite true, but he was forced to give some reason for bringing the pigeons: had he given the true reason they would have been indignantly refused. Where is your father, said Harry, as soon as he sat down. He has not been up these two days, said Jane; he takes on a good deal about the loss of his work; but I hope on Monday he will be agate again. I hope so, said Harry; shall I go and see him? No, said Jane, he will not speak if you do. Sit down, Harry, and I'll take him the paper; if that doesn't rouse him up, nothing will. Saying this she ran up stairs.—Here is the paper, father, which Harry has just brought; shall he read it to you? He is down stairs, and would come up. I don't want any more papers, said the old man. Tell Gray to come to me to-morrow, for I suppose you will be off for a while, eh, girl? Yes, father, if you like; but not if you want me at home, you know I like to get out on Sunday, if I can. Yes, he said, pausing as he spoke; yes, I used once to walk out, and was as fond as you are of the green fields: but tell Gray I want to see his uncle to-morrow. Jane went down stairs, and told Harry what her father had said; and she set about preparing the pigeons, hoping that he might eat one of them for supper. Harry talked with her for a time, and then went home to his uncle.

(To be continued.)

THE MANCHESTER CHURCH INSTITUTE.

Amongst the evils consequent upon our commercial system, there is none of greater magnitude than the neglected state of so many thousands in our large towns. The incessant demands upon labour interfere with social ties, and large numbers, who are attracted to the marts of commerce, find themselves without the comforts of home or the society of a friend. To such, a relaxation from toil is of little or no benefit, for having no resources in which to seek enjoyment, they become too often the victims of dissipation or crime.

If "a knowledge of a fault be half its cure," we are in a fair way to see a remedy applied to this universally admitted evil, and much, indeed, has been done during the last few years to afford to all classes opportunities for self improvement. Mechanics, Institutions, Public Libraries, and Athenæums, combined with cheap literature and popular lectures, have been highly successful in their operation, and every step taken to educate the people has shewn their willingness to receive our endeavours in a kind and generous spirit. Comparisons have often been drawn between the operatives of England and those of other countries, unfavourable to the literary tastes of our countrymen; but if we may judge from the numbers availing themselves of every opportunity for acquiring knowledge, the fault rests with those who have not placed the means of scientific pursuit within their reach, or have debarred them from rational and useful enjoyment. Happily any jealousy on this score is fast subsiding. The feeling,—common enough twenty years ago,—that it was dangerous for a poor man's child to be taught to read, is not often expressed now, and will probably soon be extinct.

Great as our progress has recently been in providing for the wants of the people, it has been radically defective in the one great matter, without which it is in vain to expect any permanent good—Religion. To the mind of many a working man religion appears to be an obstructive element, and not the principle of love pervading every action; and occasions most favorable for its introduction have been lost sight of or neglected, instead of its being made to fill the foremost place in soothing the cares of the wearied artizan, and providing for the comforts and instruction of his family. The Church of the People, whose ministrations all require from the earliest period to the latest moment of life, is not felt or acknowledged as such by too many of those to whom she emphatically belongs: the sacred ties which bind them to her on all the important events of life, are not felt in every day detail, and her voice is but rarely heard amid the hum of our factories and the crowded bustle of our streets.

Such a state of things is to be lamented; but can it be wondered at? While science and literature have been offered in every variety to the working classes, no steps have been taken to combine with them religious teaching, and to identify the Church of England with the spirit of the age. While the Church has stood aloof from popular literature, her enemies have profited by her mistake—infidelity has insinuated itself among metaphysical and intellectual truth—dissent has seized whatever might best appeal to the feelings—and a worship of superstition is all but identified with sculpture, painting, and music. This state of things is not only injurious, but unnatural. The great Head of the Church, who gave all things to be enjoyed, designed that His noblest gifts should be blended with the Christian life, and that everything which raises the soul from earth should draw it to Himself.

To identify the Church with popular feeling, she must be brought more into contact with it; it must be felt that her prayers are not limited to special occasions or to Sunday services, but that she provides for every want—soothes every sorrow—sanctifies every enjoyment. She has resources in herself for this purpose which no sectaries possess, for she can appeal to the deepest feelings of our nature; there are few who are not connected with her, either from choice or custom, by the services of baptism, confirmation, or marriage, and her voice can recall the hours most deeply imprinted on memory for sorrow or joy.

The object of the institution, whose name we have placed at the head of our paper, is to profit by this advantage, and to afford opportunities for social intercourse to those who value the blessings which the Church bestows. It is needless to descant on the varied usefulness of such a society,—to the stranger in a large town it may serve as a haven from the storms of temptation which will assail him—he may there be reminded of his baptismal vows and be encouraged by the example of those around him to "fight the good fight of faith,"—the man of business, in the leisure moments which "thronging cares afford," may be refreshed for his daily work,—and the remembrance that we have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," may dispel the doubts or calm the fears of the inquiring mind.

The usual literary pursuits and advantages offered by other institutions will not suffer from being engrafted upon Church principles in this; our newsrooms and libraries will be all the more instructive and not less interesting, because their contents are selected with due care; nor will lectures be less popular if science and history be made subservient to religion.

We are not the first to break ground; the wants and necessities of the people have been felt long ago; and if miscellaneous religionists, with some imaginary bond of union, can support their Christian associations, there is no reason to fear that Church Institutes will lack support or be inoperative for good. Need we say more in behalf of the project announced in another part of our publication? We recommend it to the clergy, who are ever foremost in works of real usefulness for their people. Employers, exercising in some sort a parental relation towards the persons in their service, by providing

resources for their leisure hours, and so protecting them, as far as may be, from the mischiefs of promiscuous and questionable association, cannot do otherwise than benefit themselves. The rich may impart somewhat, without feeling the loss, from the abundance of their book-shelves; or, by gifts of money, separately insignificant, may ensure to the directors an adequate permanent income for the various departments of the institution; whilst the young men themselves, in every branch of employment in the vast community to which we speak, will, we are confident, flock from every church and church-school, whither we know that our words will penetrate, to manifest their appreciation of the special means of intellectual and moral improvement which it is proposed to offer them. One feature of the new institution deserves to be especially noticed, as calculated to supply that which most of us feel,—the want of some opportunity for perusing, or even glancing at the excellent periodicals and other Church literature, English, American, and Colonial, which issue abundantly from the press, and to which large private means are alone adequate to procure access by purchase. All honor, then, to the energy and spirit which has devised, and is now carrying into effect, this most excellent plan.

THE PEW SYSTEM.—No. I.

THE Church of England, as a national Church, belongs to the whole people. Every Englishman is in law, and by the theory of the Church, entitled to worship publicly in the place where he lives, and, whatever be his condition of life, he has an equal claim with his neighbours (irrespective of pecuniary payment) to be duly and regularly accommodated in the church of that place.—(See Canon XV.)

The Church of Christ was declared to be emphatically the Church of the poor. However scorned or neglected by *the world*, "Christ's poor" are highly-esteemed members of the Church. The poor, as distinguished from the higher and middle classes, form the bulk of the people. The poor are, therefore, on every account, to be regarded not certainly as the least, but rather as the most important portion of the English Church.

Churches, ever since the Apostles' time, have been places for the common, free, equal, and daily worship of the great body of the people. The meetings in "the upper rooms"—by the river side—at Philippi—in the desert—and in "caves and dens in the earth," knew no respect for persons in the worship of God. Elsewhere throughout Christendom such distinctions are still unknown. Unhappily, in this country, a system has, during a century or two, grown up in opposition to apostolic order and the undeniably theory of our Church, by which, in her sacred edifices, a few are favoured to the injury of the many. The national Church is virtually closed to the nation at large; the people are aliens in "the house of their fathers;" a few of the poor are indeed "accommodated" (as it is said) in *His* presence *where all are equal*—with degrading inequality; the residue remain in irreligion outside, or lapse into dissent. The "House of Prayer" is again a place of traffic; the "chief seats" in it are sought after and openly sold for an annual payment or a sum in gross. In order to supply the demand for "due privacy and comfort," the open area of the church—nave, aisles, and even chancel—has been partitioned into proprietary boxes; architectural beauty, symbolising holiest thoughts, has been defaced; windows have been darkened, and fonts and screens overthrown. The recent revival of Church principles has done much to prevent and remove these enormities, but the spirit which produced them is still in the ascendant and its evil consequences rife in the Church.

It would exceed the limits of this article to trace all the consequences of this momentous usurpation upon the rights of the people at large—a few of these evils must be briefly stated.

I. The pew system is incompatible with the parochial system of the Church. Under it the Church's care for *all the souls of a district* is abandoned; the priest's especial duty towards the poorest and most numerous portion of its inhabitants is lost sight of; "he becomes, as it were, the private chaplain of the pew owners." In lieu of pastoral obligations towards *all* his parishioners, a pecuniary connexion is substituted, specially confined to those who can pay for their seats. Hence the most universal neglect of the poor in the populous districts; hence the hopeless heathenism of millions whom the Church in its *theory* holds to be her beloved children, cherished members of Christ's body, but whom the pew system shuts out, and the Church *practically* ignores.

II. The pew system strikes at the root of Church discipline. The people have free access to the rites of the Church; but though baptised, confirmed, married, and buried, they are hardly permitted to worship in her communion. As the privileged persons are those persons who attend her services, the sacraments naturally come to be regarded as no privilege at all. The pew system thus destroys the only distinction which has ever been, or ought ever to be, admitted in the Church, namely, between faithful and unfaithful members—between communicants and non-communicants. It takes from communicants, as such, all voice in the Church, and gives it in exchange for money to those who are perhaps not communicants, and need not even have been baptised.

III. It engrafts upon the Church the party spirit, congregational dictation, and other evils of the voluntary system: for when a clergyman looks to pewholders for the greater part of his income, their tastes, class interests, and peculiar views, will—perhaps unconsciously—guide him. He will preach to their intelligence, instead of to the ignorance around him. The occupants of his pews may

be dissenters, or nominal Churchmen, but their prejudices will have to be consulted at the expense of the Church's services, her ritual, and her discipline. Can we forget that in America ministers of religion are the strongest defenders of slavery? Are the principles of humanity, the interests of the people, and the welfare of the labouring portion of society likely to be at all more safe under similar influences here?

IV. As the pew system is the basis of dissent, so it supplies the strongest argument to the enemies of the Church. To provide the means of public worship for the whole people, a tax may be just—for a mere class it is clearly unjust. To maintain the Church of England in its property and privileges for a comparatively small section, the great mass of the people being virtually excluded, is felt to be an intolerable grievance. Let the churches in this land be again as all churches once were, equally free and open to all the parishioners, and can we doubt their concurrence in maintaining national edifices and the services of a truly national Church?

Other evils result from the pew system, but, perhaps it may be thought, are not essential to it: churches built and public worship established as a sort of mercantile speculation;—luxurious privacy of "pens," curtained round and containing arm chairs, fire places, sofas, tables, and other conveniences, outraging the sanctity of the House of God; pews kept illegally closed, locked during service, and even surrounded with spikes; disturbance to congregations by the expulsion of worshippers from their places in church; the un-Christian feelings thereby engendered on both sides; the encouragement to occupiers of pews to come late to church, and to be indifferent to the comfort of neighbours and fellow-worshippers. In the trafficing for and providing of "sittings," *kneeling* in prayer has become a forgotten duty; a slovenly self-indulgent demeanour is observable among all classes, and directions in our prayer books, disobeyed in one important respect, come to be disregarded in all. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the abuses of a system which has been proved to be inherently bad for the poor, who, if there be any difference, ought to be the first cared for in the Church, not the last,—and for their superiors in station, whose pride and exclusiveness it helps to foster into forgetfulness of the brotherhood and "communion of saints."

How a Church, so pure as ours in doctrine, has fallen away so far from Christian theory and apostolic practice, need not be inquired. Suffice it to say, that the pew system is not an offspring of the Church, but a corruption introduced by those who for a time overthrew her, and one in which our fallen nature has been too ready to acquiesce.

To be well rid of this disastrous innovation of her enemies is a chief need of the Church. "Without justice religion appears a mockery of the poor." The pew system belies the fundamental principles of Christianity and of the universal Church, as founded by our Lord and his Apostles, and as recognised, adopted, and maintained by this nation. To remove it, is accordingly felt to be an essential pre-requisite to the evangelisation of the people. Great is the work, and, of necessity, gradual. The sooner it is commenced, the earlier it will be accomplished. As a Christian work it can only be accomplished by Christian means; by persuasion and self-sacrifice, without bitterness or heat, and with a due regard to the rights and feelings of all parties concerned. Experience, no less than abstract theory, is in favour of the change. Wherever churches have remained open, or have been restored to the people, it has been found—

1. That less waste of room is occasioned, and the congregation are drawn together in the best part of the church.

2ndly. That the mischievous idea of property in the House of God is destroyed.

3rdly. That punctuality, reverence, and general devoutness is promoted.

4thly. That the poor are especially attracted by the feeling of equality in worship, and entire freedom of access, to come to the church.

ORIGIN OF HIGH PEWS.—Bishop Burnet complained that the ladies of Queen Anne's establishment did not look at him while he was preaching his thundering long sermons (as Queen Mary called them), but were looking at other objects. He, therefore, after much remonstrance, prevailed on Queen Anne to order all the pews in St. James's Chapel to be raised so high, that the fair delinquents could see nothing but himself when he was in the pulpit. The whim of Bishop Burnet was imitated in many places which had not been pewed before.

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS.

A REVEREND friend of ours was once asked by a very grave personage, who, although he wore no sackcloth, yet "went softly,"—"Whether he were a serious Christian?" "By no means," was the reply: "I am a jocose Christian"—and so ended the conversation. Now here were two men equally impressed with the awful responsibility of their Christian profession, equally inspired with reverence for the doctrines and precepts of our holy religion, equally zealous for the eternal welfare of their fellow-men, starting asunder like repellant magnets, each feeling and lamenting the absence of that sympathy without which we know even Apostles could not co-operate. Yet with what different feelings did these two worthy men contemplate each other. With a tranquil smile of regret our facetious friend beheld the indignant horror of his questioner, who recoiled from one who seemed to him possessed with the spirit of Antichrist. Here, then, we have the types of two conflicting elements whose inveterate antagonism neutralizes that charity which is the very bond of peace, and perpetuates that disunion which paralyzes the efforts of the

Church in evangelizing the multitudes at present unhappily without its pale.

We earnestly invite attention to the interesting communication we are enabled to lay before our readers, shewing the practical working of that principle which we feel it our duty to advocate. The proceedings at Hagley are calculated, we trust, to convince the most piously disposed of the desirableness of promoting, as extensively as possible, those amusements and recreations which the wisest among moralists, physicians, and even divines have enjoined as essential to vigour both of body and mind. We regard, with no ordinary satisfaction, the phenomenon of a clergyman sanctioning and encouraging a revival of those sports—that hilarity, that hearty enjoyment, without which there cannot be health—there cannot be virtue! And we trust an example such as this will stimulate others of his order to shake off that timidity which, in deference to ignorance and fanaticism, prevents them from countenancing and sharing those enjoyments, which, though perfectly innocent in themselves, are too commonly regarded as incompatible with holiness of life. Yet the All Holy One represents music and dancing as the type of that joy wherewith angels welcome the repentant sinner, and so far from even parenthetically denouncing such pastimes, gives the finishing touch of fascination to that parable, which only love itself could have pronounced with that benign sentiment, "*It was meet* that we should make merry and rejoice." Away, then, with that hideous and revolting mask with which Puritanism conceals the attractive features of such a religion, and let us look forward with hope to the time when hall and cottage, park and village green, shall again echo with the sports, aye with the fun too, of merry Old England.

Without further apology, we present our readers with the following extracts from the "First Report of the Hagley Working Men's Club," which has been set on foot by the excellent rector of the parish, and is largely indebted to his kindly and zealous superintendence for success.

The object for which it was founded, was to provide recreation and means of useful instruction of various kinds, for the working men of this village. For this purpose the school-room, after school hours, was furnished with chairs and tables, and turned into a reading-room; for which a small library of useful and amusing books was provided, and newspapers and other periodicals, many of them illustrated, were taken in. Draughts and chess are also allowed, provided no members ever play for money. In the summer, cricket and quoits; and in the winter, on moonlight nights, football, are played by his permission, without payment, in Lord Lyttelton's grounds.

The club was opened by a cricket match, played on one of the days of the Stourbridge Races, in which it is usual for masters in this country to give their workmen a half-holiday; after which, a dinner was given by the rector, at the inn, at which the rules were proposed and carried, the committee and officers elected, and the club regularly established.

The reading-room was for some time pretty well attended; though at first it was used almost only for playing draughts, or looking at the engravings in the newspapers and books. Few of the members read much or regularly; when the novelty of the draughts wore off, the reading-room began, towards Christmas last year, to be thinly attended, and it was agreed that it would be best to employ the evenings in the winter-months in studying useful subjects, reserving the summer for complete holiday-time; and the following classes were, in consequence, formed for the remainder of that winter:—on Mondays and Fridays, a drawing class, taught by a member of the School of Design at Stourbridge; on Tuesdays, a class for arithmetic and mensuration: on Wednesday evenings, there was a service at the church, and therefore no class: on Thursdays, a geography class, taught by the rector: and, on Saturdays, a class for learning instrumental music, taught by a man from Stourbridge. These classes worked fairly till Easter; and the reading-room was better attended. At Easter, the classes broke up for the summer; and cricket soon began. Towards the middle of the summer, there was some disorder in the reading-room in the evenings, occasioned by some slight misconduct on the part of some of the younger members of the club. In order to stop this, a general meeting was called, at which the good feeling of the members was appealed to, to put a stop to any such disturbance; and it was unanimously agreed that no rioting of any kind ought to be allowed in the reading-room; that this club is intended to consist only of those who have arrived at sufficient age to know how to behave in a manly and proper manner; and that we might therefore confidently hope that, on the evil of such disturbances being represented to them, all the members would of themselves see the propriety of putting a stop to them, without any rule being necessary to enforce it. It was, however, agreed, that, in order to make quite sure of perfect order, some members of committee should, at each committee meeting, undertake to be present in the reading-room on each evening in the week—one undertaking it on Mondays, another on Tuesdays, and so on—to enforce proper conduct. This practice has, however dropped into disuse; the good feeling of the members having made it unnecessary: and not the slightest disturbance of this kind has since taken place.

After the cricket-match this year, the club had intended to have had a dinner at the inn, as they had last year; but it so happened that dinner could not be obtained there that day. A tea-party was therefore held at the school instead; and after it, there was a dance, the members having invited their sisters and other friends. We are aware that this is a kind of amusement, the propriety and expediency of which is questioned by many persons for whom we feel the greatest respect, and against whose judgment we are unwilling to act. But such amusements appear to most of us to be clearly allowed in Scripture, and we believed that, with proper care, they might be so managed as not in any way to offend against Christian feeling, or to lead to any danger. In some parishes it would be much more difficult to make sure of this; it must depend very much upon circumstances. But we believe, that if any one inquires into all that was done on that evening, he will find that nothing took place in the slightest degree objectionable. And we hope that by the proper conduct and feeling of all our members, we shall be able to show that this, and similar amusements, may, through the blessing of God, and by a Christian spirit in using them, be turned to a good use. We pledge ourselves that if, in future, any mischief arises from such amusements, we will discontinue them, but so long as they are managed like the first we believe there is no fear of this. The only remaining point to be mentioned in the proceedings of the club, is that the rector has delivered one lecture, and hopes soon to deliver another, on architecture in connexion with history and religion, and that we hope, in future, frequently to obtain lectures on useful subjects from clergymen and others, who may be willing to help in leading our members into profitable lines of thought and study.

On the whole, we think the club has established a strong claim on the sympathy and assistance of all who wish to promote the real good and happiness of the working men of

this place. One great collateral advantage of it is. that it gives an opportunity for good men who desire to promote the well-being of working men, to become acquainted with them; and the members of the club organise themselves into a kind of conspiracy, so to say, to endeavour to help clergymen and other well-disposed persons, in leading into ways of harmless and right happiness, many who might otherwise be led astray into vice and wickedness, and dangerous amusements. On the whole, we may declare the club to be very prosperous, and we hope that, if conducted, as we trust it always will be, on Christian principles, it will, with the blessing of God, prove to be a great and lasting benefit to this place.

Amongst the rules, twenty-nine in number, the following deserve notice:—

That the object of the club shall be to provide means of recreation and useful instruction on sound Christian principles for all the parishioners of Hagley.

That the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton being the founder of the club shall be president, and that all subscribers of one guinea a year shall be eligible as vice-presidents.

That the president shall not have the power of enacting any law, or admitting any member, without the sanction of the committee; but that no law may be adopted, or member admitted, or book purchased, of which he disapproves.

That all persons joining the club, not belonging to the parish of Hagley, shall be admitted to all its advantages, but shall have no vote.

That the subscription to the club be at the rate of eighteen-pence a quarter, to be paid in advance, and due on quarter days; of which one-half shall be given to the reading-room, and the remaining half to the cricket, quoit, and foot-ball club; and that such subscription shall admit the member to all the privileges of the club.

That any member of this club being sick, and not able to attend the reading-room, may, upon application to the librarian, be supplied with books, or the newspaper, after it has been in the reading-room three days.

IN SEASON, OUT OF SEASON.

(A TRUE STORY.)

"IN season, out of season,"* muttered a country clergyman to himself as he quitted the iron gate and steps leading from the house of a fellow-laborer in the great metropolis, on a bright September evening in the last year, and spied an advancing omnibus with *Piccadilly* blazoned on its panels, and the driver alone on the box. Another minute, and the omnibus stood (as omnibuses, or omnibus men and omnibus horses delight to stand) before the *Angel* at Islington; the clergyman mounted, and the driver was relieved of his solitude. It was not, however, until the impulse of a fresh start communicated itself from the bearer to the burthen, that, after a repose necessitated by the toil of twelve hours' talking with a succession of *outsides*, the tongue of Dick —— resumed its office, with the emphatic and encouraging remark, "Fine night, sir; very!" And as orators give expression to their arguments by an extension of the hand proportionate to the intensity of their emotion, so Dick having delivered himself of this peculiarly safe sentiment, as an experiment on the social qualities of the gent. in the white neckcloth, pressed playfully upon the near horse's flank with the fall of his whip, by way of adding force to his observation. He had not long to wait for a reply; for even if the unusual clearness and beauty of the night had not rendered the reference to it a copious theme, still he who was on the watch to say a useful word "in season, out of season," to one of a class whose spiritual condition he had long compassionated, could not have failed to notice in his companion's manner and appearance the evidence of something less sensual than the average in his line of life, and more likely to repay the labor of conversation. "Brilliant, beyond measure," replied the traveller; "so brilliant, indeed, that we might almost fancy the stars struggling to outshine the planets, and the young harvest moon already at the full."

Driver. I've heard say, sir, that some of those same stars or planets are as big as our earth. Is that your opinion?

Clergyman. Not a doubt of it; and some have moons attending them like ours, and move round the sun as we do; whilst others are themselves suns, only at vastly greater distances, whose light takes years to reach us.

D. Wonderful! (Any addition to this brief response was effectually prevented by the speaker's catching sight of a staring pedestrian, and forthwith proclaiming for his benefit the whole destiny of the omnibus. This done, the dialogue proceeded:)

C. The telescope has made us acquainted with strange things connected with the glorious heavens; but the microscope tells us of things almost as wonderful connected with this very earth you're driving on. So truly did King David say to the Almighty, "*All* Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."

D. May be, sir; but I don't exactly understand you.

C. Why, what I mean is this, that, by the help of proper glasses, philosophers find as much to admire in objects which escape the naked eye on every side of us, as in those vast and distant worlds whose arrangement and obedience of motion are not less remarkable than their variety and splendor. Thus they have discovered innumerable living creatures in earth, air, and water, all wonderfully made, all witnessing their Maker's power and goodness towards them, and all, doubtless, fulfilling some purpose for man's sake; yet all so minute, that one mite in a cheese would seem a monster by the side of them. To give you an instance, I have this very evening been looking through a microscope at a beautiful little shell, taken out of deep Thames mud, and once the habitation of an insect the like of which,* it is said, we swallow constantly without knowing it; and that shell, though formed with more care and wisdom† than the costliest watch or the most ingenious steam-engine, was not perceptible by man's eye, until magnified into several hundred times its own size.

* 2 Tim. iv. 2.

* The *Infusoria*.

† In shape triangular, and pierced with hexagonal network.

D. I should like to see that myself; I should.

C. There are, however, *some* things to be seen through microscopes which, perhaps, you would not like to see; for example, the dead beetles of which brown sugar is full; and the crowds of happy little creatures which are said to form the bloom of a ripe plum!

D. Like 'em, or dislike 'em, sir, if they're there, I only wish folks would teach a little more about *such* things, and a little less about Creed, and Catechism, and Religion, in poor people's schools.

(*C.*, hearing this, prayed secretly for guidance, and then quietly replied:)

C. I wish, with you, that the children of *all* classes could be taught more of God's works in nature, and of all that can be learnt about them through both the telescope and the microscope; for, whilst the telescope teaches us how vast and boundless is creation, and how apparently unimportant are man and man's earth compared with other creatures, the microscope on the other hand assures us that the infinitely wise and merciful Creator has lavished endless care and love on beings immeasurably inferior to man; and thus the microscope disposes us to believe in that love of God for man, which the Scriptures testify, but which the discoveries of the telescope have tempted some foolish souls to doubt. I cannot, however, agree with you in wishing that poor people's children, or any children, should learn less of the faith and duty of a Christian, in order to learn more of natural history. There are three unanswerable reasons against such a system of instruction.

D. It will take three uncommon good reasons to change my mind about education.

C. Mine *are* uncommonly good reasons; and, as they're short, I'll tell you them. I cannot allow that children should learn less of revealed religion in order to learn more of nature; *first*, because as the Creator is better worth knowing than the creature, so He has been pleased to give us a written account of Himself and of His works of grace, that we may know Him *sooner and better by it* than we could do by the mere study of His natural works. *Secondly*, because the doctrines of our creed, and the sacred history of Scripture, throw a bright light upon the mysteries of creation; a knowledge of the character of the Creator is the key to the understanding of the creature; and the aptest scholar in religion becomes the aptest scholar in science. *Thirdly*, because it is impossible to be too religious, too learned in Christian knowledge, even in this life; but it is *very* possible to have too much worldly knowledge without religion; for "knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth." So says the Bible; and there we learn also that Science without Religion will be condemned for ever, though Religion without Science will be blessed throughout eternity. My wish is indeed for more instruction of our children in the wonders of creation, but not for one letter less in the doctrines of revelation. Both sorts of lessons will harmonise, for all truths agree in God; and no human sight is fairer to men or angels than Science sitting at the feet of Religion, enlightened and humbled by the love and fear of God.

D. Well, all I can say is, that I haven't seen much good come from religion, sitting here on this box from morning to night.

C. Perhaps you should rather say, that you haven't cared to consider how much of the good you *have* seen was really owing to religion. You've children I suppose? (*D.* assented.) Good children, eh?

D. Yes, a boy and a girl, as good as any man's, and as fond of their father and mother.

C. May God's blessing rest upon them!

D. *You* bless *my* children! and only riding on this 'bus with their father, and never saw him before; why wonders 'll never cease, that's certain. (And then, as if recollecting himself, after a pause he added,) You'll excuse me, sir? but its what we *aint* accustomed to.

C. There's nothing for me to excuse you, my friend; and I hope there's nothing for you to excuse me; for I should be as ready to serve your little ones, as I was to ask God's blessing for them.

D. You're a kind gentleman anyhow; may be you're a minister, sir?

C. Yes, a clergyman; and, as such, especially charged to love children. Have your's been baptised?

D. Why, yes, my wife saw to that; but I don't know what good 's come of it.

C. This at least, besides better gifts if rightly used, that they have increased their kindred by being *born again* into the family of God; and that I, for one, can have the pleasure of calling them *relations*.

D. How so, sir?

C. Because God, who calls all those stars by their names and set them all in their places, tells us that all who are baptised into the Body of His Son, *i. e.*, the Church, are "members one of another."*

D. Why, if that's the case, and my mother spoke truth, you've another cousin, sir, more than you thought for, and a queer one too, as sure as my name's Dick.

C. Say *brother*, not cousin, and I agree. I thought as much, and that was partly my reason for making your acquaintance, instead of travelling inside. But where do your children go to school?

D. Well, it's a Church school, and in Pimlico; but I don't know the name of it.

(*C.* lost no time in applying this answer to convince *D.* of his error about Religion. He pointed out to him the immediate connexion between the teaching of the Church and filial affection; he reminded him that children are not long truthful, obedient, and affectionate by mere force of nature; and then said,)

* 1 Cor. xii. Eph. iv. 25 and i. 22-3.

C. I think you'll own now that religion has done some good even to you, by giving you a school which teaches your children to love and obey you.

D. I can't say No to that.

C. Suppose you were to try what more it could do for you, by going next Sunday morning, as every baptised man ought to go, to worship God at church?

D. That's rather more than I can promise, sir; though I'd do a good deal to oblige you. But you see, sir, when a man's sat on this box for six days from eight in the morning till ten or eleven at night, he's glad to have Sunday to himself, and to spend it quietly in his own home:—providing his master 'll let him, which *aint* often the case.

C. And *your* master will let you, eh? (*D.* assented, and *C.* continued;) Then you've just given me three fresh proofs that Religion *has* benefited you, though you think otherwise; but I must cut my argument very short, for, tho' we've moved but slowly, here's the Circus, and in five minutes I get down. (Another "outside" got up, and the rest of the dialogue proceeded almost in a whisper.) Mark then my assertion; you have just said three things which prove that you are a great debtor to religion. You denied it before; you have now unintentionally and of necessity acknowledged it.

D. How so, sir?

C. Why didn't you say that you like to have Sunday to yourself? (*D.* nodded.) Then you're a debtor to religion for Sunday. No people on earth make any difference between Sunday and other days, except those who profess revealed religion.

D. Perhaps so, sir, but I never thought of that.

C. Secondly, you are a debtor to religion for the respect which your master pays to Sunday, so that you get that day as *your* Sunday; though many don't.

D. I believe you're right there again.

C. And, thirdly, you're a debtor to religion for your very *home*.

D. Stop a bit, that's saying rather too much.

C. Not one word too much. For what makes up your notion of *home?* I suppose you mean the pleasure of your good wife's welcome and company, the smiling faces and the love of your children, and the feeling that no man, nor even the queen herself, could safely enter your house without your permission. Besides this, you have perhaps a very pleasant persuasion that when you are old and helpless (if God so will) your children will continue to you those comforts of a *home*, with which you furnish them at present. Is that a fair account?

D. No objection, sir, none; but I'm wholly lost to know what you'll make of it.

C. I say again you owe your *home* to religion. Heathen men live with heathen women, whom they treat too commonly like slaves, and who are themselves too frequently unchaste and faithless partners; but heathens have no holy wedlock—no *wives* such as those of Old England—and therefore no *homes* in *your* sense of the word. Again, heathens have children; but many of the most civilised heathen fathers count it no sin to kill their infants; and many heathen sons count it no sin to leave their aged parents to perish, when no longer fit for the chase, or war, or for work as beasts of burthen. The love and the mutual self-denial of parents for children, and of children for parents, which goes far to make up the happiness of a working man's *home*, is (as I said before) the fruit of religion. And once again, the very security of your house and property is, to a great extent, owing to the same influence; for where true religion does not more or less influence the laws and restrain the passions of men, might takes the place of right, and robbery, ruin, and murder are the constant effects of lust, covetousness, and discord. In short, you may look in vain for the security of an Englishman's *home* in any nation which is ignorant of God. I hope, therefore, you'll never repeat the saying, that you have not seen much good come from Religion.

D. Well, sir, I'll tell my wife what you've been saying, so far forth as I can; and I'm much obliged to you anyhow, for I like the sound of your voice, and you speak so free and friendly.

C. One word more. As that moon is brighter than your lamps would be, so the *spiritual* benefits of religion are better than its *temporal* benefits; and its *heavenly* homes are better than its *earthly* homes. If you would know *them*, you must "go into the sanctuary of God." Good night, and thank you for listening to me.

As *D.* was pulling up for his clerical companion to descend, one of the horses stumbled, and he swore at it. It was the first time of his doing so during their journey; but *C.* felt that it ought not to be overlooked, even at the risk of his good opinion; so, with one foot on the step, he reached up again close to *D.'s* ear and whispered, "never swear: no good can come of it; and perhaps that's *the* sin that lies at the bottom of your unbelief. Once more, Good night."

Intelligence.

CONSECRATION OF CHRIST CHURCH, DENTON.

The united townships of Denton and Haughton, which, from time immemorial, had been an important centre of the felt and beaver hat manufacture in this county, have of late years (owing to the invention and general adoption of the silk hat) been reduced to a state of ruin. By that revolution in taste more than a thousand families were somewhat suddenly deprived of nearly the whole of their ordinary employment; and as the people clung to their old occupations, and treated the new branch with contempt, they permitted it to locate itself elsewhere, and, as a consequence, the poverty of the place has since been such that the inhabitants have been entirely unable to provide more than a very small portion of the pecuniary funds required for the supply of their present spiritual wants. The two townships contain a population of not less than eight thousand, with church accommodation for about three hundred persons, in that curious old building the Denton Chapel, no part of which is free or unappropriated. About seven years ago exertions were made to secure for this portion of the parish of Manchester (nearly the most urgent case of spiritual destitution to be found anywhere in the diocese), the triple blessing of an additional church, schools, and a second resident clergy-

man. The last and most important of these three objects was completely realised, by the constitution and endowment of the District of Christ Church, and the appointments to the new curé, of the Rev. T. N. Farthing, M.A., of the University of Cambridge, by the Crown, on the recommendation of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. Excellent sites, for the church, the church-yard, the schools, and the parsonage-house, were given by the Earl of Wilton, the principal land-owner in the township of Denton, his Lordship's donation, in addition to the value of the land, involving also, the sacrifice of certain buildings situated on the spot, and worth about £250. The gentleman who directed attention of Churchmen to this case of destitution was the Rev. R. Greswell, tutor of Worcester College, Oxford, the son of the Rev. Wm. Parr Greswell, who, but recently resigned the incumbency of the chapelry, after having held it for the long period of 60 years. Mr. R. Greswell was born in Denton, and in it he received from his father the elements of that education which has raised him to a high position among the scholars of his college; and, with a delightful affection for the place of his birth, he made it his work to supply the needs of the chapelry by the erection of a church, with schools and parsonage house to complete its efficiency. The district of Christ Church having been assigned, and the Rev. T. N. Farthing appointed to it, Mr. Greswell procured the license of the bishop for the use of the schools for the performance of Divine worship until the church should be built, and they were so used on Sunday for the last time, the license being revoked in the sentence of consecration of the church. Mr. Greswell having completed his school kept his great idea ever in view, and the history of the tower of the church will give some idea of how systematically he worked. It was his determination that while the church should answer its more important purpose of supplying the spiritual need of the people of Denton and Haughton, it should also be a model church for the district, in respect to beauty of proportions and stability of construction; and possibly there was also an intention to lead Churchmen to complete their buildings before they give up their interest in them, and not to leave them like the structure at Guide Bridge, with what is now an excrescence, but should be a tower, that building being, we believe, not a solitary instance, within a short distance of Manchester, of the manner in which church builders have left their work. Instead of building the church, and leaving it to future times to provide a tower, Mr. Greswell adopted another mode of procedure; he built his tower with what money he had in hand then, and left it standing alone, for some four years, we believe, a wonder to all who saw it, quietly waiting until the time for the rest of the building to be put up should arrive, believing that wealthy churchmen would never permit it to remain long in its isolated state, and as the event has proved, he was right. The architecture of the church is early English, which may be said to have prevailed throughout the 13th century, but the architect, in making out his plans, has introduced details which give a transition character to the building, and carry us forward in some slight degree, to the more ornamental designs of the style which has had its commencement fixed about the reign of Edward I. The structure comprises a nave 83 feet long by 29 feet 6 inches wide, and 44 feet high, side aisles, the longest that to the south, 83 feet long, 18 feet 6 inches wide, and 36 feet high; the length of the other is decreased by the area covered by the base of the tower; a chancel 40 feet long, 29 feet 6 inches wide, and 41 feet high; a tower at the north-west corner, 22 feet square, and 65 feet high, surmounted by a spire 75 feet high, with copper-gilt vane and a lightning conductor. The vestry is upon the north side of the chancel, and is about 11 feet 6 inches square. The building is entirely of stone parpoints from Kerridge rocks, near Macclesfield, with quoins, window-dressings, and other requisites of Yorkshire stone from various quarries. The isles and chancel are gabled, and the gables are finished with pierced crosses. The tower is a fine structure, supported at each corner by two stage buttresses. The font stands near the south door. It is of Caen stone, octagonal in form, and the bowl in panels, with appropriate emblems, is about one foot eight inches diameter, the whole about four feet six inches in height. The roofs are of high pitch, open timbered, a different mode of construction being observable in each of the three divisions, and having seen many such, we do not remember to have ever noticed one so substantial and withal so beautiful. The accommodation in the church is as follows:—Nave and aisles, 528; chancel, 38; the lower end of the nave, for choir and children, 241. The seats are made of pine varnished, and are entirely open, the chancel having four of them on each side.

The church was crowded in every part. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and the Earl of Wilton and his party, occupied the front seat opposite the pulpit; and as many of the clergy as could be were accommodated in the chancel, the rest finding seats in various parts of the church. A little after half-past eleven o'clock the proceedings commenced. At the time the Bishop of Manchester occupied a chair on the north side of the communion table, and the Bishop of Oxford a chair on the south. The proceedings were conducted according to the form used in the diocese of Manchester. After the communion service had been read, the Bishop of Oxford ascended the pulpit, and preached the

CONSECRATION SERMON.

The Right Rev. Prelate took for his text, Acts xviii. and part of the 10th verse—"* * * For I have much people in this city." After an earnest appeal for further church extension, the Bishop pointed out that the great centres of population ought to be the places where Christian energy should be most apparent; but that, as this unhappily was not the case, some new development of the Church's internal spiritual power was needed to enable her to grapple with the greatest needs of her children. This most powerful sermon was concluded in the following words:—"Now to supply all this we want something more than a mere increase of churches and endowments. We want a quickening of the church's internal spiritual vigour, greater gifts of grace, a deeper love for the purity of doctrine, a higher value for souls, a life more pervaded with the presence of our Lord. This, of course, must be the gift of God—but then we must seek and prepare to receive his gifts, and what I ask you to weigh well and thoughtfully is this—is there not in our religious system room for improvement, which, under God's blessing, would arouse the lethargic currents of our own life, and enable us to labour far more successfully for others? Can the church now, as she ought to do, deliberate, resolve, and act on the particulars of her own special work? Are we not often hampered by a certain unbending rigidity of external form marring the free action of the spirit? Why, else, I would ask you, for example, when pestilence threatens any district of our land, cannot our people be gathered, as others are, for special litanies and intercessions? Why should not the needs of our scattered multitudes be met by short, moving services, through which, by God's grace, true devotion might be roused in many a slumbering soul? Was it not, if the truth be spoken, from this cramping pressure of our system that our Wesleyan brethren were almost forced to separate themselves from us, and so introduce the infinite and widening evils of division, if they would enjoy the spiritual assistances which we ought to have been able to develop for them within our own communion? Can we ever regain our lost multitudes without arousing in our body these slumbering powers of spiritual exertion? But I must hasten, brethren, to a close,—and first let me say, whatever we may do elsewhere and otherwise, here, at least, in this new house of God, do something, and do it heartily, for our brethren and for Him. You have prayed him to accept from you this work of your hands—let your actions match your prayers. There is, you know, a great deficiency of funds—£1,200 to raise; if raised, you know, from what you see to-day, how it will be spent. In the sight, then, of these countless souls too long uncared for, in the contemplation of these great realities which this day's service brings so strikingly before us, I pray you, in the name of Christ, listen this day to the voice of vision, believe that He has much people in this city, and give freely of your substance, that this people may be gathered to Christ."

We need scarcely add (says the *Manchester Courier*, to whose long and able report we are indebted for the foregoing particulars) that this discourse was listened to with the deepest and almost breathless attention. The collection was then made, which produced £427, and this concluded the proceedings of the day. We have omitted to name in its proper place, and therefore may insert here, that the cost of the church has been £5,300, and that after the collection on Thursday there will still remain a deficiency for the liberality of churchmen to be exercised upon, amounting to nearly £800.

We cannot, as faithful chroniclers, conclude this account without noticing the numerous, and, we fear, not wholly unintentional, departures permitted, on this occasion, from the plain rules prescribed by the Church for the decent and orderly conducting of divine service. It is, indeed, much to be regretted that the endeavours of Mr. Greswell, to render his noble work a model for the neighbourhood, should, certainly through no fault of his, have been partially neutralised. We cannot but think that sufficient warrant for doing or omitting certain things in the public worship of our Church is scarcely to be found in

the fact that the Church has enjoined precisely the reverse. And yet it is difficult to discover, in the irregularities which we deem it our duty to notice, any other apparent rule or principle of action.

1. The service, which the *minister* is directed to "begin," "by reading one or more of the sentences," was commenced *by the choir* with singing, and the minister, as if to make up for this omission, colloquially repeated the alternate verses of the psalms,—which were written, pointed, and evidently intended to "follow" the Venite, in the same united musical voice, from the whole congregation. So the Anthem, ordered by the Church to follow the third Collect, was omitted, and, in compensation, unauthorised metrical pieces inserted elsewhere, to the injury of that admirable connection and congruity of parts which the compilers of our Prayer-book ever kept in view. Then, the incumbent, Mr. Farthing, omitted altogether "the collect or prayer for all sorts and conditions of men." And whether inadvertently, or from unacquaintance with those rules by which, in small things as in great, decorum and regularity can alone be secured, and which, on ordination, he had engaged himself to obey, he gave out the first lesson in the following tautologous form of expression:—"Here *beginneth* part of the 8th chapter of the 1st Book of Kings, *beginning* at the 22nd verse." A still more grave omission, we are persuaded, in the minds of the majority present, was felt to be the non-celebration of the holy communion. Surely, if there is an occasion upon which, however laxity and infrequency may form the rule, this peculiarly *Christian* observance should *not* be omitted, it is when a house for the solemnization of Christian worship is formally dedicated to Him who commanded that observance. We presume, that the length of the services suggested to the Bishop of Manchester, in giving warning for the celebration of the holy communion, instead of "reading" (as required by the rubric), almost entirely to omit "the exhortation following." It is, we venture to think, much to be regretted that the large congregation assembled upon that interesting occasion were deprived of the opportunity of hearing, some of them probably for the first time, one of the most beautiful compositions in the English language, and one which the excellent enunciation of our respected diocesan would have rendered so peculiarly impressive.

With respect to the foregoing, and other deviations from the Church's order, we would only say, in conclusion, that such deviations not only are at variance with the obligation undertaken by clergymen upon, and as a condition of, admission into holy orders; not only contravene the law of the land and that conventional morality which requires obedience from the members of every society to the rules prescribed for its governance; but afford needless encouragement to those clergymen who are (perhaps sometimes justly) charged with unauthorised observances of a Romish character or tendency. Such mutilations of the Church service, as every churchwarden is bound by his oath to present to the archdeacon, should not, we are disposed to think, be sanctioned by a bishop.

We have offered these remarks, we need hardly say, in the most friendly spirit, and with the assurance that truth and openness, on all sides, are the means best calculated to promote a mutual good understanding amongst all who wish well to the *Church of the People*.

THE BOAT SONG.

There's a storm on the land,
  There's a storm on the sea,
Now my friends bear a hand,
  Then away, follow me.
There sounds the sad signal just off the lee shore,
Our work lies before us,—one steady pull more.

Hands, are you all ready?
  Now, now then give way,
And steady, boys, steady,
  For the fair Queen of May:
No vessel is smarter—no boat from our shore
Shall rival the May Queen;—one hearty pull more.

Now she nears the tall bark,
  All the hands are on deck;
They hail us,—Hark, hark,
  They cry out from the deck:
And the life boat is pulling right hard from the shore,
But the first is the May Queen,—one hearty pull more.

Heave her off, and be steady,
  Ye have saved the ship's crew;
For ye always are ready,
  My good men, and true:
They see us, they see us, they shout from the shore;
The May Queen has got them,—one hearty pull more.

ENIGMA.

Come, Ladye, come, and let us have a pleasant walk together,
Oh, sit no longer in the shade, this bracing autumn weather;
The sun is bathing in a flood of gold those valleys bright,
And, thing of darkness though I be, I live but in the light.
If you'll come into the sunshine ('tis damp beneath that tree),
O'er dale and hill, with right good will, I'll your attendant be.
And you shall own you ne'er have known companionship more true,
More constant, and more intimate, than that I offer you;
For to your most capricious wish I will obedient be,
Nor need you fear that you will hear one angry word from me.
Feel you the cold? Your mantle fold more warmly o'er your breast;
And, fast as you may trip along, *I* shall not ask for rest.
If, with sad sigh and downcast eye, you pensive walk, and slow,
My step keeps pace, and look! *my* head as yours is bending low.
You cannot stoop to pick a flower or pebble of the sea,
But my hand's there as soon as yours, to gather it with thee.
Though true it is I'll do all this, nor life nor limbs have I,
Living thing I never was, yet each eventide I die.
* * * * * * * *
Methinks the wind is blowing cold, the air is growing chill,
The sun at last is sinking fast behind yon western hill;
Then seek your bower, this is no hour, oh Ladye fayre, for thee.
You'll longer wait? Ah, cruel fate! these clouds are death to me.
Despite my boasted constancy, I faint, I die, I'm gone;
And in the dark and dreary night I leave thee all alone.

Review.

CATHEDRAL REFORM.

"*A Letter to the Very Rev. the Dean of Salisbury, by the* Rev. W. K. Hamilton, M.A., *Precentor and Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury, &c.*" Rivingtons and Parker.

There are few questions more difficult of solution than that respecting cathedral reform. Various abuses have gradually arisen, and accumulated one upon another, and instead of endeavouring to correct these abuses and restore cathedrals to their normal condition, many who call themselves friends of the Church, would fain at once sweep away the existing institutions, as the shortest mode of getting rid of the evils they deplore.

We need not say that to us this appears most short-sighted wisdom: and though we cannot express our unqualified approval of that favourite resource in the hands of a ministry—a royal commission—we think this the safer plan of the two, and trust that, considering the many names entitled to our respect of which the present one is composed, there is some guarantee that good may arise from the inquiries they are now prosecuting.

Of one thing we are sure: it is no use to shirk

the matter; and we are glad to find that Mr. Hamilton, as will be seen above, has boldly entered into the question in a letter addressed to his Dean. Mr. Hamilton's main plea seems to be that capitular estates are so little in the power of their present holders, by reason of their being let on long leases, that Deans and Chapters really cannot do what they would; whilst the lessees have generally been able, under the odium popularly entertained against cathedral bodies, to escape from the discharge of the responsibilities which properly belong to them.

Mr. Hamilton's remedy is a startling one. He proposes that all cathedral property shall be made over to commissioners, whose duty it should be to clear the estates from the difficulties which surround them, and the income, freed from all incumbrances, would then be devoted by them to those ends for which it was bequeathed—the offering up daily worship, and the promotion of sound Christian education.

We mention Mr. Hamilton's plan without meaning thereby to imply our approval. The matter is of too great moment to allow of hasty conclusions; and, on the whole, we are inclined to doubt the wisdom of their surrendering all responsibilities to an Ecclesiastical Commission; for which, as we have before observed, we have no great love. If the hands of capitular bodies are tied, let steps be taken to loose them; and if they failed in their self-reform, it would then be time enough to delegate the power to others. Could not Convocation do something here? What subject is more fitted for their consideration?

Mr. Hamilton's letter is well worth a careful perusal, and we subjoin the following extract to shew the general principles on which it is founded.

Some there are, indeed, who seem to think that the best way of saving our institutions is by pauperising them, and leaving them in their crippled state to do the best they can; but I am sure that this present commission will be regulated by wiser counsels, and will try to deliver them from threatened dangers, by making them efficient for such ends, as the members of our Church consider to be good ones, the very ends and objects of our foundation. And it is our wisdom to act on the persuasion that such will be the case. Let us resolve, God being our helper, to thrive and flourish, and in the strength of this godly resolution, let us make the celebration of divine service correspond, as far as we can, to the ideas of such worship, so gloriously developed in the architecture and size of our buildings—let us recommend by the tone and the quality of our services, the celebrated maxim, "stat mundus precibus sanctorum,"—let us show that our prayers are not mere lip service, by carrying out into our daily life and duties such a zeal for the furtherance of the noble cause of religious education, as will prove that the being a member of a Cathedral is a fair claim to the character of a good citizen.

If we set about our work in such a spirit, all will, I believe, be still well with us; but if we neglect our present opportunity, we shall not, I think, have another.

I would not willingly be a prophet of ill, but I know what statesmen, who are zealous Churchmen, think of this; and I am the more earnest that we should bring out a plan worthy in all its details of that character which our Cathedral once bore, because I have been advised by one whose brilliant talents are only equalled by his love for the Church of God, that one well-considered and thoroughly-efficient plan for the reform of any one Cathedral would do more than anything else to dispose the laity to measure with a friendly eye the great capabilities of such institutions.

Nor, indeed, need a man be of a very sanguine temperament to be soon satisfied that such expectations are reasonable.

Given a Cathedral Church—in which divine service is daily celebrated by its members with all the proper circumstances to mark the character of the Being to whom it is addressed and the earnest sincerity of the worshippers—where all spiritual ministrations are conducted in the best way—by the endowments of which the cures of the city parishes are mainly, if not wholly, supported, and all classes and all ages of the rising generation of the adjoining city are educated, and mistresses are trained to teach in all parts of the diocese the children of the poor—where the springs of all such good works, as diocesan charities, are moved and regulated by a resident Canon—where the Vicars Choral attend, as by statute required to do, the daily services, and by assisting in parochial work, and by ministrations at the city workhouse, and the schools connected with the Cathedral, are preparing to pass on to benefices in the gift of the Dean and Chapter, or themselves to become Resident Canons—where the laymen are a body of efficient singers and good Christian tradesmen—and where the Prebendaries are identified with the whole condition of their Mother Church—given, I say, such an institution—and the conclusion cannot be doubted. The very glimpse of such a hope gladdens one's heart and tells one to rejoice, that, through whatever causes, such a door of usefulness seems to be opening upon us.

Nor must we be turned aside from the attempt to bring about such a scheme by the impossibility of bringing it at once to maturity. We are not acting solely for ourselves, but also for our successors; in short, in setting on foot some such plan as I have freely and hurriedly sketched out, we shall be doing for those who may possibly come after us, what they who have gone before have already done for ourselves; we shall be bequeathing to them good principles, and casting moulds in which to shape and fix them.

[We have received several books for review, too late to be noticed in the present number.]

Correspondence.

"Church Architecture in Manchester," "Marks of the True Church," "The Parish," "F. G. S.," &c. &c. in our next.

A Churchman.—Your remarks are just. There is much apathy amongst even those who profess great interest in the cause. The sacrifice of time and attention involved in attending an occasional meeting, canvassing one's acquaintances on 'Change, or writing to a friend here and there, is certainly very small. The worst of it is, that those who do all the work are usually left to bear the necessary expense. You must not be discouraged, but work on.

[We have to express our thanks to those friends who have so kindly assisted us in our undertaking, either with their money or their pen. We trust that our serial may meet with a large circulation, especially among schoolmasters, pupil teachers, and Sunday schools. But this greatly depends upon the recommendation of the clergy, whose aid we venture to invoke.

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A STORY THAT HAS TRUTH IN IT.

CHAPTER II.

It was with a sad heart that Jenny prepared her father's supper; there was something in his manner that boded little good; still, she worked on, and did not rest until she had cooked one of the pigeons, and taken it up to her father. He had not slept; there was that oppressive look which trouble always gives the unsteady eye, the restless manner, and inability to compose the mind to any one object. I have brought you Harry's bird, father. Yes, girl, he said, I will try and eat a bit, but you won't be troubled to cook much more for me, I shan't want anything long. Jenny burst into tears. Don't cry, girl, the old man said. Don't cry. My work's done, and if 'twarn't there's no work to do. We arn't much more than machines, nor much more use as I know; while we can work we must, and when we've done, why we are thrown by, and there's the workhus. There was no one to say a word to him of another world; no one to remind him that we might sanctify our daily labour and make the lowest occupation blessed, by pure living, by Christian patience, and heavenly charity. Of religion as a comforter, he knew nothing. When had it even reached his heart? He had seen it in all its formality. He had linked his children to the Church by baptism, but to him it was naming the child, and no more. Life had passed away, and the better world beyond the grave been continually kept out of sight by the discord of this every day life. Do not blame him, brother, think of the hurry, and turmoil, the wear and tear of labouring life. There is no workhus for you, father, said Jenny, not if I beg for it. No, I don't think there's the workhus built as a' houd me, Jenny, girl, we arn't of that breed. He ate on, and seemed to enjoy his meal, and when he had finished, he said, 'I didna' think Jenny I would ha' taken any of it, but I have done very well. 'Twas very good in Harry.'

The old man lay down. Jenny arranged his bed, and subdued almost to childishness, the old man slept. In the morning Old Gray rose early, and put on his best suit, intending to go to Watson's, as soon as he could, and spend the day with him. The young uns, he said, will like a walk I used to't take. You are early in your best, Master Gray, said Nancy as she came in and found Gray was up. Nancy was an elderly woman who came to do for the Grays. Yes, Nance, he said, Harry tells me Old Dan is main bad, I'm agoin' to see him. I've heard he takes on terrible, said Nancy, and she hurried herself to get the breakfast. Harry came in from his pigeons, and they all sat down to their meal. Well, said Nance, he was like to come to it; he was cleverer with his tongue than with his hands. I've heard him. Well, Nance, he's like most—not without fauts, but Oud Dan has been a friend to many, said Gray. He stood up for his rights. Aye dear Master Gray, and for his wrongs too, but I'm not agoin' to speak agen him now he's down. You would na' like that, Harry, she said laughing the while. No Nance, said Harry, very gravely, I feel kindly-like for the old man now he's ill; he don't like me I know. The old man laughed and Nancy joined, as she said, and for Jenny too, Harry, for Jenny too! Harry smiled and said, Nance, give us some more tea. Very little more was said, for each had their own thoughts; Nancy thought Old Dan Watson had done much harm; Old Gray thought of him as a fellow-unionist, and a ready fellow. Harry thought what will become of Jenny, will she marry me?

As soon as breakfast was cleared, the two Grays went out together. They did not arrange this; it seemed just as if each knew the other's heart, and so they acted by mutual consent. A nice day this, said the old man. Harry, thee will like a walk to-day. Yes, uncle, if Jenny will go; and o'd Dan isn't bad. They walked on, meeting very few people on their way, some nicely dressed teachers early at Sunday-school, milk-men leaving milk with their late customers, here and there a young couple off to be married early. Sunday always has a look of its own in England; everybody tries to be clean on that day. When they came to Gray's house it was all swept, and Jenny looked as bright and fresh as the day. There is nothing nicer than a neat, well-furnished cottage—the well-cleaned chairs—the shining chest of drawers—the solid old-fashioned clock; they convey the character of the house, and show that there has been thrift. Jenny's mother was a notable woman in her day, and while

she lived always made both ends meet. Jenny had much of her neatness; and although it was early, the breakfast was cleared away, and there was nothing to tell you that you were near a sick man's house. As they entered, Jenny welcomed the old man, and gave Harry a smile. How's father, Jenny? said the elder Gray. He's not much better, she said; will you go up and see him? Yes, said the old man, and Harry can stay awhile with you. This was kindly meant. He knew that Harry loved Jenny, and he therefore tried to give them opportunities of meeting. He didn't quite like Harry's ways; for with praiseworthy pride he had tried to improve himself, and Harry's better information, if put too forward, rather affronted the old man. But then Harry could read *Bell's Life* to him, and the *Weekly Dispatch*. He would have liked Harry better had he joined their union, and gone to the meetings; but Harry, although grown to man's estate, preferred to go to a schoolmaster, who, after his hard day's work was over, increased his income by a few scholars who paid sixpence a week for reading, writing, and arithmetic. Harry was not only well informed, but well instructed,—and this the old man knew. He's just like his father, old Gray said, a very con-sci-en-tious man; and he made the word as long as he could—it was the only hard word in his vocabulary; but he's a queer one to get on with—and so was his father too. Harry had the courage to be sober and steady—not an easy thing for a young man, when drunkenness besets his very childhood; and—sad thought—the child learns to despise the parent's controul, ere he follows him in his vice. When old Gray went up stairs, he was much shocked. There lay before him the wreck of his former companion—so short a time—and yet he was a wreck. Watson tried to be cheerful. Billy, o'd boy, I'm glad to see you. Gray shook his head, and answered him slowly. I wish ye better, Dan—wish ye better—ye must pluck up a spirit, and things will mend yet. No, Billy, I don't much think things will mend with me. It was very kind of Harry to kill the birds for me. Oh, he's never thought about it;—why what's a bird or two? May be not, said Watson, but I've kept birds in my day, and 'twasn't often I killed 'em, I tell you, or ate them either. Perhaps not, Daniel Watson, yet, with all your faults, you have helped many a man when out of work; and the birds, whatever the sacrifice to Harry were, though he knew it not, the deed that loseth not its reward.

Aye, but Dan, he'd a given the birds to me, and I'm sure he would to you for Jenny's sake, said old Gray. He's main fond of the girl, and they would make a gradely couple. It's about her I'm thinking, said old Watson, and its about her I want to talk to ye now. I arn't long for this world, Billy. I arn't, I feel my time's come, and if it wasn't for the girl I shouldn't mind dying—the others is all doing pretty fair, but she is the last, and when I'm gone there's no home for her. Harry would be glad to marry her, I know, said the old man, but then you see I'm of no use much, and should be a burden on him; if they give me up I must go to the workhouse, unless I can get some other work—these cursed mills have marred our trade. Well, Billy, they could manage with you, and I shan't be here long, only mind ye, let him marry when I'm gone. The conversation had excited Watson, and he sank back fainting. Old Gray raised him in his bed, and got a little water, which revived him. They did not speak for some time—and then only in a very low tone—they were both feeling their position—they had been companions—and they were to part.

Below stairs Harry and Jenny Watson sat talking with some effort of better times. Things will mend, Jenny, said Harry, there will be plenty to do; but what shall we do, Harry, father is very ill, and I must nurse him—we cannot live without selling our bits of things, and they'll all go for a'most nothing. Things takes a long time for poor people to get, but they go for just nothing at all. We'll wait a bit, Jenny, said Harry; we'll go for a walk after dinner if father does not want ye, and talk about it then. Nunky told me he would stay with father until the evening—we have brought a bit of dinner, for Nance said it was best, you'd ha' plenty to do. Nance is about right, Harry; father eat your bird, and I will cook the other for his dinner to-day. He's welcome to all, I'm sure, said Harry. Time went slowly on, very slowly, with the sick man. He said little, but moved restlessly to and fro in his bed. Sometimes Jenny would raise him up, and offer to get him anything, at another Gray would move him. After some time he asked for Harry, and when he came up he said, Harry, thee'rt a good lad to an old broken-hearted man. It was very good, Harry, to bring me the only food I have tasted with pleasure for nigh a week. God bless thee, Harry. Harry burst into tears, and the poor invalid was so exhausted that he could not speak. Gray said to Jenny, shall I go for a doctor; we must not let him sink so. He heard the question. No, Gray; no doctors for me, they can do me no good. It was useless to argue with him; Gray knew this. Soon after twelve Jenny brought up the bird, and her father tried to eat; she gave him a little porter, and it revived him; again he tried, but a few mouthfuls, and his meal was done—little did they think it was his last meal. When Jenny came and took the things away, she said, father, Harry and I are going by the river for a walk, if you don't want us. He said, go, girl, and God bless you both. After they were gone, he said, they have left us alone now, Billy. Yes, Dan, and I hope you'll be able to take a nap, and a cup of tea when they come back. Maybe was all the reply. He sunk into a doze, and Gray said, I will send for a parson, if he'll let me, when he wakes. Hour after hour passed away—his breathing grew thicker—he started up, muttered a few words,—there was a long sigh—and all was still. Gray saw that it was death, and in a

moment his companion was no more. He tried to raise him, the eye was dimmed, and the cheek pale, the mouth fell. He was stunned by the blow, and when he came to himself he was alone with the dead. He went out, and called the next neighbours; one by one they came in and looked on, saying, Poor oud Dan, they've broke his heart. Yes, it was true, the high-spirited man, who had stared life in the face for nigh six score years, who had worked early and late, who had seen much of life's wrongs, and endured life's troubles. There he lay still and cold. He feared disgrace more than death. He was crushed by the anticipation of misery. And what will Jenny do, said the neighbours, as they crowded in, until the room was full. This had been Watson's chief care. Had he never felt for Jenny—had he never had a child to love—had he stood alone he would have faced even the terrible workhouse. But then there was poor Jenny: it was too much for him—no work,—no future. Hope, the stay of life, gone. Was it only one life-labourer less? Was it nothing more?

THE STRENGTH AND THE WEAKNESS OF NUMBERS.

The subject on which we are going to speak in this article, is the moral and social condition of the working classes. It is a large subject: but we shall be satisfied with a glance from a single point of view. We have just been reading a Pamphlet by a Working-man, the Rev. Mr. Vance,* the Incumbent of a large parish of Colliers, Forge, and Furnacemen, in Staffordshire; and truly melancholy is the account which he gives us of them, and of his own labours among them. He represents them as sunk in habits of reckless and intemperate living, without self-respect, without religion. For himself, he feels that he can make no way among them; he even deprecates the multiplication of ill-endowed and ill-served Churches. The remedies which he recommends to meet the evils are a better system of paying wages, improved industrial education for females, a better trained and more devoted body of Clergy who should live and act more according to method, and the establishment of Sisterhoods of Mercy like the Protestant Establishments of Germany. Upon these points, however, we shall not linger, further than to say, that we quite agree with Mr. Vance in these recommendations; and are very much obliged to him for speaking out so courageously upon matters which too many seek to hide.

At present we mean only to glance at one condition which naturally affects the question of dealing with our manufacturing and mining population generally, as distinct from that which is engaged in agriculture. And this is the circumstance of their being usually collected together in large numbers. Here lies the essential difference between the several classes of our industrial population—as may be seen in our smaller towns, where the agricultural labourer, the "tradesman," and mechanic, reside in the same street: the one first-named acts independently for himself; the two others act by the laws of their respective associations.

Here in Manchester, the working classes feel sensibly the strength which this principle of association gives, and unhappily too many instances may be shown where the tyranny of money would otherwise have overborne right and justice. It is one peculiarity of the sudden growth of our manufacturing towns, that employers and employed, being strangers to each other, are but too little careful about the maintenance of character; it seems to matter little what people think of them, either in respect of benevolence or integrity; society has become a stage in which classes and individuals are striving to out-general each other. In this state of things numbers almost of necessity combine against wealth; and if this were all, there would be little or nothing to regret. Doubtless, numbers may be tyrannical and unjust, as well as wealth; but upon the whole the contest is a fair one.

There is one point of view, however, in which numbers constitute weakness rather than strength. We doubt much if our friends in the manufacturing and mining district (any more than the trades in the smaller towns of the kingdom) have come to see this: they do not understand where the principle of association legitimately ends. We will endeavour to point this out. Associations of all kinds profess and possess some definite end and scope. Within this (supposing them to be lawful associations), is their legitimate sphere of action: beyond this they are trespassers, and doers of wrong. Associations of working men may be for instruction, for benevolence, for self-protection. Those of which we are now speaking belong to the latter class. They are intended to protect their members from the caprices or oppression of employers. Within this limit they may be said to be, if not essentially desirable, yet warranted by the necessities of the case. The misfortune is, that when men have been used to lean upon the judgment of their fellows in one point, they are too willing to surrender judgment and conscience in all others. This is a general habit or disposition; so men think they escape responsibility.

Now we believe that there is no more deadly engine of degradation in operation among the great majority of the (non-agricultural) working men of England than this submission to the laws and customs dictated by the tyranny of class-leaders. And there is no counsel that we would more earnestly impress upon every member of a Trades' Association into which our paper may fall, than the necessity of vindicating his own independence in opinion and practice in all points, for the regulation and determining of which he is not actually associated with others. A man who acts only according to the will of his fellow-workmen has only exchanged one

* "A Voice from Mines and Furnaces." London: Masters.

bondage for another. Without association perhaps he would have been the slave of a superior: now he has become the slave of his equals. Upon the whole, he has lost rather than gained: his gain peradventure is in money; his loss is in social independence and self-respect. He has fallen in the scale of reason, and intelligence, and moral worth.

We were led into this train of thought, as we said above, by reading Mr. Vance's Pamphlet; but it is impossible to examine any statistical returns without feeling that the same result is everywhere to be seen around us. And a most fatal result it is—fatal, not only because thus, through the greater activity of evil in the world, men are thus led to do and countenance what they would individually be ashamed of, and to neglect and speak evil of what their own very consciences approve; but because that this involves the surrender of man's special prerogative of reason. A flock of sheep, it is notorious, will follow its leader to the very slaughter-house; but surely it was never intended that man should forfeit his power of judging in things lawfully within his option to choose or to reject, simply from the accident of his being joined with others in following a certain mechanical outward calling, and in determining the laws according to which that branch of labour may be most advantageously and safely carried on. In short, we would have men see that *weakness*, as well as *strength*, results from combination, if its operation be not carefully watched.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

We have all heard of China, the land of tea and China—we have seen the curious figures on the very prettily painted cups and saucers,—flying dragons—houses with quaint-looking gables—fanciful bridges—and, lastly, men with long pig-tails hanging from the centre of the head more than half way down the back. But we, perhaps, did not know that these were real pictures of living people, and the pig-tail a dress forced upon the Chinese by their conquerors, the Mantchou Tartars. So it is; and of China—this once land of apparent fables, but now of reality—and of its revolution, we are going to give a short sketch. China contains an area equal to nearly one-third of Asia, with a population variously estimated at 158 and 180 millions, inhabiting countries very dissimilar in climate and production, but united by a common written language, although so differently pronounced that the people of one district are not well understood in another. Education is widely extended, and carefully provided for, and great respect is paid to men of letters. For many years all that we knew of China was derived from the interesting communications of Romish missionaries, once in great favour at Pekin, and using powerful influence there. Embassies were sent, an account of one, Lord Amherst's, has been published, but these were very jealously guarded, and had little intercourse with the people of China. The East India Company, who, until 1834, held the exclusive trade of China, dealt with the Chinese as traders rather than as representatives of a great state.—In this there was, perhaps, consummate prudence, for a Chinese war would have been an unpleasant supplement to our struggles on the continent of Europe. During the year 1834 the China trade was thrown open, and as might have been expected, the new traders were not so careful as the Company had been. Opium-smuggling afforded, and still affords, a large revenue to the East India Company's government, and a still larger profit to the smugglers. Bribes to the mandarins gained admission for quantities of the drug into China, and the Chinese government sent a Royal commissioner, Lin, to enforce severe penalties on all who traded in it; not altogether, as has been supposed, on moral grounds—that it intoxicated or degraded the people,—but on financial grounds, because it caused a large export of silver, and embarrassed the finance of the country. The severe measures of Lin caused a glut in the port. Twenty thousand chests of opium were in the receiving ships. Not being able to seize this, Lin surrounded the factories, and seized all the English, American, and Parsee merchants, refusing to give them up unless they gave up the opium. After several further attempts at negociation, Captain Elliott, who had an insufficient force for war, purchased the opium, gave it up; it was destroyed at the island of Lin-Tin, and the merchants were released. But the times were changed; £2,000,000. of British property had been destroyed, and our merchants imprisoned; for this satisfaction was demanded, refused, and war was declared against China. Notwithstanding many foolish proclamations, "the Barbarians" triumphed, and the Chinese ceded Hong Kong in perpetuity, and Chusan, until the war expenses were paid—five millions sterling, and a great loss of life and property were the result to China of their first war with England—the trade was opened to the world, and Amoy, Shanghai, and Canton, &c., declared ports for trade. Although it was stated that the British were defeated, there can be no doubt that the people were not blinded, and the poverty of the state gave vigour to many germs of revolution.

In 1850, Hièn-foung ascended the Imperial throne, his ancestor, "mounted on a dragon, having departed to the ethereal regions." As everywhere else, so in China there are two parties—one of progress, the other of inaction. For some time Keying and Mou-tchang-ha held the chief offices of state, and the progress party had hopes—they were known to entertain feelings friendly to European intercourse; and in the sentence of degradation, the Emperor says:—

"Often in the course of the present year, 1850, when he (Keying) has been called before us, he has, while speaking of the English barbarians, endeavoured to persuade us how greatly they were to be feared, and how necessary it would be to

come to a speedy understanding with them, if any difference arose."

On the 10th of November, 1850, these ministers were disgraced. Already rumours of insurrection were rife; at first it was thought to be only an outbreak of robbers in the province of Kwang-si, adjoining the Miao-Tze (men dogs), a people never subdued by the Chinese, and refusing obedience to the mandarin, and who, in 1832, invaded the Province of Kwang-si. Instead of this the rebels had made peace with the men dogs—seizing upon Ho, the capital of Kwang-si.

The person put forward as the head of the insurrection is called Tièn-Tè, and is by some said not to have existed—by others to have died. He is at all events described as living—as being grave, melancholy, leading a retired life, as descended from the ancient dynasty of the Mingo, and as wearing long hair, and cutting off the tail, the emblem of Chinese degradation. Whoever the person is, or has been, without doubt he is a member of the secret societies, so long existing in China. He is even supposed to be a member of a secret society for spreading Christianity; but this is only a conjecture, based on Gortztaff's having founded a secret society called the Chinese Union. At the close of 1850, a proclamation announced plainly the intentions of the rebels:—the Mantehous (Tartars) are called foreigners, and it is declared that possession is their only right to power, an argument that never proceeds from the weak.

In 1851 the Imperialists began to act with great and cruel vigour—mandarins were appointed to commands—and their only chance was to conquer or die, and with death came ruin and disgrace to their families. In July of this year an attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor, while walking in his garden at Pekin. Eighteen mandarins and their families were put to death, for this conspiracy; suspicion seemed to prevail generally throughout the Empire; coin called tsien were found in circulation, stamped with the name Tièn-tè;—and the cruelties increased so, that in the Province of Canton alone seven hundred persons were executed, fifty-three of them in one day.

During the year 1852 the Imperialists were everywhere beaten, city after city falling into the hands of the rebels; and the depressed condition of the Imperial treasury may be known by a decree which put up to sale all the high offices of the state, and at the same time allowed criminals to purchase pardon. Hear this, ye Bush-rangers: nuggets of gold for handfulls of crime—verily this is a paternal government. At the same time forced loans were decreed—and paper money issued;—one hundred of the smaller bankers at Pekin closed in one day, and as a necessary result the poor, always the first to feel political change, suffered greatly.

Early in the present year, Ou-tchang-Fou, an important town, capital of Hou-Pè, fell into the hands of the rebels, and Siu was reported to have poisoned himself, fearing further disgrace.

In March the Tao-Tai (Governor) of Shanghai issued an address to all the nations trading with China, and especially requested from the English Consul, and the great nation (usually called barbarians), the assistance of the *Lily* war steamer to defend Nankin. This was declined; and on the 9th of April Sir G. Bonham, the British Plenipotentiary, acting on information received from Mr. Meadows, sailed up the Yang-tse-Kiang, in the war steamer *Hermes*. His report is as follows:—

"I found the insurgents had established a kind of government at Nankin, consisting in the first place of Tae-Ping, the sovereign ruler, who is supposed by the believers of the new sect (if such really exist) to hold the position or rank either in a spiritual or corporeal sense, of younger brother of our Saviour. There was little attempt at mystery as to Tae-Ping's origin, on the part of the insurgents. It was admitted by several parties that he was a literary graduate of the Canton Province, who, being disappointed in his literary honours, took to what the Chinese are in the habit of calling 'strange doctrine;' that is, he studied the missionary tracts, copies of which were procured, there can be little doubt, from the late Dr. Gutzlaff's Union. Tae-Ping and his small nucleus of adherents then embarked in this insurrection, and after three years' perseverance and general success, they ended by capturing Nankin and Chin Keang, where we found them in full force under this sovereign ruler, and the five princes above alluded to, first and second ministers, and a host of so-called mandarins—most of whom are Cantonese.

"I should not estimate their force of real fighting men at less than 25,000, though I believe that of the original number who started from Kwang-si not more than 7,000 are with Tae-Ping. In the interview with Mr. Meadows and Lieut. Spratt, they said, evidently with a religious composure, 'It would be wrong for you to help them (the Mantehous), and what is more, it would be of no use. Our Heavenly Father helps us, and no one can fight with him.'"

From the latest accounts received in October, a document dated in May last, states the Emperor's indignation at the fall of Fong-Yang, a city one hundred miles north of Nankin—the troops defeated were the northern levies spoken of by Messrs. Gabet and Hoc, and were much relied on. The leader of the Patriots, (the name now given to the successful rebels,) is at Nankin, and his troops are established at Ching-Tong, two hundred and fifty miles from Pekin.

In all probability while we write Pekin is in the hands of the insurgents—and we are about to open another and most important volume of Chinese history. The insurrection has hitherto been well managed, and excepting its severity to the Tartars, has been free from cruel deeds. Whether the Trimetrical Classic be a genuine document, or a mere clever ruse to deceive foreign nations, we know not; if it is, Confucianism will be the national

religion, and Budhism, the religion of the Tartars, will be destroyed. Let us hope that Christianity will obtain all we ask for it, toleration and freedom "to convince gainsayers"—and we may then expect that this interesting and educated people will add another to the many wonderful triumphs of the Cross.

Apart from all religious considerations, this revolution should have our good wishes, for it is a nation's struggle against a Foreign usurpation—and we are with the people, of the people, and naturally for the people.

From "The Insurrection in China, by Messrs. Callery and Yvan; translated by John Oxenford. London: Smith, Elder, and Co." A book which we most cordially recommend to our readers.

THE CHURCH, WHAT IS IT?

THERE are times when men seem very much to do every one what is "right in his own eyes." This is certainly the case as regards the duty of being in communion with the True Church. Men seem to act as if, of all the societies into which Christians are split up, one may be as much of a church as another. They seem to think that they are free (I mean in the sight of God) to join themselves to any society of those who call themselves Christians, to which they may take a fancy. It is quite clear, however, that such a practice as this has not God's Holy Word on its side. St. Paul says that Christians ought to be "perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." "There should be no schism in the Body," that is, in the Church, the Body of Christ, into which Christians are grafted by the "one Baptism;" for "by one Spirit are we all baptised into one Body."[1]

It may be said that to bring about such union among Christians as Scripture here says there ought to be, is impossible. It might be answered, that the "things which are impossible with men are possible with God." But be it that Christians are not likely to be again united, and that our schisms or divisions are too great and too many to be healed. It is, nevertheless, our duty to "walk by faith and not by sight." We are to do our part towards bringing about union, and towards healing the schisms among Christians, just as if our labours were sure to be crowned with success. We are to ask for the "old paths" in which the Apostles and early Christians walked, and which the light of God's Word enables us to find out. Are there then any marks pointed out in Scripture whereby we may see and know which of all the societies of Christians amongst us has a Scriptural claim to be looked upon as the true branch in this country of the "one Body" of Christ?

St. Paul says "there is one Body and one Spirit."[2] There are many Christians who seem, in their teaching, to sink the one Body in the one Spirit, just as there are others (the members of the Church of Rome) who sink the one Spirit in the one Body. The Romanist tells us there is but one True Church, of which the Bishop of Rome is the Head, and that all who do not belong to this Church are not part of the one Body of Christ. On the other hand, dissenters from the Church of England, when called upon to defend themselves or their forefathers for separating from that Church (as they all have done), are naturally inclined to put out of sight the fact that there is but "one Body," and that there ought to be "no schism" in it. They therefore lay great stress on the truth that all true Christians partake of one Spirit. This they say is all that is necessary. In other words, they think that schism is no sin, and they sink the one Body in the one Spirit. They do not really hold that there is but "one Body *and* one Spirit."

How then are we to steer clear of the errors into which the Romanist on the one hand, and many Protestants on the other, have fallen? If we are willing to be guided by Scripture, I think it will be seen that the Church of England alone in this country has those marks of the True Church which prove her to be the divinely appointed Ark in which we may be carried safely through the waves and storms of this troublesome world into the haven where we would be.

The Church of Christ is compared in Scripture to a building of which Jesus Christ is the chief corner stone, and the Apostles the twelve foundation stones, the other members being also called "lively stones."[3] It had its beginning on the day of Pentecost. The Apostles then received from heaven the "one Spirit," whereby they were knit together into one communion and fellowship in the mystical Body of Christ. They are, therefore, spoken of as the first whom God set in the Church. "God hath set some in the Church, first Apostles."[4] They had a commission from Christ to add others to their society by baptism. "Go ye," our Lord had said, "and teach," or make disciples of all nations by "baptising them." "As my Father hath sent me even so send I you;"[5] that is, as I have sent you so are you to send others who shall follow up what you begin. On the day of Pentecost, then, and afterwards, the Church was to be made up of a body of baptised persons, called out of the world by the preaching of the Apostles and those whom they

[1] See 1 Cor. i. 10—13, and xii. 12—27. By comparing the 13th verse of the former chapter and the 12th verse of the latter, it will be seen that the Church is called "Christ," which shows how closely the members of Christ are one, with their head in Him, with one another. Compare St. John xvii. 23. It is quite clear from these words of our Lord, that Christians ought to *aim* at a perfect outward oneness, otherwise how is "the world" which "seeth not" *the spirit* to be brought "to know" that the Church is Christ's body."

[2] Ephes. iv. 4.
[3] Ephes. ii. 20; Rev. xxi. 14; St. Pet. ii. 5.
[4] 1 Cor. xii. 28.
[5] St, Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; St. John xx. 21, 22.

appointed to assist them in the ministry, or to succeed them in their office. Accordingly, we read in Acts ii. 41, 42, that "they who gladly received their word *were baptised*; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' Doctrine, and Fellowship, and in Breaking of Bread, and in Prayers."

Here, then, we have certain outward and visible marks by which the "one Body" in which the "one Spirit" dwells, was known in the times of the Apostles. For there can, of course, be no doubt, that those alone who, according to the command of Christ to the Apostles, "were baptised," made up the one Body of Christ. There might, indeed, be some amongst them whose hearts were not right before God, as in the case of Ananias and Sapphira. But Christ had not said that in the "Kingdom of Heaven," that is, the Church, the evil were not in this life to be mingled with the good. On the contrary, in His teaching and parables (for instance, the tares among the wheat, and the net which caught all kinds of fish) He had plainly given us to understand that the elect and the cast-away Christians were both to be found within the pale of His visible Church. So is it to be until "the end of the world." Notwithstanding this, however, it was the duty of "every creature"[e] to whom the Gospel was preached by the Apostles to join himself to that body of baptised persons who were "known"[f] to the world by their "continuing steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers."

Now the Church of Christ was not only to be "One," but also "Catholic;" that is, its members were to be gathered out of "all the world," and "unto the end of the world." What then were marks of the Church under the Apostles, are equally so under those who have followed them in the Ministry, and to whom their office has been handed down. If Baptism was the appointed means of being grafted into the Church under the Apostles, it is as necessary for this end now as it was then. If it was further necessary to continue steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers, *then*, it follows that there must be certainly no less necessity now, when there are so many rival sects and bodies of Christians, *all* of which cannot be supposed to have these marks of the True Church.

That the "One Baptism for the remission of sins" is the divinely appointed means whereby men are grafted into the Church, is what no one who receives Scripture as the Word of God can attempt to deny. "By one Spirit were we all baptised into one Body." The marks by which the members of the True Church are to be known to the world after Baptism, are (1) their "continuing steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine."

Let us see how this mark holds good of the True Church at large, and herein of the English Branch of it.

The "Doctrine" which the Apostles taught they "delivered,"[e] first, by word of mouth, and afterwards in writing. In the latter form it has been handed down to us in the Epistles of the New Testament. The great Truths, the belief of which is "necessary to salvation," and which these writings contain, were summed up in a "form of words" called the Apostles' Creed. It was so called, not because it was certain that the Apostles drew it up, but because it contains the substance of their "Doctrine," and can be proved by their writings. When false doctrines arose, this Creed was enlarged into the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, which were suited to meet every form of false doctrine, either of ancient or later times. Now, for 1,500 years after Christ, the whole Church was agreed in receiving both the writings of the Apostles, and also the Three Creeds, as containing the sum of what they taught, and of what may be proved by their writings. In common with every branch of the Catholic Church, the Church of England has accordingly received this body of "the Apostles' Doctrine." In her 8th Article she says that the "Three Creeds ought thoroughly to be received and believed." She does not, with the Church of Rome, teach more than the Apostles did; nor can she, in order to win Dissenters back to her pale, teach less. She dares neither to add to nor take from the "one Faith" which the Apostles taught. Every one who is made through her Baptism a "member of Christ," is pledged to believe "all the Articles of the Christian Faith" as they are contained in Scripture and summed up in the Creeds. Thus does she require all her members to "continue steadfastly in the Apostles' Doctrine."

The second mark by which the Church under the Apostles was known, we leave for consideration in a future article.

"SITTING UNDER MR. ——."

"WELL, marquis!" said Louis XIV. to a French nobleman, "what think you of England?" "Sire," was the reply, "it is a droll country, with a thousand religions, and but one sauce"—that one being, we presume, melted butter. The Briton on the Continent finds the very converse of this state of things, and may regale himself with sauces and dishes without end, whilst in religion, alas! nothing but a dull uniformity in doctrine and ritual obtains from Lisbon to Vienna—from Calais to the foot of Ætna. Whilst meekly conceding to our neigh-

[e] St. Mark xvi. 15, 16.
[f] See latter part of Note 1.

[e] Rom. vi. 17, where by "form of doctrine" is plainly meant a creed or "profession of faith," such, for instance, as was used by the eunuch when he was baptized by Philip the deacon. Acts viii. 37.

bours the palm in gastronomic science, we may, without vanity, claim for ourselves some skill in spiritual cookery. The theological gourmand may command any entertainment he pleases—be it a highly seasoned ragout "à la Vaticane," served on plate, and flanked with wax tapers, lighted or unlighted, or a plain sirloin, washed down with Port, bottled under the Tudors, which constitutes, in theory at least, the true National repast, or he may content himself with a Scotch haggis, qualified with kirk-wasser. Restaurants of every grade of pretension invite his patronage; some vieing with each other in simplicity, others in elaborate elegance, but all duly boxed off to suit the convenience of private parties, and screen the occupants from vulgar contact. Our spiritual cuisine is as multiform and as attractive in its kind as the more ignoble system in which we are surpassed by the foreigner—only our "carte" is too dear; so that in spiritual matters it is only the wealthy, or the "well to do," who can command a decent dinner. The labouring classes and the poor may be glad if they can get their melted butter.

Should any of our readers object to our approaching a subject of the gravest interest with seeming levity, we answer: Whatever is held up to the reverence of mankind should be proof against the shafts of ridicule or satire—and if by showing that any of the anomalies in our ecclesiastical polity are open to this method of attack, we can be but feebly instrumental to their removal, the foregoing remarks will not have been ill-timed.

Nothing, in fact, more strikingly illustrates the impolicy of developing one element of Christian edification to the neglect of another, than the actual working of such a system, as exemplified antithetically in the Romish and Protestant communions. In the former, wherever it prevails, the churches are filled with the humbler and less educated, and deserted by the higher classes of society. Yet that observer must be made of sterner stuff than ourselves, who could witness unmoved the deep reverence with which the worshippers enter the sacred edifice, and the fervour of their devotion, whilst engaged in private prayer or joining in the services of the day. "How is it," the visitor mentally exclaims, "that the high-born and the intellectual rarely, if ever, tread these hallowed courts!" Let him look around, and in the dim, lurking confessional, the shrines of relics, the tawdry images, and numerous other objects of transparent significance, he will read his answer. Rome knows full well the importance of the "devotional element." It is the keystone of her power. The moment she appeals to the "intellect," the entire arch crumbles to dust.

And now, let us look at home. Certainly we have Churches and Chapels, besides Tabernacles, Zions, and Bethesdas enough to prompt the gibe of the shallow Frenchman, with which we have headed these remarks. But had he familiarised himself with our firesides as intimately as he unfortunately had with our melted butter,—had he prosecuted his inquiries in singleness of heart, he would have recognised in all these phases of Protestant Christianity but so many varied rainbow tints emanating from one common Luminary; for he would find the whole Protestant community of this land, with a few insignificant exceptions, professing, in substance, the doctrines proclaimed in the Creeds and Liturgy of the National Church. But when he had fully compared the theory with the actual practice of that Church, he would at once consider it superfluous to pursue his investigation among the dissenting bodies. Let us picture Monsieur thus engaged—One professing Churchman tells him he "goes to hear" Mr. A.; another prefers "sitting under" Mr. B.; another is "a follower" of Mr. C. "Oh, I understand!" exclaims Monsieur, "you go to church to hear sermons." "Why, not exactly; the prayers and all that sort of thing are all very well; but we like to go where we can hear the Gospel preached." "But, surely, your liturgy, in its prayers, its confessions, its thanksgivings, its selections from Scripture, embodies all the doctrines and inculcates the essence of evangelic truth?" "Just so; but Mr. A.'s expositions of Scripture exactly meet my own views, and as I pay for my pew, I think I have a right to select my teacher." Monsieur bows, shrugs his shoulders, and is silent. The mystery is a mystery no longer. He at once understands why our churches are not resorted to by the poor and the comparatively illiterate. What, in fact, are the circumstances under which, for the most part, churches are built, especially in large commercial towns? Some very respectable and very influential gentleman, more learned in Tariffs than in the Fathers, is assured by his wife, and, especially, by his daughters, Miss Dorcas, a far better theologian than either of them, that they never heard the Gospel preached until they "went to hear" the young Curate at St. ——'s. In a few weeks a committee is organised — a subscription is got up to build a church "for the Rev. Mr. ——," who is in due time nicely settled in his snug parsonage, facing his lecture room, with its snug vestry, its snug pulpit with its snug cushion, blushing rosy red—alas! the only thing that blushes there. Anon the fair Dorcas disappears from her paternal pew to be enshrined in the Chancel, where, of course, only the family of the clergyman are privileged to intrude. Minister and flock are a self-constituted committee for the regulation of the service—mutual concessions are made. It is decided whether the Saint days shall be observed or not, whether the Psalms shall be read or sung, whether the preacher shall change his dress or not before he leaves the Communion table for the pulpit. In this way our churches become meeting houses, where the ritual is tolerated as a foil to the sermon —the great business of the day. The Holy Table itself, the goal, the focus of our Liturgical system, suggestive at once of all that constitutes the essence

of Christian faith, worship, and meditation—of that sublime ordinance to which all others are but introductory and subsidiary—that silent but eloquent monitor is too frequently screened from view by an unsightly mass of oak or mahogany huge as those moveable towers used by the Romans in their sieges. The eye being at length familiarised with the intrusive object and its accessories, the mind soon sympathises, and learns to regard the sermon as the "all" important element in the ministrations of the Sanctuary; whilst the "first" in importance, Prayer,—the mystical Altar of Incense, the divinely ordained channel of communion with the Head of the Church; being "invisible or dimly seen," sends up a flickering, scanty flame, its feeble rays scarcely penetrating the stiff cordon of respectability that hedges it about, and not the faintest wreath of its smoke discernible to the outlying masses beyond.

NORTHERN WORTHIES.—No. I.

BERNARD GILPIN.

We envy not the feeling of the man, we forget his name, nor do we care to remember it, who could long for a country "without associations." There can be *little* of the spirit of *true* patriotism; *much* that is cold, unimaginative, and mercenary in the heart of such an one. We rejoice to think that, even in this utilitarian age, the opinion we have quoted would meet with few seconders. As civilization, with its attendants, art and commerce, has advanced, we have been gradually transformed from a nation of warriors to one of merchants and tradesmen, yet the feeling of reverence for the ancient traditions and associations of the country has by no means diminished. We have passed through the various stages of progress from Border raid and feudal strife until the contest has become one of intellect and the strife of ingenuity. Still the heart warms as it runs, in imagination, over the deeds and their doers of bye-gone days. It is a striking illustration, indeed, of the sympathy of the mind, trammelled at present with the things of time and sense, for the spiritual and immaterial. With everything calculated to ensure happiness, according to worldly notions, it is generally in reflections or what is good and great (and as such memorable) of the past, or in hopes and anticipations of the future, that we find the greatest minds seeking their happiness. Striking proof of the unsubstantial character of present gratifications!

We wonder not at the contemplative character of Englishmen generally, for where can we find so much in which imagination may revel, and fancy delight itself, as in the history of the various "nooks and corners" of our own dear old country—and there can be no holier associations than such as attach to some of those gray lichen-covered old churches, whose walls have, may-be centuries ago, echoed the voices of some of the greatest and the best, whose mouldering remains still shed undying interest over the time-worn edifices that enclose them. Through such media how eloquently do the dead "yet speak," and thus speaking, entwine themselves with irresistible power around our best feelings and affections; yea, the idea of proximity to such hallowed dust, lends a charm even to the ministrations of that noble Institution which, in its grandeur and simplicity, may be emphatically called, "The Church of the People."

We purpose rambling, in idea, with such of our readers as choose to accompany us, over some of these interesting scenes; and we select as the first and most appropriate that which witnessed most of the labours and strivings, the joys and discouragements of that excellent man, Bernard Gilpin. We have frequently reflected with sorrow upon the learning which too often slumbers, and the goodness that exhausts itself, among the country clergy, leaving no memorial behind; the first from a want of necessary emulation in the possessors, and the latter from the absence of due appreciation on the part of those who reaped its benefits. Never was the genuine spirit of the country pastor more strikingly displayed than in Gilpin. He was both wise for this world and for "that which is to come"—"wise as a serpent, yet harmless as a dove;" and never did man seem more truly armed with "special mission" for the reproof and reformation of the times in which he lived.

Gilpin was a native of the county of Westmoreland, and was born at Kentmire Hall, the ancient seat of his family, in the year 1517. In connexion with his ancestral history, many circumstances of the greatest interest disclose themselves, but with these it is not our present purpose to deal. After early indications of a serious temperament and the most rigid "constitutional virtue," he was sent at the age of sixteen to Queen's College, in Oxford, where he applied himself with the utmost diligence to the acquirement of learning, but consistently with his past and future career, he made, as we are informed, "the Scriptures his chief study." Having taken his degree, and been elected Fellow of his College, Gilpin was applied to, among other men of eminence, by the emissaries of the then powerful Wolsey, to connect himself with the newly-founded College of Christ Church, which had its origin in a desire to aid in the restoration of learning in England. Thither Gilpin removed, and whilst there engaged in the celebrated disputation with Peter Martyr, which, though ending in a signal triumph on the part of the latter, failed to excite other than the most kindly feelings on that of his adversary. Martyr also would afterwards frequently say that "As for Chedsey, Morgan, and the rest of those hot-headed zealots, he could not in truth be much concerned about them; but Mr. Gilpin seemed a man of such uprightness of intention, and so much sincerity, both in his words and actions, that it went to his heart to see him still involved in prejudice and error. The rest, he thought, were only a trifling, light sort of men, led into an opposition more by vain glory and a desire to distinguish

themselves, than from any better motives; but Mr. Gilpin's ingenuity of behaviour and irreproachable life left room for no such suspicion with regard to him; and he could not but own that he considered his espousing any cause as a very great credit to it." He would often likewise tell his friends, "It was the subject of his daily prayers that God would be pleased at length to touch the heart of this pious Papist with the knowledge of true religion."*

We pause not here to trace the means by which that "Knowledge" was acquired, nor the steps which Mr. Gilpin took before he openly avowed himself a Protestant. In 1552 he was presented to the Vicarage of Norton, in the Diocese of Durham; and, having first been appointed to preach before the King at Greenwich an opportunity he took advantage of to censure the general corruption and avarice among men of power, he retired to the duties of his Parish, fortunate in the possession of interest, the result of his own personal recommendation, with several of the highest rank and power. Resigning this living some time after, purely from distrust and diffidence of himself, fearing, as it has been observed, lest, "endeavouring to teach, he might only mislead," he retired for a while to the Continent, with the object of strengthening his views and dissipating his doubts by conference with the learned men of other countries. Before leaving he gave proof of nobleness of heart worthy to be handed down to all posterity. Being offered a dispensation from the Bishop, by which he might retain possession of his living, and even taunted with neglect of the endeavours of his friends, who were doing all they could for his interest, witness his memorable reply:—"Will any dispensation," said he, "restrain the tempter from endeavouring, in my absence, to corrupt the people committed to my care. Alas! I fear it would be but an ill excuse for the harm done to my flock, if I should say, when God shall call me to an account for my Stewardship, that I was absent by dispensation."

After three years sojourn on the Continent he returned to his native country, and was appointed to the Rectory of Easington, to which was attached the Archdeaconry of Durham. He now set himself manfully to battle against pluralities and non-residence, which soon procured him "many mighty and grievous adversaries." True to his principles, however, when he found the combined duties of the Rectory and Archdeaconry too much for him, he requested the Bishop to relieve him of *one*, expressing his wish to do his duty, "with the greatest readiness in which soever his Lordship thought him best qualified for; but he was not able to do it in both."—"Have I not repeatedly told you," was the reply, "that you will die a beggar? Depend upon it you will, if you suffer your conscience to raise such unreasonable scruples. The Archdeaconry and the Living cannot be separated: the income of the former is not a support without that of the latter. I found them united and am determined to leave them so." And in this dilemma what did the firm but simple-hearted Gilpin do? Why, not being allowed to retain one, he resigned both.

We pass over the subsequent events of his history, until we find him, some short time afterwards, installed in the Rectory of Houghton-le-Spring, also in the Diocese of Durham. It was here, principally, as the Country Pastor, that Gilpin found full occupation for his amiable and active disposition. Here, amid much persecution, with the anticipation, for some time even of martyrdom, did he discharge the duties of his cure, until he transformed a people wild and lawless in the extreme, into an industrious, sober, happy, peasantry. "The people crowded about him and heard him with attention;" "No good man was his enemy." Such were the effects of simple Christianity. To enumerate his many good deeds would require a Volume. Among other things, he founded a school, for which, in addition to his own personal superintendence, he provided the best Oxford masters. This school was filled with boys whom he met with accidentally, and whose capacity he thought worthy of cultivation. Sometimes even a stray question by the road-side would determine him in his choice. Many of these lads, who evinced more than ordinary ability, were again maintained by him, when dismissed from school, at the Universities, and the names of several are found enrolled among those of the most learned of their day. His hospitality was unbounded. "Every Thursday throughout the year, a very large quantity of meat was dressed wholly for the poor; and every day they had what quantity of broth they wanted. Twenty-four of the poorest were his constant pensioners. Four times a year a dinner was provided for them, when they received from his steward a certain quantity of corn and a sum of money; and at Christmas they had always an ox divided among them." Thus did this good man provide for the creature comforts of his parishioners, and he was always ready to listen to their distresses, and to heal their differences. More than all, by bright example, by never letting "slip an opportunity of doing good," did he encourage and allure them to good things. With firm adherence to principle to the last, he rejected various offers of preferment, among which was the Bishopric of Carlisle; and on the 4th of March, 1583, and in the 66th year of his age, he "entered into his rest." In the church at Houghton-le-Spring reposes all that is mortal of this good man. His tomb, which may still be seen, has been indecently encroached upon, according to Mr. Howitt, by surrounding pews. But what of that. The deeds of such men live after them in unfading remembrance—a memorial far more durable than marble or brass can perpetuate.

* Gilpin's *Life* of Bernard Gilpin.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

War has at last begun in good earnest between Turkey and her invaders. The Turks safely crossed the river Danube, which separates the Wallachian Principalities (the provinces wrongfully occupied by Russia) from Turkey properly so called; and, it is believed, have worsted the Russians in several engagements. The Turkish general, Omer Pacha, has since thought it more prudent to re-cross the Danube. But upon this and other circumstances of the campaign, that ingenious piece of mechanism, the Electric Telegraph, has contradicted itself in the most puzzling manner. The Sultan has declared his intention to take the command of his army in the spring. Meanwhile our own government and that of France seem to have agreed upon a more decided course of action, on behalf of their Turkish allies. The combined fleet is advancing towards the seat of war; and it is amusingly believed at Constantinople that "Queen Victoria, having caught Lord Aberdeen receiving several tons of gold from Russia, had his head instantly taken off, to the great joy of the people;" and that "Lord Palmerston is Grand Vizier now!"

The Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria da Gloria, died in child-bed on the 15th of November. She was the daughter of Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and, on his resigning the crown, succeeded him; but her uncle, Dom Miguel, to whom, according to a strange Roman Catholic usage, she had been promised in marriage, seized the government, and forbad his intended wife to enter the country. England and the other Great Powers took up her cause, and restored her to the throne. Her second husband, the King Consort, who is now regent, is of the same family as our own Prince Albert.

The Church in New Zealand is one of the most active branches of our Holy Catholic Church of England. They are beginning to see that the only true way of supporting the ministry of the Church is for every member of the Church to give tithes of his net income to God, through his servants, the Bishops and Clergy.

The Convention of the American Church (another widely-extended Branch of the Church) has lately concluded its annual session. The proceedings of this body, which consists of clerical and lay representatives, and answers to our Convocation, are sufficient to prove, if proof were needed, that the fears entertained by some, of the evils likely to result from our own Church exercising her rights of self-government, are wholly groundless.

HOME.

Happy are we in having such an example of domestic life in our beloved Queen, with the Prince Albert and the Royal Family. Wherever her Majesty goes, her aim seems to be to make all around her happy. When in her highland home, she visits the cottages of the poor, and gives them warm clothing for the winter. When at Windsor, her bounties at Christmas spread grateful comforts around very many poor families, in food and clothing. When at Osborne, we see hundreds of tenants and labourers enjoying the festivities of the palace. And last, not least, wherever she goes, the Lord's day is kept holy, and her Majesty kneels in the Parish Church beside the poor labourer, where "rich and poor meet together: the Lord is maker of them all."

The Queen is now at Windsor Castle, a residence worthy of such a Sovereign. Her husband, Prince Albert, seeing the wretched state of many of the cottages of the poor, is setting an example to landlords by erecting suitable cottages for the labouring classes at Windsor, which may be taken as a model, and we trust will be the means of improving the dwellings of the poor, and at length bringing to them the blessings of wholesome and comfortable homes.

Happy are the rich who, while they dwell in ceiled houses, forget not the House of God and the homes of the Poor!—but miserable must they be who gain their thousands by the labour of the poor and never go amongst them, and leave them a prey to vice, to misery, and filth!

The Board of the Tithe Redemption Trust held its quarterly meeting on Wednesday, the 9th ult. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. W. Malet, in the absence of Lord John Manners. By a grant of £125., restoration of tithes amounting to £25. per annum, and the erection of a parsonage house, was secured to a parish in Wales, Llandeilo-tal-y-bont; and by a grant of £100., restoration of tithes amounting to £20 per annum, and the erection of a district church were secured to the parish of Studley, in Warwickshire.

The Annual Report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (founded 150 years ago), has just been sent out. The deficiency of funds last year, to meet the society's wide and active missionary work throughout the world, was £5,684. It has largely aided in founding bishoprics in the Colonies; twenty of these having received liberal grants during the year; it also circulated 753,799 bibles, 79,483 testaments, and 324,928 prayer books. It does all that the Bible Society does, and a great deal more. Some "Churchmen" however prefer the latter; either because it does *not* circulate prayer books, or because they may have the advantage of supporting it on some "common" platform, with Antinomians, Humanitarians, and Quakers.

The Rev. F. D. Maurice, one of the ablest professors of King's College, London, has been summarily dismissed from his office, and in a way which reminds us of that harsh law—one of the blots upon the Church of England—by which a Bishop may at once withdraw a Curate's license, and throw him upon the wide world, without giving him any form of trial whatever. We do not undertake to defend Professor Maurice in all the theories which he may choose to adopt; but we must confess it does seem hard, that he should receive such treatment, when men like Mr. Gorham may be patronised throughout the land, though he have publicly assailed a fundamental article of the faith, about which there was never *any* doubt in the Church. It is believed by some, that this displacement is not altogether owing to a point of doctrine, but to his earnest advocacy of industrial association, and the rights of labour; the Professor being one of the best friends of the working classes of whom the Church of England can boast.

The Preston mill-hands are still "locked out" of their respective places of work, and have to be supported by their fellow-workpeople, or from the Poor Rates. They have sent up a temperate statement of their case to Lord Palmerston. If the Home Secretary cannot assist, he may at least give them, as he lately did to the ungrateful Edinburgh people, *good advice*. Without deciding which is right or which is wrong, in a contest which appears to us disgraceful to a civilized country, we cannot but think that some means of settling the dispute by arbitration—such as exist and work well in other countries—might be assented to by the employers.

THE CLERGYMAN TO HIS SCHOOL-CHILD.

WHY love I thee, my little one?
Thou hast not beauty for thy dower—
Nor when thy daily task is done
Dost bring to me the summer flower.
Thy voice is very soft and mild;
They say thou art the Poor Man's Child.

Why love I thee, my little one,
And guide thee in thy tasks with care,
Or watch thee in thy sportive fun
With others play more bright and fair?
Is it because thy look is mild,
And that thou art the Poor Man's Child?

Why love I thee, my little one?
For few see ought in thee to love.
Is it because the Eternal Son
For such as thee left Heaven above,
And in thy spirit, meek and mild,
Do I see but the Poor Man's Child?

Why love I thee, my little one?
For Jesu's sake I work for thee,
That when my life-long course is run
In Heaven thy face may welcome me;
And in thine accents, soft and mild,
Plead how I loved the Poor Man's Child.

A COUNTRY PICTURE, DRAWN FROM LIFE.

It was a lonely cot, beneath the Hill
Where the poor labourer dwelt and passed away
(For oh he did not live) this weary life—
Earth formed the floor—and misery was the bed
Whereon he lay—and looking upwards saw
In the still midnight hour, the shining stars
Careering on in silent majesty.—Poor man
That which let in the light, let in the cold
And cov'ring up his limbs—He wished for day.
Day came, and weary as he was
He still would labour on, and ask ye why
Ten children daily cried to him for food?
And so he laboured on—for he had faith
That better times would come, and he should see
The day when they could labour for themselves—
My God, give unto me that poor man's faith—
Full trust in Thee, that I shall aye be fed,
And give me too that deep humility,
That e'en could bear to have a wretched home,
And in the wintry hours, when winds blow high,
Find in domestic love, such warmth of heart,
As keeps men happy in their cheerless homes.

Reviews.

"*The Sure Judgment of God upon all Sinners, especially the Rich for their neglect of the Poor. A Sermon on a recent mill accident, Preached in St. Saviour's, Leeds. With a Prefatory Letter to the Owner of the Mill, on the State of his Workpeople, and his Duty towards them. By the* Rev. CHARLES GUTCH, M.A., *Curate. Published by request.*" London: F. and J. Rivington.

THIS Letter and Sermon are alike remarkable for the unflinching boldness of their language. Whether addressing the Individual or the Congregation, a sense of ministerial responsibility seems to outweigh all minor considerations; and the fear of man is more than neutralised by a burning love of God and of God's poor. The following extract will illustrate our meaning:—

"Oh! pray, then, for the rich and covetous. If, as the Apostle assures us, 'The love of money is the root of all evil,' what a burden have the rich to bear! For why are there so few churches and schools compared with the population, and such a difficulty in the erection of what we have? Is it not because the rich will not tithe their income to build them? Why is there so much wickedness in the mills, and foundries, and collieries? Is it not because their owners do not really devote their time, and money, and personal services to the education and religious control of their workpeople? And why are the homes of the poor so small, ill-ventilated, and quite unsuited for the barest requirements of Christian decency? Is it not because the landlords can make a greater profit by building houses back-to-back, and love their rents more than the comfort, the health, the decency, or the souls of the poor? If, then, landlord, or master, or any rich person, has it in his power to remedy these evils, (and who will venture to deny it?) will not his burden at the Day of Account be a heavy one, if he should in any way have neglected his duty?"—Sermon pp. 39, 40.

We are willing to hope that few mills present the same utter disregard of morals as that which Mr. Gutch describes. But it would be rank hypocrisy in us to conceal our deep conviction that there is great need of Mr. Gutch's outspoken indignation in many places besides Leeds. We, therefore, cordially recommend his Letter and Sermon to the general attention of employers and employed; and we further recommend that all Reading Rooms in the manufacturing districts should be furnished with a copy of them.

"*Latter-Day Delusions; or, the Inconsistencies of Mormonism. By the* Rev. JOHN BELL, B.A., *Rector of Crostwick-by-Norwich.*" pp. 34. Wertheim and Macintosh, 24, Paternoster-row.

THIS tract, which is considerably above the average of Anti-Mormon treatises, is devoted to an exposure of Latter-Day Saintism, on the following five points:—

(1.) Its teaching, with reference to the extinction of Christ's Church, in or about the fourth century.
(2.) Its doctrine of the materiality of God.
(3.) Its doctrine and practice of polygamy.
(4.) Its inferiority to the somewhat similar imposture of Mahomet.
(5.) The evidence of its alleged miracles, and the value of really miraculous attestation, separately considered.

We have before us three "Tracts on Mormonism," which issued, through the same publishers, from Leamington, in 1851; "Mormonism and its Author," forming No. 266 of the Tract List of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge;" "Friendly Warnings on Mormonism," Rivingtons, 1850; "The Overthrow of Infidel Mormonism, being a Report of several Discussions between John Theobald, Primitive Methodist Local Preacher, and two Mormon Delegates." pp. 176, Horsell, 13, Paternoster-row, 1850; "The Latter-Day Saints and their Spiritual Wives, by H. T. L." pp. 8, Grant, Brighton, 1853; besides several large works, *pro* and *con*; but we willingly assign the palm to Mr. Bell's brochure, for brief and effective argumentation on his five points. We were surprised, however, to find Rev. xxii. 18, 19, reproduced (at p. 32) as a decisive argument against new revelation. Its logical connexion confines it to the Apocalypse of St. John; and the sufficiency of our Scriptures for salvation is to be demonstrated by a constructive argument totally independent of it. Neither do we understand the appplication of Rev. xiv. 6, 7, in the same paragraph.

With these exceptions, we cordially recommend this tract, and would advise that H. T. L.'s be read with it. It is clear, however, that the coarse home-thrusts, the unhesitating counter-denunciations, and the vivid picturing of the ranting controversialist, are better suited to demolish Mormonism, in the eyes of the vulgar, than the more refined and accurate exposure of educated writers. We only wish that the Church had at her disposal a body of sub-deacons, selected from the humbler classes by reason of various talents, some of whom should be so exercised for oral exposure of popular delusions, as to avoid the extravagant theological errors, and the damaging, though often undetected, offences against Logic, with which the aforesaid Theobald's "Overthrow" abounds, whilst still retaining that vigour of tone, and forcible expression of sentiments, which characterise the occasional eloquence of untutored men.

"*The Sinfulness of Little Sins; a Course of Sermons Preached in Lent. By* JOHN JACKSON, D.D., *Bishop of Lincoln.* Seventh Edition." London: William Skeffington, 1853.

IT is hardly necessary for us to say anything in praise of a work to which the name of Bishop Jackson is appended; that it has gone through seven editions is a sufficient criterion of its value. The sermons before us, as the title indicates, are intended to remind Christians of the guilt of those *lesser* sins (as we too often call them), which they so habitually commit. Men are ready enough to allow the enormity of adultery, drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, and such like; but sins of the temper they are apt to call by the softer name of *infirmities*. Yet such, though "little thought of by the world, and less obtrusive in their own character, and likely to escape our observation," may be actually "poisoning our soul's life, while we are scarcely conscious of their existence."

We are glad to observe throughout the work a recognition of the Baptismal Covenant; *because* we have been born again in Baptism, *therefore* we are to *live* as the Sons of God. The sins especially treated of in these sermons are "sins of temper, sins of pride and vanity, sins of the thoughts, sins of the tongue, and sins of omission."

The Sacrament of Regeneration is thus spoken of in the last discourse:—

"Of the one, indeed, we have already been partakers; but it is our duty, on the one hand, to realise and be thankful for our privileges in it;—that we have been born again of water and the Spirit; that we have been baptized into Christ's Body; that we have been buried with Him in Baptism; that by Him we have been made children of God, and, consequently, inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven; and on the other, never to forget the solemn promise and profession we then made, and without performing which we despise our birthright, and lose the blessing: that we are vowed soul and body to God; that we are his sworn soldiers, bound to resist the world, the flesh, and the devil; pledged to believe His promises, and obediently to keep His commandments unto our life's end."

"*The Apostolic Commission, &c., &c.; a Sermon. By the* Rev. C. GOOCH, M.A., *Fell. of Mag. Coll. Camb.*" London: Rivingtons.

THE writer points out concisely and forcibly that the definite Body of Truth, promulgated by our Blessed Lord and His Apostles, *requires*, for its preservation in its integrity, a duly ordained and Apostolically-descended Ministry.

"*Convocation; a Sermon, &c. By the* Rev. W. GILLMOR, M.A., *Perpetual Curate of Illingworth, Halifax.*" London: Rivingtons.

A TEMPERATE and well-written discourse, not above the comprehension of plain people.

Miscellaneous.

HONE'S BIBLE.

THE following stanzas are from the pen of the once notorious William Hone, who was tried before Lord Ellenborough for a blasphemous parody on the Athanasian Creed; but afterwards became a sincere convert to the Christian faith, in which he lived and died.

The circumstances which led to his conversion were these: He was once travelling on foot, in the county of Kent, on a hot summer's day; and being thirsty, and seeing the door of a cottage open, he went in and asked for a cup of water. While the woman of the house was gone to fetch it, he looked over the shoulder of a little girl, who was attentively engaged in reading a book; and, finding that it was a Bible, he said, "I suppose you are getting your *task*?" She replied, "No, I am not getting my task." "Then why," he asked, "are you reading the Bible?" She replied, "I am reading the Bible because I *love* the Bible." These latter words were so fastened in his mind that he could not get rid of them. As he walked along, he pondered over them again and again. And then, contrasting the child's conduct with his own, he said to himself, "I have often read the Bible, to abuse and scoff at the Bible; but I never read the Bible, because I loved the Bible." He therefore determined to read the Bible, in a more humble and teachable spirit; and his doing so was the means of his conversion. He afterwards wrote the subjoined lines on the fly leaf of the very Bible which he had thus studied.

The proudest heart that ever beat,
  Hath been subdued in me;
The wildest will that ever rose,
To scorn thy cause, and aid thy foes,
  Is quelled, my God, by thee.

Thy will, and not my will, be done;
  My heart be ever thine!
Confessing thee, the mighty *Word*,
My Saviour *Christ*, my *God*, my *Lord*,
  Thy Cross shall be my sign.

THE PEW SYSTEM.

IN another way I have endeavoured, since last we met, to clear our parochial system of a clog and an injustice which in so many places is obstructing and deforming it. I allude to the unauthorised appropriation of pews in our parish churches by persons who, in 999 cases in 1,000, have not a shadow of claim to the right they set up. By a process at law I vindicated the true right for the parishioners of Horsham, in a very crying case. The practice is subversive of the very principle of a parish church, and of all the feelings which should attend the assembling for worship in it, and, accordingly, is found in almost every instance, as I have said, to be a mere usurpation. It is productive of deep

injustice to the poor, and impairs the sense in all of the right feeling of parochial worship. Instead of excluding, surely we should be earnest to induce the attendance of one another. The unauthorised appropriators of pews too often do just the reverse, closing them up even when they use them not themselves; whereas, after a certain reasonable time from the commencement of the service, they ought to be open, so long as there is a seat unoccupied in them. I am happy to believe that truer information and a better feeling are spreading on these matters. I had rather commit the progress of the amelioration to the growing influence of these causes, and to the diligence and faithfulness of the churchwardens, than to seek at present for any other methods in which to accomplish the purpose by force of law.—[*The Bishop of Chichester's Late Charge.*]

In August last the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol consecrated a chapel of ease, at Tutsworth, near Chepstow. His Lordship took occasion to say, that, whatever else might be the case with his diocese, at least it was not backward in the work of Church extension. He had himself consecrated, during the 24 years of his Episcopate, more churches than all his predecessors in the see taken together; and he condemned the pew system, to which he attributed, in a great measure, the existence of dissent. The population, he said, had been lost to the Church by this practice, and would, he hoped, be as quickly regained, now a better tone of feeling on the subject was spreading so widely.

ENIGMA.

I AM the offspring of grief, yet my presence calls forth a cry of joy, for I am more precious than gold. With what patience and toil do men seek for me! What expense they incur to bring me near to them; yet what pains they take to keep me away from them! Essential to the preservation of life, I am the destruction of thousands; yielding to the pressure of an ounce, I can sustain the weight of tons; devoid of all feeling, I quiver at the gentlest, and cannot without emotion bear exposure to the lightest breeze. Voiceless, I utter sweetest murmurs; passionless, I rage fearfully; proverbially weak, I perform feats of strength, to which Samson's were as nothing; without legs, I frequently run with the greatest rapidity, and indeed have never yet been seen to walk; without wings, I mount from earth to sky, and rush with impetuosity back again. Time writes no wrinkles on my brow, for though I was in existence before the world began, I know nothing of decay or old age. Such as I was then, such am I now, and yet, with all this constancy and changelessness, so curious a creature am I, that I am sometimes seen black, at others white, sometimes green, sometimes blue. In short, I am full of contradictions; and, to sum up all, allow me to add that I am bitter and sweet; hot and cold; hard and soft; a liquid, a solid, and a powder.

Correspondence.

If *A Leeds Clergyman* will give us his name in confidence, we will reply to him; but we cannot notice anonymous strictures. It seems to us that his own admissions—to use a legal phrase—"put him out of court."

We are obliged to *A Subscriber*, and should be still more so if he would help us to cure the defect which he points out.

N. S. D.—Your MSS. shall be returned to you, as requested.

We very unwillingly postpone the communications of several valued correspondents. In fact, we are overwhelmed with Poetical and Theological contributions.

We beseech our contributors to write *for the people*—upon subjects generally interesting to the people—in good Saxon idiom—and to send in their articles as early in the the month as possible.

A Novello.—Received, but too late.

*** Our thanks are due to the many clerical and lay friends who have so zealously taken up the cause of "The Church of the People," throughout the country. They have done for it what no merits of its own could have effected; and if they will continue their good work, success is certain. N.B. Prospectuses for circulation may be obtained by applying to any Church bookseller.

TRAFFIC IN PEWS.

To the Editors of the Church of the People.

GENTLEMEN,—Observing that you propose to treat of the pew system and its many attendant evils, I venture to send you two advertisements which appeared in the *Manchester Courier* of the 15th October:—

"Eccles Church.—To be let, three sittings in a pew in the Parish Church of Eccles. Address G. 164, at the printer's."

"To be sold, a pew, No. 155, front of south gallery, St. Thomas's Church, Ardwick. By order of the executors. Apply," &c.

and to express my deep regret at such a deliberate and open violation of what is right in support of the pew system, "which (it has been truly said) has introduced so unchristian a distinction, in the house of God, between the sittings of the rich and of the poor, and which (there can be little doubt) is doing more to alienate the hearts of tens of thousands in every large town in England, from the Church of Christ, than any one other thing that could be named."

With regard to the first-mentioned advertisement, it is well known to be altogether illegal to let or sell pews in a parish church. The Archbishop of York, in his charge, delivered 30th June, 1853, says, speaking of parish churches, "Pews may be assigned to the inhabitants, but even to them *not permanently* nor *exclusively, but only so long as they frequent the church*. If they leave the parish church, their claim ceases. Pews cannot *be sold or let at all* in a parish church."

Prideaux, in his "Practical Guide to the Duties of Churchwardens," says:—"Pews cannot be sold or let, except under the authority of an Act of Parliament;" and adds, that "if the churchwardens foster and abet the illegal practice of buying, selling, or letting pews, instead of preventing and extirpating it, as they are bound to do, they will subject themselves to criminal proceedings and punishment in the Court Christian."

I do not know whether the churchwardens of Eccles are aware of this, but trust this obnoxious attempt may be put a stop to at once.—I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

E. R. R.

Manchester, Oct. 19, 1853.

Advertisements.

The following is the scale of prices for advertisements in the Church of the People:—

	£	s.	d.
Short Advertisements, per line	0	0	6
Quarter Page	0	16	0
Half Page	1	11	6
Page	3	0	0

WANTED, an active and intelligent YOUNG MAN, as Canvasser, &c. He must be a member of the Church of England. Anyone having his evenings at liberty might thus usefully employ them.—Written applications, with references and particulars, to be addressed C. P., at the printer's.

ADVANCE OF TRACTARIANISM.
Just Published, price Twopence,
FOUR LETTERS on the ADVANCE of TRACTARIANISM, re-printed by request, from the *Birmingham Gazette* of April 4th and 18th, and May 2nd and 9th, 1853.
Birmingham: William Hodgetts, 22, Cannon-street, Birmingham.

Now Ready, Part I., Second Series, price 1s,

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS: a Series of Short and Plain Sermons for the Christian Seasons, issued in shilling monthly parts, containing from eight to ten sermons, averaging twelve pages each.

London and Oxford: J. H. Parker. Manchester: HALE & ROWORTH, 45, King-street.

On the 1st of January, 1854, will be published in one thick volume, foolscap 8vo., with designs by JNO. GILBERT, Esq.

TRACTARIANISM (so called) NO NOVELTY; as Exemplified in the Confessions of the Faith and Practice of a Church of England Man, of the memorable Epoch 1688; with Preface and Notes, by G. F. MANDLEY, Esq.

London: J. Masters. Manchester: Hale and Roworth.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

Just Published, price 6d,

SCRIPTURAL REASONS FOR NOT TAKING PART IN THE CELEBRATION OF ITS JUBILEE: A LETTER to LORD SHAFTESBURY, in which it is proved from the Bible that the Society is Unscriptural in a resolution in No. 1 Jubilee Paper, and anomalous in its constitution. By A CLERGYMAN.

London: J. Masters, and all Booksellers.

Just Published, Part I, price 1s,

READINGS FOR EVERY SUNDAY IN ADVENT: for St. Andrew's Day, St. Thomas's Day, and a General Introduction forming the First Part of a Series of Readings for the Sundays and Holydays of the Christian Year. Part II., for the Christmas Season, will be published December 15.

London: J. Whitaker. Manchester: HALE & ROWORTH, 45, King-street.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S CONSECRATION SERMON AT DENTON.

Just published, price ONE SHILLING,

"I HAVE MUCH PEOPLE IN THIS CITY:" a SERMON Preached at the Consecration of Christ Church, Denton, Manchester, October 13th, 1853, by SAMUEL LORD BISHOP of OXFORD, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and Lord High Almoner to the Queen.—Published by request.

London: Francis and John Rivington. Manchester: THOMAS SOWLER, and all Booksellers.

A SHORT EXPLANATION OF THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR; with Questions for the Use of Schools. Edited by the Rev. C. MILLER. Royal 32mo, cloth, 2s 6d; calf, 4s 6d.

"A running commentary on the Epistles and Gospels, interspersed with short and searching questions, to bring home to the minds of the hearers the meaning of what has just been read. The whole, plain and practical, is published as 'A short Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels of the Christian Year, with Questions for the Use of Schools.'" *Guardian.*

George Bell, 186, Fleet-street.

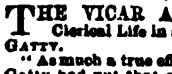
12mo, cloth, with Frontispiece, 2s 6d,

THE VICAR AND HIS DUTIES; being Sketches of Clerical Life in a Manufacturing Town Parish. By the Rev. A. GATTY.

"As much a true effigy, though taken with pen and ink, as if Mr. Gatty had put that capital parish priest, the Vicar of Leeds, before its camera. To the many friends of Dr. Hook this little volume will be deeply interesting."—*Notes and Queries.*

"It unites the merit of lively and faithful sketching, sound principles, and popular style."—*Churchman's Magazine.*

George Bell, 186, Fleet-street.



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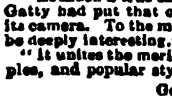

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OXFORD EDITIONS of the BIBLE, bound in roan, with gilt leaves, price One Shilling, or Eleven Shillings per dozen.

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OXFORD EDITIONS of the PRAYER BOOK, in roan, gilt leaves, price Eightpence.

T. SOWLER, 4, St. Ann's-square, Manchester.

Now Ready, demy 12mo, price 1s,

THE SURE JUDGMENT OF GOD: A Sermon on a recent mill accident, preached in St. Saviour's, Leeds; with a Prefatory Letter to the owner of the mill, on the state of his workpeople, and his duty towards them. By the Rev. CHARLES GUTCH, M.A., curate. Published by request. The profits, if any, will be given to the fund for building a new school in St. Saviour's parish.

"Deserves a much longer notice than we can give it at present. It is peculiarly adapted for the present time. . . It would be well if all who employ others read this pamphlet carefully and seriously."—*English Churchman.*

London: Rivingtons; Parker, London and Oxford; Harrison, Leeds.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BIBLE WAREHOUSE.

HALE & ROWORTH, 45, KING-STREET.—The Largest and Best Assortment of BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, and CHURCH SERVICES, in every style of binding, either for presentation or general use.

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The Church of the People

Under the Superintendence of a Committee.

No. III.] JANUARY, 1854. [Price 1½d.

LUCK AND PERSEVERANCE; OR, THE TWO ADVENTURERS.

The idea conveyed by the word "*luck*" appears at all times to have exercised a powerful influence over the actions of men. No one can explain it, yet all more or less acknowledge its spell. The numerous proverbial superstitions concerning days, and charms, and omens, are not confined to the uneducated: they pervade all classes, and may be traced through all ages and nations; thus testifying to the universal sway which the mysterious holds over the human mind.

Thousands of persons have been rendered careless and indifferent to the use of long-proved and legitimate means for advancement in life, through the preconceived notion of being born lucky, or endowed with a genius, or one of Fortune's favourites; and have found, too late, that the fickle goddess generally deserts them in the hour of utmost need. How often has the prize in the lottery, or the found treasure, or the unlooked-for inheritance, proved a curse rather than a blessing to the owner! and even the assumed possession of some peculiar gift, or talent, too often becomes a snare to retard that diligence which can alone secure the attainment of useful knowledge and permanent success.

It is often difficult, nay impossible, to account for the uniform good luck which appears to attend the efforts of some men: all their undertakings prosper; and, as the common proverb has it, whatever they touch turns into gold. Others, again, would seem to struggle in vain against unforeseen and ever-returning difficulties; and with the most anxious desire to succeed, still find all their best-laid plans abortive.

That misfortunes are rarely single, is a familiar adage; and the impression produced on the mind by continuous bad luck, too often tends to paralyze exertion, as "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." It requires great moral courage steadily to play what is called "an uphill game;" and nothing can effectually stimulate perseverance but the full conviction that the path of duty, actively and fearlessly trod, must and will lead to the goal of ultimate success. Religion and reason alike teach us that all events are under the control of fixed laws and determined order; that nothing happens by accident, but every effect has its exciting cause. We cannot, indeed often trace the minute and various links that knit into the complicated chain of circumstances, uniting the beginning with the end; but occasionally we obtain a glimpse of the working process, and then it is that we see what strange results are brought about by means that would have appeared to us utterly inadequate for the purpose.

The following story may, perhaps, serve to point out that industry and perseverance are the true pilots to guide our vessel through the many-channeled seas of life into the haven of prosperity; and that whenever Luck or Chance takes the helm, rocks, whirlpools, or quicksands may in a moment make shipwreck of our fairest hopes:—

In one of the midland counties stands the small village of C——. It is situated amidst a beautiful and pastoral district, where broad meadows and waving corn fields alternate with verdant uplands and richly wooded slopes. The distant prospect is bounded by a bold range of rocky hills, from which descend numerous streamlets to vary and fertilise the undulating and picturesque landscape.

The mansion of the principal owner of these fair lands is situated at one end of the village, and is surrounded by an extensive domain delightfully laid out in gardens and pleasure-grounds, to which access is freely given by the noble proprietor to all whose taste leads them to appreciate such scenes. The substantial farm-houses of the chief tenants, and the pretty cottages of the peasantry, are dotted over a wide area; while the quiet-looking parsonage, embosomed in luxuriant foliage, forms a most agreeable object in the view. The aspect of the village, with its scattered dwellings and rustic population, is altogether agricultural, and presents a strong contrast to the closely-built streets, and alleys overcrowded with the pallid artizans, of a large manufacturing town.

In the immediate neighbourhood there are extensive mining tracts, where the treasures which lie hid in the heart of the earth, and have been there accumulated for countless periods by the

beneficent hand of the Great Architect of the universe, are now brought to light, and made to minister to the comfort and happiness of man. At the time of which we speak, there lived at C—— two families whose history is immediately connected with our present story; they were represented by Mr. Walters, who had the management of the mining interest in the vicinity, and Mr. Franklin, who had for many years occupied a considerable farm.

The former of these was a man of the world, active, shrewd, and calculating; his great maxim was, "Take care of yourself, and leave every one else to do the same." He was ambitious to rise in life; and was always on the look-out for some lucky chance to give him an extra lift. He thoroughly well knew how to play the good cards when they fell into his hand, and upon his principles success was at all times a justification of the means employed. He considered all scrupulousness regarding duties to our neighbour, or mutual forbearance, when it involved any self-sacrifice, as a pitiable weakness. Yet this man was deemed an able adviser, and his counsel was often sought by others who desired, like himself, to climb the ladder of life without subjecting themselves to any painful restraint from those religious and moral ties that might impede their upward progress. The worldly-wise pronounced him a safe and advantageous pattern, for he never forgot the main chance in reference to number one. Sordid and selfish minds seek kindred associates, and the expression even of a generous impulse is to the mean and covetous an unpardonable failing. But sympathy, that genuine treasure, which, in the noble heart, expands by the mere act of diffusion, has no affinity with the base dross of selfishness, which moth and rust shall eventually corrupt, though hugged and guarded awhile in the hollow chest of the ungenerous worldling.

Gilbert Franklin was in every respect a different man from Walters, and was a faithful specimen of a class which, it is to be feared, is rapidly decreasing, namely, the real English yeoman. Stalwart of limb and bearing, honest in purpose, guileless in thought, simple and straight-forward in word and action, scorning any paltry subterfuge, fearless, with right and truth on his side; religious in every feeling and association, and at all times ready to serve a friend or forgive an enemy—he enjoyed the warm esteem of all who knew how to value honour and strict integrity. These two families were near neighbours, as the Shrubbery Lodge was only separated from the old Grange by a small paddock.

Mr. Walters, the occupier of the former residence, had been left a widower, with one little boy. Mr. Franklin had two children, a son and a daughter. Young Harry Walters very early exhibited that peculiar temperament and quickness of talent which almost always characterise an active but unequally balanced mind: impetuous and wayward, at the same time intelligent and engaging, one scarcely knew whether most to blame or to admire him. Such dispositions are difficult to manage; and need, perhaps more than any other, the constant and watchful superintendence of a mother. It is in earliest childhood that the gentle care and judicious discipline of a true-hearted parent can most effectually bend and direct the tender shoots of the young plant, prune and restrain its overgrowth, guide and foster its budding exuberance, and so conduce to its healthy development.

George Franklin was the same age as Harry Walters, but was cast in a very different mould. He had none of that bright sparkle which lends a superficial glow to semi-genius; but his qualities were far more sterling. Rarely excited to any great impulse, he at the same time possessed that quiet and indomitable energy which strives again and again with difficulties, and ultimately overcomes all obstacles. The two boys were constant companions; and though their tastes and pursuits were very unlike, still a warm and apparently sincere friendship grew up between them. George had been early instructed in the two great duties of life: first,—"our duty towards God, shewn by having an implicit confidence in His promises, and a holy reverence for His word and ordinances, with a grateful love for His Fatherly protection and kindness;" and secondly,—our duty to our neighbour, evinced by "hurting nobody by word or deed, by being true and just in all our dealings, by bearing no malice or hatred in our hearts," and by sacrificing self, whenever by so doing the interests of others might be promoted. He was moreover taught, that these principles ought to be made practical, so as to have a constraining influence over all our intercourse and actions: for that it is not alone to combat *strong* temptations, or to pass through the fiery ordeal of scorn and persecution amid the excitement of external circumstances, that the religious mind girds on its armour and puts forth its strength; but it is to meet the everyday occurrences of life, and to guard against the thousand lesser trials, sins, and sorrows which are intended to remind us how utterly we are indebted to the mercy and longsuffering of God for the daily renewal of our blessings, and how much we are dependant on the mutual kindness and forbearance of each other for happiness and success.

Harry Walters was brought up in a widely different school. His father well knowing, as the adage says, "on which side his bread was buttered," had wit enough to perceive that religion adds to respectability, and is frequently advantageous as an introduction. On this low principle, he conformed to all established usages and customs. When no very important letters, or other worldly work, detained him, he attended Divine Service *somewhere*. His name was also to be found in most of the popular subscription lists for charitable

objects; provided, however, his almsgiving was "seen of men," he little cared for the merits of the several subjects of his bounty, nor how far the means employed to obtain the several ends were consistent with the *oneness* of genuine Christianity.

We have no right, generally speaking, to attribute motives, but, on the other hand, actions must not always be taken at their seeming value; if an habitually covetous man does an apparently generous thing, we may be cautious in believing it purely disinterested. Walters scattered his grain, but it was with a sure expectancy of reaping a present harvest. Occasionally, however, he would throw off the mask of hypocrisy, and give vent to his loose thoughts and latitudinarian opinions; and this was especially the case when he was visited by an old friend, who lived a few miles distant, of the name of Langley. This Langley was a lean old man of sinister aspect, with a capacious forehead, large bushy eyebrows, overshadowing small grey eyes that twinkled with licentious fire, whilst in the curl of his upper lip lurked bitter and malignant satire. He was a great scholar, full of classic lore, and deep learning, but knowledge without charity had only hardened his heart, and puffed him up with arrogant self-conceit. He was a cold and miserable sceptic.

When these two worthies met, as may be well supposed, their conversation was freely sprinkled with sneers and scoffs at holy things, and with coarse sensuality. These discourses often took place before young Harry; and as he was a precocious boy, he early imbibed many of his father's loose notions. Parents, indeed, cannot be too careful as to the manner and matter of their conversation before their children. Often have the light words heard in youth, the unseemly jest, or ridicule of that which should be held sacred, survived the memory of better things, and borne in after life fruits full of bitter ashes.

Time went on, and, as the two boys grew up, their respective dispositions became more strongly marked. In the neighbouring market town of A—— there was an excellent Grammar School, to which they were sent for education. Harry's quickness of perception, and readiness in learning, enabled him to pass by many of his less showy schoolfellows, though he was idle, and extremely averse to regular study; and when spoken to on this subject by his more plodding companion, his constant answer was—"I cannot bother myself with books as you do; I trust to my luck;"—and strange to say, "luck" seldom failed him. Our young genius had a happy knack of skimming the brains of others, and applying the cream to his own use; and, at the same time, he often hazarded answers which when correct gave him a high place. Harry, when he chose to apply, could learn as much in one hour as George in three, but with the latter the knowledge thus patiently obtained was stored in the reservoirs of memory, to be drawn on when required; while, with his volatile friend, it evaporated like the morning dew, and had to be again collected.

In their school-boy sports and pastimes, the same good fortune appeared to attend on Harry Walters. He found more birds' nests than any other boy, and won more marbles. In all games of chance he carried off the prize; and even in cricket, where science and skill are necessary, he often contrived, by two or three lucky hits, to obtain a long score; while George Franklin, steadily filling his post as wicket-keeper, would quietly watch an opportunity to stump out the unfortunate wight who dared step out of his ground. These and similar traits were the light straws showing the future course of the currents that should carry on and develope the distinctive characters of our two heroes.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL MUSIC.

THERE is no subject respecting which Churchmen of the present day have more sincere cause for congratulation than in the revival of a better taste in Church Music. But a few years ago, in most of our parish churches, the Psalmody depended upon the exertions of some half-dozen school children. The singing was in great measure left to chance: no care was taken that all should "be done decently and in order;" and the consequence was, that not unfrequently the whole was brought to an abrupt conclusion by a complete break-down.

The thought, in such cases, would inevitably force itself upon those who were in earnest about their devotion—"Is this singing to the praise and glory of God? Is it not rather offering him an insult? Is it the way we would treat an earthly monarch?"

It was these considerations which led to the formation of a society in London to promote Church Music, and improve the style of singing in Divine Worship,—a society to whom we owe very much, and which has well fulfilled the objects for which it was established. Its chief aim was to give plain instructions for singing and chanting; and to supply, at a cheap rate, good ecclesiastical music. The society has published, in the periodical called *The Parish Choir*, all the services in the Book of Common Prayer, set to their appropriate intonation, with one exception,—the office for "the Churching of Women." They produced a series of good chants for every day of the month, with some additional ones for the Canticles, and the Gregorian Tones, a considerable number of excellent anthems, and a careful selection of the best metrical psalm tunes. These (owing to the increased knowledge of music produced among all classes, through the introduction of Hullah's system) have found their way into most churches where a revival of ecclesiastical music has taken place; and the effect has been just as was predicted: the public taste, too long accustomed to

the weak effusions of of modern masters, at once appreciated the grandeur and power of the compositions of such men as Tallis, Palestrina, Tye, Farrant, and Purcell; and hailed their reappearance with unanimity and joy.

But this improvement of taste did not rest simply in preferring melodies of a more solemn and chaste description to those formerly in vogue: it demanded also that music should occupy a more prominent part in divine worship. The responses are now almost everywhere sung; an anthem is by no means unusual; and in many churches the priest's part also is intoned. The voice of melody has regained its place in the celebration of the Lord's Supper: the "*Sanctus*" and the "*Gloria in excelsis*" are now very generally chanted; herein following the example our blessed Lord himself set us, after the first institution of the Holy Eucharist—"When they had *sung* an hymn, they went unto the Mount of Olives."

Nor is the sister Church of America behind us in this respect: for we find the Rev. H. Caswall, one of the deputation sent out a few weeks ago by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, writing as follows, respecting the services in New York:—"The Communion Service was celebrated by seven bishops, in their full canonicals, and nearly five hundred persons participated. The "*Gloria in excelsis*" was commenced by Bishop Wainwright's individual voice; the other bishops then joined with him, and the assembled clergy and laity added their voices to the rest in a triumphant strain, the tremendous organ holding its thunders, and modestly following instead of leading. The effect was overpowering." No doubt it was; and we trust we have for ever done with that wretched, puritanical, and chilling system of reading instead of singing our thanksgivings, most especially in the Eucharistic service. We thank God that better things seem opening before us. The people are taking greater interest in these matters; and if no other argument will constrain them, the theory of "*vox populi vox Dei*" will have, perchance, its weight with some of our clergy. Who would have thought, twenty years ago, that the people of a great and populous city like Bristol would have risen up, *en masse* as it were, and insisted on their Bishop compelling a wilful Dean to revoke an illegal order issued by him to the effect that the Minor Canons should in future *read* and not *chant* the prayers? Let us not be told, after this, that the laity are opposed to musical services: the Bristol men set a noble example; and we should like to hear of the good people of York trying their hand at the same thing, and seeing if they could not once more hear Tallis's noble Litany-chant resound through their ancient Minster.*

We urge on all our readers to give this subject more and more of their consideration. Much, we may say *most*—rests with the clergy. Let them take an interest in Church Music, and they will not lack coadjutors. Let our young men arise and give their services to God, by aiding in the decent and reverential performance of Divine Worship. Let our organists bestir themselves, and study the old masters of harmony *more*, and their own compositions *less*. Above all, we would advise those in authority to discountenance the employment of females in their choirs. We know the great, and, indeed, only argument urged in their favour, viz., that they are less troublesome to teach, for that when their parts are once learnt, they can continue to sing them for many years; whereas the voices of boys fail at a certain age, and a constant course of instruction must be carried on to supply their places. But notwithstanding this, the objections to the system are sufficiently evident; and the employment of women entirely prevents the use of that distinctive garb in which a choir should always be habited: for we are satisfied that the use of the surplice is important, not merely on the principle of maintaining æsthetical decency and propriety, (valuable as such a consideration doubtless is,) but also, and chiefly, because it exercises a great moral influence on the wearers themselves, and reminds them, every moment, that they are God's servants, employed in His immediate service.

The secret of a good choir consists mainly in two things: let the singers be Voluntaries, and the adults Communicants. Insist on these points, especially on the last. He is unworthy to be a minister in holy things, who is living in open and secret sin, as we conceive most non-communicants must be: and with respect to the former, we believe there will be no lack of good Christian men and boys who will freely give their services for God's honour and glory, if *the character of the choir is raised* by this religious test being adhered to, and if sound principles concerning the dignity of the office are instilled into their minds. When officers of the Guards are found (as they are) ready to put on a surplice and sing for Christ's sake, we have every reason to hope much for the Church of England. On the other hand, we know of no sight so sad and disgraceful as the choir of a church, singing indeed, because they are paid for it, but without devotion, and habitual contemners of that blessed Sacrament, to the frequent reception of

* The following is the opinion of an American Clergyman on the service at York Minster:—"Whilst I was roaming through the immense edifice, the sounding of the organ indicated the hour of worship, and I went into the choir, where it is performed. But the service was *worse conducted than I had seen it anywhere before, in the manner and deportment both of ministers and singers. It amounted to an absolute burlesque of religious worship.* There seemed to be no one engaged in it who felt the least concern in the whole matter, except in the desire to get through it as quickly as possible. . . . The substitution of these formal, unmeaning, and unfeeling services, performed by careless and irreligious hired agents, for the real prayer and praise of the people of God, is but a mockery of the whole subject. In this case there was not even the compensation of tolerable music."—*Recollections of England*, by the Rev. S. H. Tyng.

which, they, of all people in the world, next to the clergy, are by their very office most bound;—men who, under a better discipline, would be cast out of the church as excommunicate, and denied even the common privilege of Christian burial.

A STUDY FOR A LARGER PICTURE.

I HAVE been haunted since last summer by the quaint Saxon of a charming little story, told me by some friends living on the shore of one of our English Lakes. We were having some rather *recherché* dish served at breakfast, which gave occasion to the anecdote being told us. It was this:—

Our worthy landlord, some time before, had been entertaining one of his tenants at dinner, and in the course of the repast, once or twice recommended his guest to partake of a viand of some rarity, in the shape of a dried reindeer's tongue. Being so delicately pressed, and not liking to refuse without explanation of the grounds of his refusal, the guest at length said, with an evident consciousness of his own superiority in point of taste—"Why, sir, I'll tell you what it is; you quality 'll eat ony mak' o' ket, (carrion, offal,) but give me good roast beef!"

Now, I confess, I think there is great truth conveyed in the words of our homely friend. Such people don't say much, but, knowing their shrewdness, one may generally look for a good deal of wisdom and depth in the little they do say.

I believe it to be true generally, that the upper classes of society do subject themselves to many inconveniences, which their humbler brethren avoid. Comfort and conventional usage, indeed, have grown cold in their regard for one another, and are constantly, as one fancies, seeking to be honourably divorced. We might trace this gradual estrangement through its several stages, and discover on what points the incongruous pair—that bright-eyed, happy-looking matron, Comfort, and that cold, hard-featured cavalier, Convention—do mostly clash, on what they maintain a mutual contest, on what they fairly agree to differ. But we leave this series of master pictures for the pen of some Hogarth. It is not our purpose to aspire to finished excellence, we offer only rough sketches.

TABLE-MOVING.

WHO does not know about *Table-moving?* Who has not tried *Table-rapping?* Who has not seen the *Tables go round and round?* I do not mean this latter in the sense of the Irishman, who, upon being observed to be seated on the steps of a door in a certain square, in which he lived, and upon being asked why he sat there, instead of going home, replied "Be aisy now; is'nt the square going round and round; then sure can't I step into my own house as it passes?" No, I mean a real turning of the tables. Just observe that merry party of country girls, seated round a little deal table. Their hands joined together are placed round its edge, and there they have sat upwards of half-an-hour, with great intensity, watching for the wonderful event. And now, at length, their patience is beginning to be rewarded; for see, the table majestically raises one leg, then another, now begins to roll about like a ship in a storm, and now, to the immense delight of the operators, begins to whirl round and round. But stay, stay; put a question to it; ask which of the merry damsels is to be married first; is it Lucy, or Hannah, or Diana, or Susan? or, rather, let us ask the age of that grave-looking man who, with his hands in his pockets, stands looking on, and sedately shakes his head and says, "There mun be summut in the table." Well, tell it to rap so many times. There it goes—one, two, three, and so on, until you complete the number.

Now, what is it which causes the table to move and to rap so? Mary shakes her head as she tells Eliza "she can't make it out, nohow." Come, then, and let us see if we can fathom the mystery.

There are, we know, several theories on the subject. One is, and that put forward by grave and reverend men, that Satan turns the table, and uses it for a medium to deceive people; that it is in fact one of his "lying wonders"—signs of "the latter days." If the devil be in the tables, it is curious he should have chosen such a clumsy way of exercising his craft, for certainly the table is as liable to give wrong answers as right. No; be assured his "lying wonders" will be used in a much more seductive and certain way than in turning tables. But another theory is that the spirit of some person departed this life is the prime mover. But the puzzle is, how to know *whose spirit* in particular it is? for as the table cannot speak, but only rap replies, it seems that the spirit who is said thus to reply must be any spirit the operator chooses to fix upon.

We saw lately a pamphlet in which the spirit of a certain by-gone gentleman gave a sermon and some poetry! though how he gave it, would puzzle the brains of all the learned men in Christendom. No "spirit or goblin-damned" ever moved the tables, much less condescended, to men in the body, to answer their questions by means of "tables." But, you will say, how then do they go round and perform these wonderful feats? Now, we do not say we can account for all things we see or know. You cannot tell me how your will acts upon your limbs so as to move them when you please; or in what manner the seed developes itself and becomes a tree; and yet these are facts undeniable. So, for what we know, magnetism, or electricity, or something of the kind, might pass from the human frame to the table, and the human will acting upon it might cause its revolutions and wonderful replies; although, probably, the truest solution is, that the moving of the table is caused by *involuntary* mus-

cular action. A party stand or sit round a table, and though at first they touch it very lightly, yet after some time, beginning to get weary, unconsciously they press upon it, and cause its motion. And even if the table begin its movements after they have tried only a *few minutes*, as, in some instances, it has done, yet here their wills (that it should so move) operate upon their bodies and cause, doubtless, a pressing of their hands upon it, although, perhaps, unnoticed by themselves.* At all events, we may be sure that the movement is caused by physical means, totally independent of Satanic agency and the invisible world of spirits. We should be careful, therefore, only to try such experiments as a matter of amusement, for beyond this we cannot go without being guilty of much folly and sin.

A STORY THAT HAS TRUTH IN IT.

CHAPTER III.

We have now to return to Harry Gray and Jenny Watson. They had not long left the house before the sad event took place which made Jenny an orphan. Harry talked to her of her father, and Jenny of her fear that he would not get better; and as they walked, Harry did all he could to cheer her, for she was very sad, as if she had a presentiment of coming trouble. When they had come to her own home, and she saw the looks of her neighbours at the door,—"Harry," she said, "father's dead, I know he is;" and in thus speaking, she ran and tried to pass up stairs.

The elder Gray met her, and kindly said—"Stop, Jenny, stop; thee must not go up yet." She replied—"Yes, Master Gray, I must and I will go; father's dead."

"Yes, he is dead," said the old man; "he is dead, Jenny, and you shall see him presently."

They were then laying him out. She burst into tears, and said—"How could I go out, and he so ill—how could I do it!" "You could not know, nor any one, how ill father was," said Harry. She made no reply, but sobbed deeply, and moved to go up stairs. They did not prevent her; and when she saw her father lying before her, she knelt down, and wept by his side.

When the first burst of sorrow was past, the elder Gray again came to Jenny, and told her that Nancy would come up and sleep at the house with her; and Harry said, kindly,—"Jenny, I have a pound or two, and thee'st welcome to it to pay the funeral." Jenny thought she loved Harry Gray, it was so kind, at such an hour, to relieve her of all her cares. Her brothers would help, but then they would take their share of the furniture, and what would she have to live upon? Harry had saved her all trouble, and very kind were her neighbours; one by one they came to see, and to condole with her, some taking no notice of her condition, others, more religious, making some remarks on the uncertainty of life, and the need of preparing for another world. All this is very commonplace, but it is the only way we have of showing our feelings. No one can understand the sorrow, nor its intensity, but those who have loved and lost those they have loved; there is only one consolation,—in the blessed hope of a resurrection to eternal life.

When night came, the Grays left, and the old man said—"Harry, my turn will come soon, I suppose. Poor old Dan! he never saw the parson; but, Harry, don't let me die without hearing the Lord's name." "No, Nunky," said Harry, "I will do what you like, but you have many years before you. What do you think killed Old Dan?"

"Well, he'd no disease, Harry; and I firmly think the fear of the workhouse broke the old man's heart." "Poor Dan!" was Harry's reply.

"Ay, 'twarn't the end he or I looked for, Harry," said his uncle.

When they came home, Harry went for Nancy, who, shocked by the suddenness of Watson's death, went off immediately to stay with Jane. When she came, all the family had assembled: they, too, had been like herself, shocked, but feelings become hardened by contact with the realities of life, and already they were discussing his funeral. They would bury him handsomely, they said; and every effort was to be made to give him a respectable funeral;—would that all classes, rich and poor, thought only of the decent burial of the dead, and not of the trappings that surround the grave, while expense is lavished on the coffin and dress. Too often it is, that a few years after, some heartless sexton may crush the skull with his ironed heel, and carry the bones to his charnel-house which it was hoped would rest until they returned to their kindred dust. And a respectable funeral the old man had; not forgetting Harry and his uncle, who followed the remains to the grave, mourning the old man with the sincerest sorrow. Harry spent all his earnings to help Jenny, and to appear with his uncle in a new suit of black: there was much to admire in this wish to show respect to the friend—to pay him the last tribute of respect.

It was then arranged that Jenny should live with her brothers; and as nothing else was left but service or the factory, she preferred the factory, and Harry, who was much respected, was to get her in if he could. It was a very glad day for him when he got his uncle and Jenny to the factory. The old man could earn but little, still it kept him; and Jenny's fingers were so used to work, that she soon earned almost as much as Harry himself. They still kept company with each other; and since the death of her father, Jenny and Harry had often gone to church; sometimes the elder Gray

* See an interesting account of Professor Faraday's experiments, proving this supposition to be correct, in the *Athenæum* of July 2nd, 1853.—Ed. C. P.

went in the evening; and it was not often that the Sunday passed away without some religious reflections. The Bible was read, the newspaper discontinued, and Harry got a new Prayer-book, on the occasion of attending church after the funeral.

Months passed away, and the spring-time came on, when one day, as they were taking their walk, Harry asked Jenny to name a day for their being married. He had saved a few pounds, and been more careful than ever not to spend anything; he even gave up the school, to save the additional sixpence a-week. She said—"Wait a little longer," and turned it off with a joke. He did not notice it, for they were, as everybody said, so much together, that they must know each other's minds. It was an unfortunate delay.

At the end of the street where Jenny lived was a coal-yard and potato store, in fact, many oddments were sold there; and over the yard was the sign—"Levi Skipper, Coal and Potato Dealer. Carting done." Now Levi had seen Jenny, and often joked with her when she came for coals. He was a single man, and thought he had a sort of right to joke with young women, especially if they were pretty, as Jenny was. He had a good opinion of himself, and was considered by his neighbours as a good match, in their way. Now and then he came after he had locked up his yard, and sat for an hour at Watson's to talk with Jane. Harry did not like the man, he was always boasting in his behaviour; and to tell the truth, Harry was jealous. He hoped that Levi Skipper would think Jenny Watson too poor to be mistress of the coal shed; for he told them he was badly put to it when he went for coals,—no one to be trusted at the yard: and then, Dobson's cook, who had saved £50. was civil to him, and Harris's housemaid had £20. and her brother was a butler. How often, as Harry heard these stories, did he wish Levi Skipper *cooked*, and Jenny once more his own! But Mr. Skipper continued his attentions, and Jenny was rather angry when Harry complained. Harry often referred to their marriage, which Jane seemed every day to put off. She was manœuvring. Young women, it is very clever; but when you begin, remember, the cost of that game is truth, honesty,—all that an honest and true heart ought to value.

Jenny liked the attentions of both; her brother and sister-in-law favoured Levi; he was their neighbour, and they always had a little score at his shop. Levi was not so urgent for money since Jenny came to lodge with them, and they thought she must be very silly to prefer a poor weaver to a man who had a horse and cart, and money into the bargain; besides, he had good furniture, and Harry only had his uncle's, and a few things he had bought. She could not quite forget Harry's kindness, for he had never, since her father's death, spoken of the money or alluded to it as a debt. Harry had a manly heart and good feelings; he knew that Jenny could not pay, though he lent her the money, not to offend her by a gift. This would cross her thoughts when Levi's suit was pressed by her family, for Levi did not trust more to himself than to his allies; he was a keen hand, and was quietly hustling Harry out;—the Watson's became less cordial; Jenny would not go to church with him. Harry went on; he loved Jenny; she knew it, and she trifled with him.

It was the June following that Harry was going to the old church; his uncle stayed at home, for he was tired, and Jenny had been very strange, so strange that he had not asked her to go to church, as usual; nor had they walked out, although Harry saw her every Sunday. He had not entered the church, for it was early, and he stood watching two couples who were married going happily away; all was gay and bright. "It will be my turn soon," he observed to himself. He was about to go into the church, when, at the door, stood Mr. Levi Skipper, with Jenny on his arm. "My wife, Harry Gray," he said, with a look of triumph. Harry trembled and turned pale. "Jenny," he said, "is it so?" "Yes," she said, trying to look carelessly, "it is, and why not?" "Never mind why not," said Harry, "good bye, Jenny."

Harry's heart was full, he could not enter the church. What should he do? His brain whirled round. He went home, and in that agony of grief which men only feel, "Nunky, nunky," he said, "Jenny's married that Levi Skipper!" "What! Harry? thee'st deceived! somebody has put a joke on thee." "No joke, nunky, I met them at the church door." "Then, Harry, she's a false jade, and thou art well without her." "Nunky," he said, "don't say so. I didn't think she would have used me so bad, either." "She'll pay for it, Harry; there never was man or woman false, that they did not reap all that they sowed; mind that, lad." Harry hid himself in his room. He felt that if he went to his loom on the morrow, every hand would be pointed at him, and he dared not to think of it. One good thing he did—he bethought him of prayer, and found comfort as he lay on his bed, with the Prayer-book which he had often used with Jenny, and which he had hoped would have been hers.

(To be continued.)

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

To what extent Dibdin may have realized and consciously expressed a Christian doctrine when he composed the popular sea song which tells us

> "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
> To look after the fate of poor Jack,"

we confess ourselves unable to decide. Nor are we qualified to determine whether the fatalism of the followers of Mahomet was, in its origin, a perversion of revealed truth, rather than a mere inspiration of the Evil One, and a result of the Eastern philosophy. But of this we rest assured by the safe warranty of Holy Writ, that whilst the faith,

ful are privileged to regard all events as happening to them in the order designed for them by a Merciful Ruler of the Universe, interpositions of Providence are constantly occurring in behalf of the wicked also, to win them to the love of God, or to leave them without excuse. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," and that "not a sparrow falls to the ground" without His connivance; that so far from God being an inactive spectator of earthly occurrences, He is, in a good sense, a party to all of them; that He makes the wickedness of the impenitent serve to the improvement of His Saints; and arranges whole courses of events, as well as separate incidents, in the history of nations, churches, and individuals, in some marvellous manner not inconsistent with a conscious exercise of their own free will and choice. Such was the flood brought in upon the world that had been warned in vain, and such the preservation of Noah, the eighth person; such the Exodus of the Church that was in the Wilderness, and such the captivity of disobedient Israel; such the preservation of Elijah by the service of ravens, and of Daniel and the three children; such the mission of Philip to meet the studious Ethiop, and such the discovery of the plot by Paul's sister's son, whereby the Apostle's life was prolonged, and he was enabled to evangelise the Roman Court.

Similar instances of our Preserver's watchful care are daily happening. It is the prerogative of God to effect them, and of Faith to discern them; while Heathenism, half conscious of its error, depicts its goddess of Chance, or Fortune, blind; and the unbelieving amongst baptised nations, seeing not, neither understanding, miss the solid comfort of a belief in Providence, and cannot read the lessons which should make them wise. We frequently hear men "thank God," for this or that deliverence, or other manifest mercy; and doubtless no duty is more obligatory, no sacrifice more acceptabie, than the recognition of Divine love, which such words, thoughtfully used, imply. But few do use them thoughtfully. The subject is, perhaps, too little urged by our divines, and few men habitually regard each successive event in their career, whether joyous or grievous for the present, as a certain mercy in the end, and as a real link of a chain of circumstances ordered for them, and each needful in its place to perfect the ultimate success of all. Now it has often occurred to us that it would be eminently useful to our own soul, for the strengthening of Faith in this particular, if we were to make a record of such circumstances as, having happened to us without desire on our part, or contrary to the common course, but in answer to our prayers, have brought after them a train of important consequences, and are not unfitly called the proof of a "special Providence." The same method we would cordially recommend to our readers; and by way of encouraging observation in this direction, we will offer them from time to time such illustrations as the following:—

The 19th of last month witnessed the sudden and total destruction of a new first class ship, named the *Dalhousie*, bound to Sydney, with a valuable freight and passengers. She foundered unaccountably in open day, and in mid-channel, and two cases of a special Providence have already come to light in connection with her loss. Others, doubtless, will be developed in great numbers, though they may not reach the public, as time unfolds the mysterious influence of this deplorable event upon the history and character of individuals and plans in which the *Dalhousie*, her owners, cargo, and passengers were concerned. But these tell their own story, and bear upon their face undeniably superhuman features,—we say not supernatural, because we believe the Providential interference which they indicate, like the ordinance of ministering angels, to form a portion of God's natural government of this world.

"A son of George Lindley, the composer, has had a narrow escape from the late shipwreck of the *Dalhousie*. He had fixed on that vessel to take his passage for Sydney, but his mother, having taken a prejudice to the ship, urged him so fervently to give up his desire of going in her that, at the last moment only, he consented. She visited the *Dalhousie* three times with her son, hoping to overcome her superstitious feelings. On the occasion of her last visit, a gentleman signing papers in the cabin, seeing her hesitation, said, 'Madam, this is a first-class ship. I have £40,000. on board, and rest assured I must think well of the *Dalhousie* before I would trust so much in her.' Much more he argued to persuade her; but Mrs. Lindley left, and immediately went to the *Samarang*, and there secured a berth for her son."

Such is the exact account given by the public press; and, like the testimony of Caiaphas, with an entire unconcernedness of its proper use, as evidence of a special Providence. The other event to which we have alluded in connection with the *Dalhousie*, had its parallels in the cases of the *Amazon*, burnt at sea, and of the *Rothsay Castle*, wrecked in the Menai Straits. We must relate it from recollection.

A lady, who had taken a berth in this ill-fated vessel, and had probably sent on board the greater portion of her property in the form of baggage, was prevented by some unexplained and apparently common-place hindrance, from embarking with the other passengers either at London or Gravesend; but having hastened to meet the vessel at another point on the Thames, and having succeeded in her object, what was her amazement and horror at beholding all her entreaties disregarded, and the noble ship glide on, all hands unheeding her! What must have been her shock and sense of misery and desolation, if, besides the feeling of the captain's extreme severity, who had evidently seen her, and had purposely refused the short delay which would have sufficed to take her on

board, she was either ignorant of the intention that the vessel should touch at Plymouth, or, knowing that, had not at her immediate command a sum sufficient to carry her to that distant port! We can form some idea of her sadness, and (unless her faith was strong) of her despair as well. The remainder of the 18th and the whole of the 19th were doubtless days to her so full of sorrow, that they did the work of years, and at evening she may have said, "Would God it were morning!" and in the morning, "Would God it were evening!" Judge, then, with what intense and overwhelming gratitude, with how deep humiliation, (if faith had failed her,) and with what marvellous admiration, in any case, she must have learnt, on the morning of the 20th, that every step in this seemingly calamitous career—her delays, her loss of property, the unnatural conduct of the captain, and passage—were ordered by the love of God; for that the vessel which she had so much longed to board was wrecked and sunk, and one only of all her envied passengers had survived her fate!

Here, too, was a special Providence! We could easily multiply parallels to these instances of providential preservation, from cases connected with fatal occurrences in the mining districts in which we write; but we prefer to conclude the present instalment of illustrations by another example, drawn from the records of disasters at sea:—

A few years ago, a merchant vessel was wrecked in the South Pacific, and some half-dozen sailors alone succeeded in getting clear of the wreck in an open boat. All gradually died but one, from the joint effects of a burning tropical sun, unallayed thirst and hunger, and exhausting efforts to reach the coast. The survivor had scarcely strength sufficient to lift his last comrade's lifeless body overboard; and having accomplished this, he fell hopelessly into the bottom of the boat. A day and a night he lay there, hourly expecting his summons to the world of spirits—his eyes grown dim, and his brain confused,—when help and revival reached him, from a most unlooked-for source, by several fish leaping over the boat's side while sporting in the moonbeams; and at once arousing his last powers of exertion to seize the proffered mercy. He bit them and drank their blood; and such was the strength thus ministered to him, that he was enabled ere long to hoist a little signal of distress, and life was preserved in him until a vessel hove in sight, and he was welcomed, pale and worn and deathlike, into the cabin of the good Samaritan who commanded her. He reached his native country after a lengthened voyage, and found himself the object of an entirely unexpected search and interest, as the inheritor of an extensive property, to which the death of more immediate heirs had in his absence made him the successor!

What but a Special Providence will account to a Christian mind for such a history as this? And we, too, are subjects of His love!

HOW TO STAY THE CHOLERA.

"THAT men ought always to pray and not to faint," that prayer is the very essence of spiritual life,—no one pretending to a belief in Christianity will for a moment deny. No member of the Church will hesitate to admit the necessity of public united prayer. Not Churchmen only, but almost all professing Christians will further allow, that occasions sometimes arise in the history of a community, or of a nation, when special public supplications ought to be addressed to the Almighty, for the purpose of averting imminent public calamity; and that those public prayers ought to be accompanied by equally public expressions of sorrow for national sins. Up to this point we are all agreed. It is in the application of these general principles to particular cases that differences of opinion arise. Of such a diversity of opinion we have an instance in the controversy going on, in some quarters, in reference to the preventive means to be employed against the threatened spread of the Cholera. The question, which is somewhat fiercely debated, is, whether we ought, or ought not, before putting in force all human means of prevention, to endeavour, by special public prayer and humiliation, to avert the threatened infliction of Divine wrath.

There is a proverb, in more than one language, and no doubt older than the Christian dispensation, which yet most Christians have adopted and acted upon. In our mother tongue it runs—"God helps those who help themselves." No one will refuse to admit that we have no right to expect temporal blessings from God, unless we have used those means which He has put into our hands for the attainment of them. All who take a right view of the matter, will also admit that spiritual blessings can only be obtained through the appointed channels. Even under circumstances somewhat unusual, such as sudden serious sickness, or great risk from other causes, no well-instructed Christian man, however earnestly he may pray for deliverance, will *trust* to prayer alone, until he has exhausted all the means at his disposal for meeting the danger. A very ancient fable has embodied the common judgment of mankind on this point. The waggoner who, without first trying to extricate his cart wheel, fell on his knees to ask help from Hercules, was told to *put his own shoulder to the wheel.* While using human means, the Christian will pray for a blessing upon them, but still he will use them.

In addition to the more or less common occurrences which cause us to wish for Divine assistance, there are other calamities, so sudden, or involving such sweeping destruction, that prayer becomes the sole resource of the sufferers. Of this nature are the more violent convulsions of nature,—the thunder-storm, the tornado, the volcanic eruption, and the earthquake.

There is again a third class of the dispensations

of Providence, which, although equally destructive with these, do not come upon us so suddenly but that we have some time given us to make preparations against them, and to endeavour, at least, to use means to diminish their extent or their severity. To this class belong the different kinds of epidemic diseases. It is, as we have said, in reference to these, that the greatest differences of opinion as to the efficacy or the duty of public prayer have arisen. Some very pious and well-meaning persons, regarding these extraordinary evils as evidences of Divine wrath for national sins, have wished to meet the threatened danger by public national prayer and humiliation. Others, equally sincere and well-intentioned, believing that they could trace these diseases, extraordinary as they are, solely to certain local causes, removable by human effort, have thought that there was a degree of profanity in asking God's interference to prevent or remove evils caused by man's criminal negligence or cupidity. They have said—"First purify the air and the water of your towns, and then you may expect the destroying angel to pass over your habitations."

The advocates of each of these modes of viewing the question have been able to adduce very plausible and, at first sight, convincing arguments in support of their opinions. Those, for example, who attributed the cholera to ordinary or human causes only, point to the fact that it attacks the inhabitants of the crowded city, and of the most crowded, worst ventilated, and worst drained portions of the city, while the dwellers in the country or in the open village escape. In the situations in which it is most destructive other epidemic diseases prevail most widely, and assume their most malignant forms. Experience has further shown, that in places in which, during the first invasion of the cholera, it was very destructive, what are called measures of sanitary improvement having been put in force, those places, during the second prevalence of the disease, almost entirely escaped. The reverse, as in the instance of Newcastle, has been shown to have occurred. The increased virulence and wider spread of the cholera in that unhappy city in 1853, as compared with 1849, have been distinctly traced to a most palpable cause, viz.,—the impurity of the water used for some months before the last outbreak of the epidemic.

How do the advocates of what we may call the supernatural theory meet these arguments? By reasonings almost if not quite as convincing. If, say they, the cholera is the result of human malaria, why does it not always prevail in situations where human malaria is so abundantly produced? Were the removable causes of cholera not in operation before 1832? Are our towns so much worse drained in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century than they were in the 18th or any previous century? Will your theories of the causes of epidemics enable you to say why, at one time, it is the cholera which devastates our towns; why, at another, the Irish typhus prevails; at another, the epidemic influenza; at another, the Egyptian plague; at another, the sweating sickness? Do the natural causes, on which you so much insist, vary in their nature at different times as much as these diseases differ in their symptoms and characters? To all these questions, and to others which might be asked, the supporters of the theory of the purely natural origin of epidemics can give no satisfactory reply. As in many other controversies, the truth lies midway between the two extremes—neither party is quite right, nor altogether wrong. It will not be difficult to show, that in the causes of all these diseases there is a human or natural element, and that, viewing them as inflictions of the anger of God, which they undoubtedly are, we may, from the circumstances under which they appear, venture even to conclude what the particular sins are which they are intended to punish.

To make this plain, we shall, in a future article, go a little more deeply into the scientific parts of the subject.

PEWS.

The Duke of Wellington was a strong advocate for chairs or open seats in churches; and with that shrewdness of common sense which marked all his opinions and all his information, he perceived, even on this subject, the exact residence of those unfortunate prejudices which retain the pew system. He attributed the evil, not to the aristocracy, or to the poor, but to the middle classes. This view is stated to have been expressed in a letter to a clergyman, who asked for his assistance, which was given, on condition that open seats were to be the system of the Church. May this cause, then, have the weight of that sound common sense which is universally attributed to the opinions of the Duke on whatever subject he thought it worth while to express himself. We wish the letter were printed, or that the Duke's remarks were given in some authentic form, with the name of the hearer or correspondent to attest them.—*London Guardian.*

"By the Pew System," says the *Christian Remembrancer*, "the original freedom and equality of the Church was altogether lost: the poor were left to feel their poverty more acutely in church than anywhere else. In town congregations, the rich possessed the whole space of the church; and the poor got quite out of the habit of looking on the church as their own. Those who went, found themselves in back parts, and seated in places which marked their low estate very strikingly. They were unable to enjoy any sense of freedom, and could not choose any position according to their necessities or infirmities. They were put to a very unfair test in the matter of going to church as compared with the rich. To the latter, it was a positive sign and mark of rank, an opportunity of display, a gratification to their pride; while to the former it was quite the reverse. It is not, therefore, just to compare the habits of different classes of people in any matter which holds out these varied inducements; which attracts the one even to selfish principles, but requires a great exercise of humility in the other. To prove the operation of this state of things, we may refer to the habits of the poor in country places, where there are no gentry or influential tradesmen, except the Squire and one or two farmers, to have absorbed the whole church to themselves. We there find the labourers generally very regular in attending church; whereas in towns, the influence of the middle classes seems quite to have driven the poor away, and to have stamped the church with the ignoble title of the rich man's religion."

Intelligence.

CONFIRMATION AT OXFORD.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE first number of the "Church of the People" contained an interesting account of the consecration of a new Free Church for the People, in the parish of Manchester, in which the true-hearted Bishop of Oxford took a prominent part, setting forth in his sermon the very principle of our periodical; so that we gladly gave his sermon the first place in our new column of Church Intelligence, and rejoiced to adopt as our own, in the first number of our serial, his earnest words—"I pray you, in the name of Christ, listen to the voice of vision, when that He has much people in this city, and give freely of your substance, that this people may be gathered to Christ."

We think that not a few of our readers may like to follow with their eyes, as they doubtless have done with their prayers, this good Bishop home to his own diocese, and see how lovingly and earnestly he cares for the souls of his own especial people at home.

It is on the Feast of All Saints that our readers will again meet him, engaged in the apostolic work of confirming Catechumens in St. Thomas's Church, Oxford. The glorious festival of All Saints, that happy commemoration of the mighty cloud of departed saints, who have gone nearer to their Lord,—was rendered, in this parish at least, more full of joy, as we shall hear the Bishop pointing out,—by the admission of 86 more, full-grown Christians to that glorious communion which fills two worlds. The confirmation was almost exclusively parochial, only five being non-parishioners,—as by this arrangement, the inconvenience and loss of personal influence, so frequently arising from the confirmation of such large numbers, at one time, is avoided. The arrangements of the day, and of the service, were as follows:—

The Holy Eucharist had been celebrated, as usual, at eight o'clock; the Confirmation, preceded by the office of Morning Prayer, took place at eleven o'clock. The Bishop arrived some time before the appointed hour, and was received at the Vicarage house, which is close outside the Church-yard, where he vested, and waited till the time of service. At eleven o'clock the Choir and Clergy left the vestry, and went out into the Church-yard to meet the Bishop, who advanced from the Vicarage, preceded by the Churchwarden, with a wand; his Verger, and attended by two Chaplains. The Churchwarden took his place at the head of the procession, which returned into the Church by the west door, chanting the 19th Psalm. Its effect was very solemn; the Bishop heartily joined: and its inspired descriptions of the holiness of the law and of the testimony, of the statutes and the commandments, of the fear and of the judgments, of the Lord;—with its thankful concluding prayer, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer,"—could never be uttered with more beautiful appropriateness than with regard to those who were that morning to seek to be cleansed from their "secret faults" and "presumptuous sins." On reaching the Church, the procession parted in two, and the Bishop, attended by his Chaplains, passed through it to a throne which had been prepared for him in the chancel. It was surmounted by a handsome canopy, and was ornamented with the arms of the diocese.

The Service was fully choral; it was said by one of the Curates; the Vicar and another Curate reading the Lessons. An Anthem was sung from the 33rd and following verses of the 119th Psalm,—"Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end." At the conclusion of the Morning Service, one of the Bishop's Chaplains went forward to the chancel-step, and read the Exhortation at the beginning of the Confirmation Service. A chair was then placed for the Bishop, in the middle of the entrance to the chancel, from whence he proceeded to address the candidates, with such deep and affectionate earnestness, as could not fail to attract their attention, if it did not, as there seemed good reason to believe that it did to a great extent,—produce the most happy results on the hearts and consciences of the hearers.

The Bishop requested the candidates for Confirmation to stand up,—and the rest of the congregation to sit down,—and advising the former to close their Prayer-books, and look fixedly at him, he began by explaining to them, that the chief end and object of "coming to be confirmed," was to receive a gift,—the gift of the Holy Ghost, of which the Apostolic ordinance of laying on of hands was the sign.

"This most precious gift," he went on to say, "was assured to them by the express promise of God,—and was to be received with a faith as deep and real as was the faith of those early Christian Confirmees, who at Samaria and elsewhere received that divine gift at the hands of the Apostles. The day of confirmation was a blessed day for those who received it with faith; it was the conveyance of grace and strength for future battles with the Devil: it was the instrument of admission to the perfect fulness of Christian privileges,—the title to a participation in that chiefest means of grace by which the Christian's *life* might most truly become 'hid with Christ in God.' It was an awful day, to those who presumed to come carelessly, or in the practice of any one known sin. It would thus be a known sin, committed with their eyes open; it would be a wilful slight, it might be the first,—to one of God's appointed means of grace: it would be a wilful grieving of the good Spirit of God; and thus drawing tightly round themselves, by themselves, the chain of sin, which would be harder far to break, as each successive coil was added."

That they might be saved from such a dreadful result from the sacred ordinance, which ought to produce effects so widely different,—the Bishop exhorted them to use even the brief interval yet remaining, to seek out any one leading feature of sin in their past thoughts or actions, and confessing it, ask God's pardon, and the special grace of His Holy Spirit on this day, to correct it in future. Many, he did not doubt, had already done this, under the direction of their pastor, whom he knew to have been diligently preparing them. To them he would say, as indeed to all—"Come with penitence for the past, faith in the gift at present vouchsafed to you, and a resolution of humble obedience for the future; and let this short prayer be in your heart, as my hand is on your heads—'Grant me, O Lord, for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, the gift of Thy Holy Spirit.'" And he exhorted them, while his hand should be upon their heads, and indeed throughout the whole celebration of the rite, not to think of *his* hands, or of *himself*, but of Him whose servant he was, and whose message he was delivering, and to endeavour to believe that His hands, His pierced hands, were laid in love upon their heads,—those hands that were stretched upon the Cross for them, that He might draw all men unto Himself. He specially entreated them to be on their guard against all unworthy thoughts, whilst they were kneeling, assuring them that the Devil would then be most busy,—and again advising them to use the short prayer, as the best safeguard. He then reminded them that he had a solemn question to ask them, one which was intended to test their sincerity,—that the Church might be certified that, as far as man's eye could see, all was right with them and God. But they must remember that though his eye could only see whether their *lips moved*, and his ear only could hear whether the promise were made in *appearance heartily*, yet there was One who looked upon the thoughts and intents of the heart, who could not and would not be deceived, and who could see, though the Church on earth could not, whether the lips and voice said—"I do," when the thoughts and heart meant "I don't." The Bishop then asked the Congregation to assist them, by praying to God for them, that they might have grace to mean what they said, and do it; and ordered a silence to be kept for the prayers of the Congregation for the Candidates, and of the Candidates for themselves.

A solemn pause having been kept, the Bishop addressed the question to the Candidates, which was most solemnly and distinctly responded to, and proceeded to confirm them, kneeling before him on the chancel-step. The Vicar left his stall, and went into the Church to fetch the candidates himself, six at a time,—the machinery of tickets being altogether dispensed with,—and presented them to the Bishop, kneeling behind them while they were confirmed.

At the conclusion of the administration of the rite, the Bishop again addressed the newly-confirmed persons in the most warmly encouraging tone, and with his same unfailing energy. He warned them that now, if ever, and more than ever, the Devil would be busy with them, and strive to rob them, as the highwayman cares only to attack a victim whom he supposes to be richly laden; and exhorted them by every argument to keep that good thing which was in them, by the laying on of his hands. The Bishop proceeded to say that there were two points which he wished especially to urge upon them,—the duty of self-examination,—as an especial means of spiritual advancement, for which he gave some very beautiful rules, and counsel; and the partaking of the Holy Communion: that chiefest blessing, that richest and surest means of grace, to which their Confirmation of that day had given them the right to approach, and which, he earnestly entreated them, at once to come to, as the natural consequence of their Confirmation,—lest their new-born love and strength should grow cold and feeble,—and advising them to place themselves under the guidance of their own Pastor, if in any way troubled or distressed. He concluded by beautifully introducing the subject of the day, the "Blessed Feast of All Saints," showing them the comfort of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, and declaring the happiness of being admitted, as they that day had been, not only to full communion with the Church on earth, but to the more blessed fellowship of the Church above,—the company of just men made perfect,—in whose footsteps they must strive to tread, fighting the selfsame battles, and using the selfsame weapons of grace —until, having gone on from strength to strength, they should appear every one of them before the God of gods in Sion.

At the conclusion of the service, the procession conducted the Bishop back to the Vicarage, where he remained, and partook of refreshment with the Vicar, and others engaged in the service, clerical and lay, and left soon, to return to keep the Dedication festival in his own parish of Cuddesdon.

THE MONTH.

The news from day to day during the past month have been full of interest; and though sometimes not unlikely to make people anxious, on the whole need not make them unhappy. A severe winter seems setting in; there has been a change among our Ministers; and in other countries we hear of war and discord—but prices generally are lower, and the question of wages seems nearer to a settlement. In Wigan the operatives are returning to work, and those at Preston would seem to expect to be permitted to do so after Christmas at the latest.

Viscount Palmerston has resigned his office of Home Secretary. His Lordship, who might safely claim to be an experienced statesman, (having been nineteen years Secretary-at-War, and fifteen Foreign Secretary, and having been in every ministry since the year 1809, except two years that the Duke of Wellington, and five years that Sir Robert Peel, was Prime Minister,) was better liked at home than he was abroad. It is very easy to understand why. He had been Home Secretary only a year. As Foreign Secretary he was not obliged to do any thing which interfered with the wishes of the Queen's subjects, (as those ministers who manage the police and the taxes are often obliged to do,) and he had often opportunities of saying things which flattered their vanity, when, in his place in Parliament, he talked about the affairs of foreign countries;—therefore Lord Palmerston was liked in England. But the fine things he said and wrote displeased those foreigners who thought differently from his Lordship, and sometimes got those into trouble who agreed with him and followed his advice;—therefore Lord Palmerston was not liked abroad. As Home Secretary he had done much good in putting a stop to burials in town church-yards, and to the advertising vans which obstruct our streets; and it is to be hoped his successor will turn his attention to similar practical improvements. Only part is known of what goes on among Cabinet Ministers, but, from all accounts, the difference between Lord Palmerston and the other ministers of the Queen appears to have been this:—They think the best thing we can do next year is, to pass a new reform bill; Lord Palmerston thinks we had better go to war with Russia, and mind nothing else.

Two events, promising good results, took place at the beginning of the month. On the 30th of November, (which is St. Andrew's Day,) two clergymen were consecrated at Lambeth to be Bishops of Natal and Graham's Town, at the Cape of Good Hope. Our countrymen who have settled in that broad colony have now three bishops instead of one amongst them,—thanks to the trouble taken by the Bishop of Cape Town and the bounty of a private individual who gave the money for them; and it is to be hoped, that bishops having been sent, clergymen and schoolmasters, to give religion and education, will follow. This has always happened in other colonies so soon as a sufficient number of bishops has been sent.—On the 1st of December, the betting-houses throughout the country were closed by Act of Parliament, and are no longer to be allowed to tempt to gambling and dishonesty.

Turkey and Russia have begun to fight by sea. Several Turkish ships, in the port of Sinope, have been destroyed by the Russian fleet; but the Turks have shewn themselves well able to fight on land, and the next time the fleets engage may conquer at sea too. It may be regretted that the French and English fleets have not already interfered; but we must not forget that what the English are by treaty bound to do, is to prevent Turkey being conquered, not to enable Turkey to conquer other countries.

In Spain, where the government is liberal, the sittings of the Cortes have been suspended, which is the same as our Parliament being dissolved. At Naples, where the government is absolute, we hear that English and Americans are not allowed to land. A report has come from Melbourne, in Australia, that Mr. Smith O'Brien, who was transported thither for his share in the Irish disturbances five years ago, has made his escape in an American merchant-ship.

Poetry.

LOVE NEVER DIES.

Love never dies—'tis not of earth;
It hath no time,—it hath no end;—
It is indeed of heavenly birth,
It is the Poor Man's only friend.

Hope dies,—but Love is ever near,
The Poor Man's heart-grief to assuage;
It can the sorrowing spirit cheer,
And blot the tear from Memory's page.

Faith sees not when the eye is dull,
And stirring passions rage within;
Faith heeds the soft and peaceful lull
In hearts by Love set free from sin.

But Love ne'er dies,—for what is Love?
It is the Father's Spirit here,
It came from highest heaven above,—
It came the broken heart to cheer.

Reviews.

"*British and Foreign Bible Society. 'Scriptural' Reasons for not taking part in the Celebration of its Jubilee. A Letter to Lord Shaftesbury. By a* CLERGYMAN." London: J. Masters, Aldersgate-street.

THE author of this small pamphlet, which we commend to our readers, has pursued his object with considerable care and industry; and although we cannot concur in the whole of his argument, we should like to see some member of the Bible Society attempt to answer it, if Lord Shaftesbury refuses, as he has hitherto done, to take any notice of it. But, whatever arguments are used, and with whatever force and truth they are urged, we almost despair of doing much good with such a class of minds as that Society for the most part represents. Poor, dear, well-meaning, and conceited Lord Shaftesbury was dreadfully mangled,—in a spiritual way, we mean,—a few months ago, by a very good and learned divine; but the noble lord has gone about ever since just as if nothing had happened. The truth is, these people "will not be learned nor understand, but walk on still in darkness."

"*Two Letters to the Rev. William Pollock, in answer to certain Statements made by him respecting the National Society. By* FREDERICK S. WARREN." London: J. Whitaker, 41, Pall Mall.

IN this pamphlet, Mr. Warren satisfactorily refutes certain charges brought against the National Society. He shows that the income of the Society, which is often represented as only £9,000. per annum, is at least four times that sum, independent of trust-money and government grants.

Among other statements, Mr. Girdlestone had accused the authorities of St. Mark's of allowing cricket and leap-frog on Sundays. This "well-known fact," as the speaker styled it, the principal of St. Mark's declares to be simply a falsehood, p. 17.

A note in Mr. Warren's pamphlet regarding the Choral Service is worth extracting, as it may remind some of us of the true mode of using our Prayer-book:—

"Regarding the 'Choral Service,' it is strange to notice how blind to the progress of public opinion on this point are those who continue to brand as Romish what is so rapidly gaining ground, not in our Church alone, but universally. I have just returned from the Continent, and can bear testimony to the general feeling in favour of Musical Services. At Berlin, an assembly of Lutheran Divines has been assembled during the summer, and one of their points of discussion was the establishment, 'as an aid to devotion,' of a 'Choral Liturgical Service;' and, on inquiry in other German Protestant States, I found the same subject uppermost. At a town in the Duchy of Nassau, I heard 40 to 60 voices serenading the Duke on the evening of his birthday, and in conversation with the Pastor of the Lutheran Church on the following day, I asked him why he did not press some of his parishioners into the service of the sanctuary? His answer was—'We have nothing for them to sing; if we had your English Prayer Book and Service, we might do something.' It were surely wiser and more generous in the Clergy of every School not to oppose or attempt to thwart this general longing, but rather to improve and guide it aright."—p. 14.

"*A Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings of Australia, in* 1852-3. *By* Mrs. C. CLACEY." London: Hurst and Blackett.

THIS book describes the adventures of a party of travellers on their way to and during their stay at "the Diggings." It has not much to recommend it in the shape of practical information, though not without its use to adventurous lady-emigrants. It gives, however, what we have no doubt are some very true pictures of the sort of life which gold-seekers have to undergo. It is the more curious as a lady's composition. A good idea of the fair writer's strong-mindedness, and her powers of description, may be derived from the following account of

"A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

"We were comfortably seated at our breakfast, discussing a hundred subjects besides the food before us, when a shrill 'coo-ey' burst through the air; 'coo-ey'—'coo-ey' again and again, till the very trees seemed to echo back the sound. We started to our feet, and, as if wondering what would come next, looked blankly at each other, and again the 'coo-ey,' more energetic still, rang in our ears. This is the call of the bush; it requires some little skill and practice, and when given well can be heard a great way off. In such a place as the Black Forest, it could only proceed from some one who had lost their way, or be a signal of distress from some party in absolute danger. We again looked from one to the other,—it bewildered us; and again the cry, only more plaintive than before, came to us. Simultaneously they seized their pistols, and started in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. They were all too true Englishmen to hear a fellow-creature in peril and not hasten to their succour. Jessie and myself could not remain behind alone,—it was impossible; we followed at a little distance, just keeping our comrades in sight. At last they came to a halt, not knowing where to turn, and we joined them. Frank gave a 'coo-ey,' and in about the space of a minute the words 'help, help—come, come,' in scarcely audible sounds, answered to the call. We penetrated about thirty yards farther, and a few low groans directed us to a spot more obscure, if possible, than the rest. There, firmly bound to two trees close together, were two men. A thick cord was passed round and round their bodies, arms, and legs, so as to leave no limb at liberty. They seemed faint and exhausted at having called so long for help. It was the work of a moment for our party to fling down their pistols, take out knives and tomahawks, and commence the work of releasing them from their bonds. But the cords were knotted and thick, and there seemed no little labour in accomplishing it. They were also retarded by the small quantity of light, for, as I said before, it was a dark and secluded spot. At length one man was released; and so faint and exhausted was he, from the effects of whatever ill-usage he had suffered, that, being a tall, powerfully-made man, it required the united strength of both Frank and Mr. L—— to prevent his falling to the ground. Jessie and myself were standing a little apart in the shade; we seemed as if spell-bound by the incident, and incapable of rendering any assistance. The second was soon set at liberty; and no sooner did he feel his hands and feet free from the cords than he gave a loud, shrill 'coo-ey.' A shriek burst from Jessy's lips as, immediately the cry was uttered, and before any one could recover from the bewilderment it occasioned, four well-armed men sprang upon our startled party. Taken thus at disadvantage, unarmed, their very knives flung down in their eagerness to untwist the cords, they were soon overpowered. The wretch who had been reclining in Frank's arms, quickly found his feet, and ere Frank could recover from his surprise, one heavy blow flung him to the ground; whilst the other twined his powerful arms round Mr. L——, and, after a short but sharp struggle, in which he was assisted by a fellow-villain, succeeding in mastering him. It was a fearful sight, and I can hardly describe my feeling as I witnessed it. My brain seemed on fire, the trees appeared to reel around me, when a cold touch acted as a sudden restorative, and almost forced a scream from my lips. It was Jessie's hand, cold as marble, touching mine. We spoke together in a low whisper, and both seemed inspired by the same thoughts,

the same hope. 'I saw a little hill as we came here,' said Jessie; 'let's try and find it, and look out for help.' I instinctively followed her, and stealthily creeping along, we gained a small rise of ground which commanded a more extended view than most places in the Black Forest, and, but for the thickness of the trees, we could have seen our camping-place, and the part where the ambuscade had been laid. From the sounds of the voices, we could tell that the ruffians were leading their prisoners to the spot where we had passed the night, and the most fearful oaths and imprecations could ever and anon be heard. Well might our hearts beat with apprehension, for it was known that, when disappointed in obtaining the gold they expected, they vented their rage in torturing their unfortunate victims. Meanwhile, Jessie seemed listening intently The time she had spent in the bush and at the diggings had wonderfully refined her sense of hearing. Suddenly she gave a shrill 'coo-ey." The moment after, a shot was fired in the direction of our late camp. Jessie turned even paler, but recovering herself, 'coo-ey' after 'coo-ey' made the echoes ring. I joined my feeble efforts to hers; but she was evidently well used to use this peculiar call. On a fine still day, this cry will reach for full three miles, and we counted upon this fact for obtaining some assistance. 'Help is coming,' said Jessie, in a low voice, and once more, with increasing strength, she gave the call. Footsteps approached nearer and nearer. I looked up, almost expecting to see those villanous countenances again. 'Woman in danger! shouted a manly voice, and several stalwart figures bounded to our side. 'Follow, follow!' cried Jessie, rushing forwards. I scarcely remember anything that occurred, for I was dizzy with excess of pleasure. There was a short scuffle; shots were fired at retreating bush-rangers, and we saw our friends safe and free."

Was there any acknowledgment by those saved of the Divine Goodness manifested in this wonderful interposition? None such is hinted at; and we fear that, even if it had been rendered, as it ought, upon the spot, all notice of it would have been suppressed, in deference to the increasingly secular spirit of our current literature.

"*The Christian Life; a Manual of Sacred Verse. By* ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A."

WANT of space prevents us from selecting more than part of one of the many beautiful poems in this popular volume, which has already reached its sixth edition. We may recommend it to our readers in the writer's own words:—"As to the theological character which such pages (of 'the Christian Life') develope, the writer firmly believes them to be in doctrinal accordance with all which a loyal churchman should believe and profess."

"HEAVEN ON EARTH.

"'The meek shall increase their joy in the Lord; and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.'—*Isa.* xxix., 19.

"Though thy station be but lowly,
Christ is there, the soul to bless;
Though thou seem'st forgotten wholly,
Left to toil in loneliness,
Eyes through heaven are peering down,
In thy cross to see the crown:—
Let thy task in prayer be done,
And thy glories are begun!

* * * * * *

"Fameless, then, though earth deny thee
Wealth and grandeur, power and place,
More than worlds could e'er supply thee,
'Tis, to love the human race!
Like some instrument of sound
Changing with all airs around,
Hearts of heaven can sympathize
With whate'er a spirit tries."

"*Carols for Christmas-Tide.*" 18mo. Edited by the Rev. THOS. HELMORE and the Rev. J. M. NEALE. J. Alfred Novello, London.

WE gladly welcome this addition to our current carol literature; and it is published at such a price as to make it accessible to most. It contains the music and words of twelve carols; and being a stamped publication, may easily be procured by post for seven stamps. We recognise with pleasure an old friend in the sixth carol, and are already quite in love with the second. We heartily recommend this batch of carols, as simple, good, and comprehensible by all.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA AT PAGE 13.

"Come like *shadows*,—so depart."

Aye, Ladye! such the friendships
That are but of the earth;
They're constant in the sunshine
And the summer-time of mirth.
But when the night is closing in,
And the clouds obscure the sun,
From the darkness and the storm they flee,—
They're *shadows*, every one.

MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL AND PARISH CHURCH.—The services on Sunday are at 10½ a.m. and 3½ p.m. The Holy Communion is administered every Sunday in the year, as well as on Christmas Day and Good Friday. The daily service is at 11 a.m. and 3½ p.m. From the first Sunday in March to the last Sunday in September, there is early morning service, with sermon, at 7 a.m.

"Without knowing particulars," says Bishop Butler,—*one*, at least, of the soundest reasoners that ever lived,—"I take it upon me to *assure all persons* who think that they have received indignities or injurious treatment, that they may depend upon it, *as in a manner certain*, that *the offence is not so great as they imagine.*"

A GENTLEMAN.—He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else.

READING.—"Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider."—*Lord Bacon.*

"SPECULATIVE."—"An epithet in use among official persons for the condemnation of whatsoever proposition is too adverse to private interest not to be hated, and, at the same time, too manifestly true not to be believed."

FRUGALITY IN RELIGION.—"In the present turn of the age," says Bishop Butler, "one may observe a wonderful frugality in every thing which has respect to religion, and extravagance in every thing else."

Correspondence and Notices.

"E. L." and "C. H. R." are thanked, and will oblige us by further contributions. "The Lost Child" and "A Lesson from Dreamland" will appear in an early number.

We are obliged to a respected correspondent for calling our attention to the passage objected to (p. 24). The construction he has put upon it is not, we are assured, the one which it was intended to bear; but the utmost watchfulness will not wholly preclude such objections.

Pressure of matter will, we hope, excuse us to several valued contributors for the postponement of their articles.

Amicus—The Committee have seen the ungenerous criticism to which you refer, but forbear to notice it. *We* have no private profit or personal and trade interests in view; and therefore can afford to rejoice that the excellent plan of our periodical has been found worthy of imitation, if not of acknowledgment. The ground taken up by "The Church of the People," however, still remains peculiar to itself.

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From a number of highly favourable notices which the *Church of the People* has received from the periodical press, the following is selected. After speaking of some other monthly Church publications, which it would be invidious to name, the able Editor of the *Ecclesiastic* (December 1853) says:—"The *Church of the People*" is the last, and by far the most vigorous and high-toned, of the three, and proposes to occupy ground which has certainly, up to this time, not been cared for by the Church. It partakes more of the nature of the newspaper than of a magazine; and by its excessive cheapness and ability, ought to find a very large circulation among tradesmen and mechanics, parish schoolmasters, and the like. It is, we understand, the *bonâ fide* work of Lay-churchmen in the manufacturing districts. The first number has a manly tone about it which we especially like. * * * We would urge upon the friends of the Church to make a strong effort in its behalf; not only by individual subscriptions, but by inducing newsmen to act as agents in the several towns, and by circulating prospectuses of it among the middle classes."

Communications, written in a plain and attractive style, and in Saxon idiom, are respectfully requested, and may be addressed to the Editors of *The Church of the People*, care of Messrs. T. DINHAM and Co., 7, Corporation-street, Manchester, to whom books for review and advertisements should be sent (if possible) not later than the 20th of each month.

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THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS were adopted at a General Meeting of the CHESTER & MANCHESTER CHURCH UNION, held December 8th, 1853, and ordered to be published:—

"That having seen the declaration of the Metropolitans, in which the subscribers to the Gobat Protest are denounced as irregular, it is the opinion of this meeting that Priests of the Catholic Church are not irregular in expressing their opinions in any matter which concerns her interest.

"That this meeting would further express its earnest hope, that this desire of the Metropolitans to manage the affairs of the Church according to due order and regularity, will hasten on the time when they shall call to their aid their Provincial Synods, without which consent no declaration made by them can be strictly regular.

"That it is the decided opinion of this meeting, that in the prospect of the next Assembly of Convocation, it is most desirable that the Clergy and Laity should use their best endeavours to diffuse information respecting its rights and powers, with a view to its complete and energetic operation."

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The Church of the People

Under the Superintendence of a Committee.

No. IV.] FEBRUARY, 1854. [Price 1½d.

UNREALITY.

The clear and highly interesting account of the origin and progress of the present Chinese Rebellion which has been given to the world by our Missionary Bishop of Victoria, (Hong Kong,) suggests painful reflections upon the frequent *unreality* with which men here at home profess a zeal for the Church's principles and mission. The religious knowledge of Thae-ping-wang and his immediate adherents, (distinguishing them from their merely political co-adventurers,) has been evidently acquired from the study of detached portions of the Old, rather than from any accurate acquaintance with the New Testament; and accordingly its crusade against the native heathenism partakes more of the exterminating character of Joshua's mission, than of the meek and suffering persuasiveness exhibited by Jesus and His Apostles.

But their very errors serve to heighten the reproach which their zeal casts on the lukewarmness of men whose superior instruction can detect them. Yet they aim at empire! Be it so; but how do they strive to obtain it? By opposing popular sentiment, in its tenderest and most sensitive point; by prohibiting sensual indulgence in its most seductive form, and all but universal habit; by preaching repentance and the Kingdom of God, a comparatively strict morality, and a new religion. No impulse short of a *real* belief in that which they have embraced as Truth, will account for the furious onslaught against all image-worship, which, occasionally confounding Romish images with Buddhist idols, has covered the waters of the Yang-tsze-keang with the scattered fragments of false gods; nor will any inferior principle explain the equally unpopular opposition to the use and importation of opium, which not only arrays the first impulses of lust against them, but also cuts off from their future treasury a source of unlimited gain. Such things are at least evidences of *reality;* and similar evidence will always be discovered where a real and living faith exists, whether in error or in truth, or in a system largely composed of both. Illustrations are afforded alike by the Apostles who left all to follow Christ, and by the Columbas, Patricks, and Bonifaces, who variously copied their example;—by the Latimers, Xaviers, Schwartzes, and Selwyns, of more recent times; and by the self-inflicted tortures of the Hindoo devotee, whose confidence in the value of penance leads him to fasten living snakes through holes, bored for the purpose, in his own gory sides; —by the eagerness with which a murderous Mopla rushes upon the sword, which shall pass him to a sensual paradise; and by the fervour of the Mormon preacher, who lands penniless, and a stranger, on the shore of his appointed mission.

Reality is the one common feature of these diverse examples; and, to come nearer home, how often does it characterise the teachers and the disciples of less perfect systems than our own, to a degree which Churchmen do not attain! The earnest zeal of the Ranter to extend his circuit, and find buyers for the literature of his sect,—the remarkable missionary exertions of Baptists and Methodists, and their large contributions and laborious efforts to uphold "the cause" dear to each individual member,—the plodding vigilance and unscrupulous toil with which almost any given Romanist will strive to make one convert,—the invariable offering of a tenth, for the propagation of their peculiar views, by the recently gathered and anomalous communion of Edward Irving's disciples,—as well as the activity and warmth, the restless proselytism, the concerted action, the circulation of tracts, the purchase of pulpits, and the support of particular institutions and periodicals, which characterise the Puritan element amongst ourselves,—these all are daily censurers of the *unreality* with which many so-called High Churchmen hold their principles, both rich and poor.

May they take in good part this spur to self-inspection; and may they reflect that no abuse of the doctrine of Faith, by those who forget that it works by love, and that it embraces Christ in Sacraments as well as in the Word and Prayer, can excuse them for undervaluing it, or can supply its place! May they understand, that where no desire exists, and no self-sacrifice takes place, to uphold institutions and circulate writings which they theoretically approve, there is no *reality* of belief; and that zeal without knowledge—allowing all its dangers—is far more to be admired than knowledge without zeal!

NORTHERN WORTHIES.—No. II.

Dr. John Dee.

WHAT strange sensations crowd o'er the mind of the Manchester lounger as he turns from its shops and warehouses, the receptacles of all that can minister to modern taste and luxury, to those monuments of departed ages, its venerable Cathedral and College! How odd the transition from Manchester *present* to Manchester *past!* Our own instincts, we own, would lead us to the quiet country church, where religion wears its least imposing form, and with few accessaries, seeks to recommend itself by its own simple beauty alone. Still, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that it is in such places that religion is too frequently made to assume a bald and uninviting aspect, from the laxity of those who have been constituted trustees of its interests. To the true Churchman, it is refreshing to meet, in the centre of the great commercial city, amid the haunts of commerce and the hum of busy men, with one spot which, consecrated to holier things, is day by day the scene of religious devotion, and where there is *free* access to all who can find pleasure and profit in the services of our holy church. We can testify to the magical effect which has frequently been produced in our own minds as we have turned, may-be without any serious intent at the moment, from the noise of the busy world to this quiet retreat. What a contrast between the rattle of the street and the chorister's chant,—the coarse retort or joke and the solemn prayer! Why, and on what principle, do men, who "call themselves Christians," object to the *daily* worship of God in our churches? Why do they wish to rob Him of more than half his glory, and the service due to Him? Why is their "eye evil" because their neighbour's is "good"? Surely these are some of the perverse inconsistencies which are only explainable as being part and parcel of fallen and degraded humanity.

Turn we, however, for a few moments of contemplation, into the venerable pile which is now the chief ecclesiastical edifice of the diocese of Manchester. The poet's idea is the first that suggests itself on entering;—

> "Of them who, wrapt in earth, are cold,
> No more the smiling day shall view,
> Should many a tender tale be told,
> For many a tender thought is due."

And many a tender and many a thrilling tale might we tell of the slumbering dead, some of them great and illustrious in their "brief day," whose dim shadows hover around us. We will briefly retrace, however, a few of the most striking events connected with the history of the pile in which we are standing.

It is in the early part of the fifteenth century that we find the good Lord De la Warre working out, through "evil and good report," amid calumny and misrepresentation, his munificent design as the founder of the edifice. But Death brought his labours to a close before the completion of their object, and at the same time vindicated the purity of his motives. Subsequently it became, according to Hollingworth, one of the seven "of all the cathedrals, collegiate, parish churches, hospitalls, or chappells, wch were allowed and taken to bee places of privilege and tuition for terme of life for all and singular offenders and malefactors, except wilful murther," with some other offences specified; but the privilege was enjoyed but a short time before it was transferred to West Chester. In 1550, the celebrated John Bradford launched from its pulpit his thundering anathemas against Popery and its adherents; and in the warmth of his address, prophesied that this building should again become the scene of Popish ceremonies and profane pageantry—a prediction, in both cases, too fully realized.

In the reign of Mary, *mass* was celebrated in the church, and the play of Robin Hood performed in the chancel. To Mary succeeded that *amiable* lady whose virtues we recall in that hacknied phrase, "our glorious queen Bess." The means she had recourse to, with the view of checking evil and disseminating true Christianity, were no less energetic than those of her predecessor. Could we have visited the venerable building we are surveying about the end of April 1584, we should have shivered at the sight of rotting and ghastly heads displayed upon its summit to warn men that conscience was a *snare;* that sincerity of heart and conduct was *nothing;* and that if one was regarded or the other followed, it must be at the risk of liberty at least, and, may-be, of life. What a miserable way of "provoking" men to good things! The victims of persecution, to whom we have been referring, were Bell, Finch, and Leybourne, who, by the Queen's orders, were tried and executed at the time mentioned for "recusancy." It was this same Queen that afterwards (in 1596) presented to the wardenship of this church, Dr. JOHN DEE. Of this divine, who was undoubtedly one of the most *remarkable* of "Northern Worthies," we now propose to say something.

John Dee—or, as he was generally called, Dr. Dee, though his right to the degree has been questioned—was a native of London, and born there about the year 1527. His early studies were completed at Cambridge, to which University he was sent at the age of sixteen. Before the period of customary residence had expired, Dee was obliged, in consequence of persecution occasioned by his supposed attachment to the occult and mystic sciences, to flee the University, and betake himself to Louvaine. At the latter place, he at once became so famous for learning, that many of the highest rank and power accorded him their friendship, and amongst them, Sir William Pickering, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. At Louvain it is supposed the Doctor's degree was conferred upon him, in recognition of his abilities; but there seems no substantial ground for such a statement, and it

is certain that Dee himself never assumed it. From Louvain he went to Paris, and was there offered a Professorship in the University of Rheims. This he declined, and in 1551 returned to England. During the reign of Mary he was seized and consigned to prison, for corresponding with some of the attendants of the Princess Elizabeth; a circumstance made the occasion of an absurd charge against him of intending to assail the Queen's life by enchantment. After a long imprisonment he was brought to trial for high treason, and acquitted; but the malice of his enemies not being satiated, he was again seized, and subjected to the inquisitorial examination of the merciless Bonner. There being no pretext for detaining him, he was again discharged.

After the accession of Elizabeth, Dee's faithful adherence to her interests met with its reward; and after other substantial marks of favour, he was finally installed, in 1596, in the Wardenship of the Collegiate Church of Manchester. This office he occupied about twelve years, during eight of which he resided in the town. His singular habits, however, and mystical studies were more than a counterbalance in public opinion to his great learning and real good-heartedness; and the result was, a continued system of persecution and unkindness, which embittered his existence. Foremost in these attacks were the clergy of his own church; and so intolerable did they at last become, that the unfortunate subject of them was compelled to petition the King that he might be formally put upon his trial for necromancy, and the charge investigated and pronounced upon by a jury. This was refused; and then poor Dee, broken in heart and spirit, betook himself to a former residence at Mortlake, in Surrey, where he remained until his death, in 1608, at the advanced age of 81 years.

Of Dee, it has been truly said, that "if he was a dupe, he was the dupe of his own heart—not the ignorant bigot to a vulgar theory. His mind was in another atmosphere from the rest of the world; and within his own breast was that immense empire of thought and speculation over which fantasy reigned supreme." The history of his life is accessible in so many forms. that we abstain from narrating a more than "twice-told" tale; but subjoin a few extracts from his "Private Diary," published by the Camden Society, and which, from their relation to his tenure of the Wardenship, will here have significance and interest. This Diary, as we are informed by its editor, was written "in a very small illegible hand, on the margins of old almanacs":—

"1595, Jan. 8th, the Wardenship of Manchester spoken of by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Feb. 5th, my bill of Manchester offered to the Quene afore dynner, by Sir John Wolly, to signe, but she deferred it. April 18th, my bill for Manchester Wardenship signed by the Quene, Mr. Herbert offering it her. May 25th, 26th, 27th, the Signet, the Privy Seale, and the Great Seale of the Wardenship. July 31st, the Countess of Warwik did this evening thank her Majestie in my name, and for me, for her gift of the Wardenship of Manchester. She toke it gratiously; and was sorry that it was so far from hens, but that some better thing neer hand shall be fownd for me; and if opportunitie of tyme wold serve, her Majestie wold speak with me herself. I had a bill made by Mr. Wood, one of the clerks of the Signet, for the first frutes given me by her Majestie." Afterwards comes an entry indicative of the superstitious turn of mind of the writer:—"Sept. 2nd, the spider at ten of the clok at night suddenly on my desk, and suddenly gon; a most rare one in bygnes and length of feet. I was in a great study at my desk."

To return to his appointment:—"1596, Feb. 15th, I cam to Manchester *a meridie hora quinta.* Feb. 20th, enstalled in Manchester Wardenship, *inter nonam et undecimam horam ante meridiem.* 1597, Nov. 7th, the fellows and the receyver agreed not with me in accounts. 1600, July 17th, I willed the fellows to com to me by nine the next day. July 18th, it is to be noted of the great pacifications unexpected of man which happened this Friday; for in the forenone (betwene nine and ten) where the fellows were greatly in doubt of my heavy displeasure, by reason of their manifold misusing of themselves against me, I did with all lenity interteyn them, and shewed the most part of the things that I had brought to pass at London for the college good," &c. &c.

With this exhibition of Christian forbearance on the part of Dee, we close our extracts from his Diary. Misunderstood through life, he died in poverty, and as its too natural consequece, neglected and unlamented. But he now "*sleeps well*" in the church at Mortlake, though close to the scene of many of his troubles.

R. I. P.

THE CHURCH.—WHAT IS IT?

(Continued from page 23.)

In considering the "marks" by which we may see and know *which* of the societies of persons now professing Christianity, has a claim to be looked upon as *the* Church, or the true branch of the one "body" of Christ in this country, we shewed that one mark by which the church was in the apostles' time, and is still known, is that its members "continue steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine."

The second mark by which the church under the apostles was known, was that all the members continued steadfastly in "fellowship," or communion of the apostles. Christ appointed them to stand "in His stead." "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you:" I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed unto me;" "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

Our Lord did not give this commission to any

but the apostles; but he clearly meant them to hand down the power they received from him, to others; who should hand it down to others, and so on "unto the end of the world." Now the gifts which the apostles had (except the gift of miracles) are as necessary for the church of every age as they were for the first age. Miracles were necessary for founding the church, but not for continuing the building of it. Not so, however, as regards the ordinary gifts of the Christian ministry whose work is the "edifying" or building up of "the body of Christ."

Human nature is always the same, and needs the same means of grace and sanctification. Our Lord "knew what was in man," and that he would always have the same spritual wants. He, therefore, told his apostles to hand down their office to others. He promised to be with those whom they should send, even as He was with them, "even unto the end of the world." The apostles accordingly ordained by laying on of hands,* two orders of ministers: "Elders,"† or Presbyters, (who are also in the New Testament called Bishops,‡) and Deacons. They also gave to some Presbyters or Bishops, power to send others as they had been sent by Christ. Thus Titus was made Bishop over the Church at Crete, and Timothy over that at Ephesus.§

So long, then, as the apostles lived there were the three orders of Apostles, Bishops or Presbyters, and Deacons. As the apostles died off, the name of Bishop was given to their successors alone, who had power to send others, that is to ordain Presbyters and Deacons. "From the Apostles' time," says our Church in the preface to her Ordination services, "there have been these three orders of Ministers in Christ's Church; Bishops, Priests, and Deacons." There never was, for 1500 years after Christ, a society of Christians assuming to be parts of the true Church which had not these three orders. "It is evident unto all men diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient Authors,"‖ that such is the case. These orders have been continued in the Church of England. The Bishops are the successors in office of the Apostles. They have power to ordain Priests and Deacons, and every Bishop and Priest of our Church is addressed by those who send him in the very words which our Lord himself used in sending His Apostles.**

It is, then, by living under the ministery of the lawful Bishops, Priests, and Deacons of the Church of Christ, in England, that we continue steadfastly in the Apostles' fellowship. For the Clergy are *assured* of our Lord's Presence with them. They now stand to us "in Christ's stead." They have authority given them to declare and pronounce the absolution and remission of their sins to all who "truly repent and unfeignedly believe His holy Gospel." They are commissioned to preach the Gospel and to administer the Sacraments.—[This subject is ably treated in a late publication by Messrs. Rivington, which we have been prevented from noticing earlier, viz.,—"The Apostolic Commission, considered in its relation to the Divine Office of the Universal Church, as a Teacher and Guardian of the Truth; a Sermon, preached in Holy Trinity Chapel, Bordesley, by the Rev. Chas. Gooch, M.A., Fellow of St. Mary Magdalene College, Cambridge."—Ed. C. P.]

* See Acts vi., and xiv. 23. 2 Tim. i. 6.

† Acts xv. 4, 6, 23. 1 Tim. v. 17, 19. Titus i. 5.

‡ Compare Acts xx. 17 with v. 28, where "overseers" mean Bishops. See also Philip i. 1; 1 Tim. iii. 1, 2; Titus i. 7.

§ Titus i. 5. 1 Tim. i, 3; iii. 1, 14; v. 22.

‖ See Preface to the Services for the Ordaining and Consecrating of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

** Ibid.

JOAN OF ARC.

Among the figures which are carried about our streets by the Italian boys, you have perhaps seen sometimes one of a female, clad in armour, remarkable alike for the beauty of the features, and its attitude of humility. It is a copy of a larger statue, in marble, of Joan of Arc, and the artist was a woman and a princess, Mary of Wurtemberg, daughter of Louis Philippe, the late King of the French.

Joan was born in 1410 or 1411, in the village of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine. Her parents were poor villagers, and their daughter had only sufficient education to repeat her prayers, to knit and sew. She was naturally kind-hearted, and strictly religious; of a constitution robust and hardy, yet evidently imperfect. At the age of thirteen years, she began to see visions, and as France was then almost entirely in the hands of the English and the Burgundians, her ardent mind saw the deliverance of her country by the intervention of a special Providence. Joan refused an offer of marriage, although an attempt was made to force her by legal proceedings.

In October, 1428, Orleans was besieged by the Earl of Salisbury. The place was well defended, and amply supplied with munitions of war. The English blockaded the city, and finally succeeded in surrounding it with forts. The news of the siege and the sufferings of the people excited Joan's ardent zeal. She believed herself to have a commission from heaven to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the Dauphin at Rheims,—the most wonderful undertaking ever attempted by a woman—certainly by a woman without any advantages of education, and relying only on Divine help and her own honesty of purpose.

Knowing that her parents would not consent to her plans, she went to her uncle, Durand Laxart, who lived near Vancouleurs. He was amazed; but overcome by her persuasions, he went to the Sire de Bandricourt, an ally of Charles, who advised him to "box his niece's ears well, and send her home." Not in the least disconcerted, she set out for Vancouleurs, and at length obtained per-

mission to visit the French Court. Before doing so, and while on her way to the Castle of Chinon, she stopped at the village of St. Catherine Fierbois, whence she announced her approach to the King. After some deliberation, she was admitted to his presence. She came forward at the time appointed, unmoved by the throng of knights and men-at-arms, and, bending her knee, said, "God give you good life, gentle King." "I am not the King," said Charles; "he is there." "In the name of God, it is no other but yourself," replied Joan. "Most noble Lord Dauphin, I am Joan, the maid sent on behalf of God to aid you and your kingdom, and by his command I announce to you, that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall become his lieutenant in the realm of France."

After some conversation and many discussions, with inquiries as to her character, orders were given for her equipment. She wore a suit of knight's armour, and chose a sword from the Church of St. Catherine Fierbois. A banner was made, as directed by the "voices:" it was white, strewed with fleur-de-lis, with a figure of the Saviour, and the words—"Jesus, Maria."

It was nearly the end of April when the Maid of Orleans appeared among the troops at Blois: Orleans was reduced to the last extremities. Her first adventure was to throw supplies into the city, and she succeeded. On the 29th of April, she entered the city, and caused a *Te Deum* to be sung. Everything tended to raise the spirits of the besieged;—Joan was beautiful, pious, confident of success, and the soldiers had entire faith in her divine mission. Not so the officers, who only valued her services as restoring courage to their soldiers, and damping the ardour of the besiegers. On the 8th of May, the siege was razed, and the English retreated in good order, leaving behind their wounded and baggage, for want of transport. When presented to the King, Joan entreated him to go to Rheims to be crowned; told him her "voices" had declared—"Daughter, go forward, I will be thy helper, go." Troyes, Cholons, and finally Rheims, opened their gates to Charles. On the 16th of July, he entered Rheims, and on the 17th was crowned in the Cathedral, the maid standing with her banner at the high altar, by the side of the King. Joan then felt that her mission was fulfilled, and wished to retire; but her influence was so great among the soldiers that they persuaded her to remain. Charles did not pursue his successes, but retired with his troops to winter quarters.

In May of the year following, the fortress of Compiègne being besieged, Joan threw herself into it, as she had formerly done into Orleans. She was taken prisoner in a sally by a Picard archer, and the Duke of Bedford ordered *Te Deum* to be sung at Paris. She was placed in several prisons, from which she tried to escape, and finally at Rouen, where she was tried for witchcraft, and on the 24th of May, 1431, she was burned in the Churchyard of St. Ouen, uttering with her last breath the name of "*Jesus.*"

Never did there exist a more sincere patriot than Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans. She fought as every one should do, to free their country from an invasion; and when offered rewards, she asked only that her village might for ever be free from taxation, and in the registers, up to the time of the Revolution, when they came to Domremy, the entry was "Nothing," on account of the maid." We are indebted to a nobleman of high literary talent, Lord Mahon, for a short life of Joan of Arc, and to Mr. Murray, for having placed it among his Railway Reading, where, for one shilling, may be read a fuller account of this patriotic and virtuous woman.

THE FATE OF SACRILEGE.

In the strictest sense of the word, *Sacrilege* means "an invading, stealing, or purloining from God, any sacred thing, either belonging to the Majesty of His Person, or the celebration of His Divine Service."

But there are other offences, which come under the head of Sacrilege in its wider meaning. When a man neglects God's holy days; when he sits, or lounges about, in the prayers of the Church; when he goes into God's house with covered head; when he takes upon himself to be a preacher of God's Word, without lawful ordination and authority; he commits the sin of Sacrilege; for in all these things he *robs* God of the honour, which belongeth unto Him alone. This sin is of a different kind from any other. When a thief steals, his offence is two-fold:—he breaks one of the Commandments of God, and at the same time wrongs a fellow-creature. He sins against God and man. But when one steals from God, (that is, when he commits sacrilege,) *two* parts of his sin are against God, instead of *one*, as in the case of common theft. He breaks God's law, which says—"Thou shalt not steal:"—that is the first offence. The Person, from Whom he steals, is God himself:—that is the second.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that this sin should be visited with severe and awful punishments, of such a kind as to mark it out as something different from all other offences whatsoever. This has been observed in the history of all those families, who received from Henry VIII. grants of Abbey lands, or other property, which had once been solemnly given to God and His Church. Wealth so gained has always brought with it misfortunes to its possessors; or, to speak more truly, the curse of Him, whom they have robbed, has abided with them. In all these families sacrilege has been followed by

1. Violent deaths.
2. Strange and unusual accidents.
3. The commission of detestable crimes.

4. Great poverty.
5. Unnatural hatred and family quarrels.
6. Rapid passing of estates.
7. Failure of issue, especially of heirs male, and consequent extinction of families.

These seven particulars of the punishment, which always follows this sin, are extracted from Sir H. Spelman's "History and Fate of Sacrilege;" a work, which contains abundant proofs, from actual facts, of the truth of his statement. At present we shall only deal with the 6th and 7th; with respect to which Spelman gives the following:—

"About the year 1615, I described with a pair of compasses, in a map of Norfolk, a circle of twelve miles the semi-diameter, according to the scale thereof, placing the centre at Rougham, the chief seat of the Yelvertons. Within this circle, and the borders of it, I enclosed the mansion-houses of about twenty-four families of gentlemen, and the site of as many monasteries, all standing together at the time of the dissolution; and I then noted that the gentlemen's seats continued at that day in their own families and names; but the monasteries had flung out their owners, with their names and families (all of them save two) thrice at least, and some of them four, or five, or six times, not only by failure of issue, or ordinary sale, but very often by grievous accidents and misfortunes."

Another instance, which may be here given, is that of Breadsale Priory, in Derbyshire. It was granted by Edward VI. to Henry, Duke of Suffolk; and within 250 years from that time, it passed through the hands of no less than *thirteen* families, most of which are now extinct.

There are, however, two families of great note and figure in the kingdom which still possess the Church lands granted by Henry VIII.; and the history of those families contains the strongest possible example of the punishment which Sacrilege carries with it. They are the Houses of Russell, Duke of Bedford, and Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. We will trace their history from the period of the Reformation.

Sir John Russell, made baron by Henry VIII., and earl by Edward VI., had *Woburn Abbey* for his dwelling-house, and is said to have turned the chapel into a stable. His only son, Francis, succeeded him. This Francis had four sons, of whom the eldest was treacherously slain by the Scots, in time of truce, the day before his father's death; his two sons died without issue. Of the other three sons of Francis, two, Edmund and John, Lords Russell, died without issue, and the third succeeded his nephew, whose death, without issue, has just been related. Upon his death, without issue, this branch of the family came to an end, six Lords Russell having perished within two years. The estates next came into possession of the late lord's kinsman, Francis, who died of the small pox. He was succeeded by his son William, who married Anne, heiress of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by his infamous Countess, Frances, divorced wife of Lord Essex. Earl William had issue, four daughters and seven sons. Of the daughters, two died unmarried, and the other two left no issue. Of the sons, one perished on the scaffold, two died unmarried, and of the rest none had male issue except Lord William, who was beheaded for high treason, leaving an only son, who succeeded to the title, and had issue three, sons and two daughters. The eldest succeeded; but he and his lady dying at the same time of the small pox, without issue, the honours devolved on his brother John, fourth Duke. His grace had issue by his first wife one son, who died in infancy. His only issue by his second wife was one son, who was killed by a fall from his horse. Both of these having died in their father's life-time, he was succeeded by his grandson, who died without issue, and left the title to his brother John, who was succeeded by his eldest son Francis, the present Duke, who has only one son. In ten generations the eldest son has succeeded his father *thrice* only. Moreover, within *two hundred* years after the grant of Church lands to the house of Russell, its daughters intermarried into *eighteen* families;—but in only *four* cases have they descendants now existing in the male line.

Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

The ancestor of this house was Richard de Talbot, mentioned in *Doomsday Book*. His son Hugh was succeeded by his eldest son Richard, who was succeeded by his eldest son Gilbert, who was succeeded by his son Richard, who was succeeded by his eldest son Gilbert, who married the daughter of Rice ap Griffith, Prince of Wales, whose arms his descendants have ever since borne. He was succeeded by his son Richard, first lord, who was succeeded by his eldest son Gilbert, who was succeeded by his eldest son Richard, who was succeeded by his only son Gilbert, who was succeeded by his eldest son Richard, who was succeeded by his son Gilbert, at whose death the title devolved first upon his daughter Ankaret, and then on his brother John, first earl, who was succeeded by his son John, who was succeeded by his son John, who was succeeded by his eldest son George, K.G., who received grants of abbey lands, and, having seen five of his sons perish in his own lifetime, was succeeded by his second and only surviving son Francis, of whose four sons the eldest and the third died in their father's lifetime, without issue, and the second, Gilbert, succeeded to the family honours. Upon his death, without male issue, the earldom passed to his lordship's brother Edward, at whose death, without issue, in 1617, this branch of the family became extinct, and the peerage was inherited by his distant relation, George Talbot, Esq., a descendant of the second earl, who died without issue, and was suceeeded by his nephew John, whose eldest son died in his father's lifetime, and four others without issue. He was succeeded by his second son, created Marquis of Alton and Duke of Shrewsbury, which honours expired at his death without issue. * * * The title devolved first

on his kinsman Gilbert; a Roman Catholic priest the second; and then on George, the third son of Gilbert, youngest son of the tenth earl. The earl, whose two brothers died without issue, was succeeded by his nephew John, who had issue, one son and two daughters. The son died in infancy. One of the daughters, the Lady Gwendaline Talbot, was married to the Italian Prince Borghese, by whom she had issue three sons, who, with their mother, died of a fever at Rome, during a brief absence of their father. The earl was succeeded by his nephew John, son of George Talbot, Esq.; and on his death, during his minority, the title devolved on the present Earl.

Thus we see that from the Conquest to the Reformation there were *seventeen* generations, in all of which, save one, the son succeeded his father; whilst from the moment at which the family became tainted with Sacrilege, to the present hour, there has been an almost total loss of heirs male. Surely these things cannot happen by mere accident. Evil, surely, was the hour wherein this devoted house became a sharer in the guilt of robbing God. "Verily, there is a God, Who judgeth the earth."

A STORY THAT HAS TRUTH IN IT.

CONCLUDED.

JENNY was soon to suffer for her falsehood. Although she had answered Harry boldly, she secretly felt ashamed of her conduct; and the wedding-day was anything but a pleasant one; for she felt for the first time she had done what she could not recall. She had married the potato-dealer's store, and the nicely furnished house,—not the man.

When she went to the yard for the first time, it was to be taught the tricks of the trade,—how to slip the false weight on and off the scale,—for Levi was too clever to be convicted, and to lose his trade and his good name for honesty. Jenny was ashamed of her husband when she found he was not honest: she ventured to say it was cheating; and he asked how she thought he could live and pay his rent. She made no answer, but a thought passed through her mind: Harry Gray would not have done so; and then came a pang with the thought, for she said to herself—"I might have married Harry."

And yet the neighbours envied her; and her friends said she had done very well to get such a man as him, for many wanted him; and then they told her of the tricks that some had tried to catch him, and laughed as they said—"Jenny, you have done them all."

But Harry did not go to his work, and his uncle began to be vexed with him; not that they wanted anything, for Harry had saved up something against the wedding-day. Nearly a week passed, and his uncle said,—"Come, Harry, it's time thee went to the mill; they'll put someone to thy work, unless thou goes to-morrow." "Never mind the work, nunkey; I'll have no more of it in that mill. Jenny and I worked there, and if she comes again I could not stay; so I'll not go."

"She'll not come again, the jade," said the old man. "Come, pluck up a spirit, Harry, and go; there's plenty of girls will be glad to get thee." "Ay, nunkey, but not plenty that I should like."

But Harry had made up his mind. He would enlist—he would be a soldier—he would not talk about it. A few days after, when the old man was gone to the mill, Harry packed up his bundle, and sat down to write to the old man. He shed many tears over the letter: and as he wrote, he said—"Jenny, thou hast brought me to this!" He told his uncle that all he had left was his; pointed out the place where the few pounds, all his savings, were; and then begged his uncle not to search for him, for he would write to him when he got to London, and added, that half his pay would be kept for his uncle's support. He gave the letter to Nancy, and told her to be sure and give it his uncle when he came home.

"And where are ye off to, Harry?" said Nancy; "going to look for work, I hope, and not to think any more of that foolish girl." "You are just right, Nancy," said Harry; "I'm going to get a long job this time."

Nancy thought herself somewhat knowing; and when old Gray came home, she brought him the letter. "And so Harry's left this for thee; he's gone for a job." "What's the use of the letter to me, Nancy? I'm none learned to read writing;—but there's no good in that letter; Harry never wrote to me—he talked fast enough."

The old man took the letter and went to the shop at the corner. "Will ye read this to me?" said he to the lad who waited to serve. "Yes," said the boy, proud to be able to do what his elders could not; and the old man thought Harry was once just such a boy. The lad broke open the wafer, and as the old man stood, he read the letter, for it was plainly written. When it was finished, the old man did not utter a word,—he had heard it all. He was gone before that time,—he was a soldier,—and they should not meet again.

He was ready to accuse the young man of ingratitude. "I have been a father to him," he said to himself; and then he thought—"He has given me all he has, and left me half his pay: he is more than a son to me. Oh! Harry, Harry! why did you leave me in my old age!"

He left the shop, and went home. There was Nancy, busy at work; the supper was ready, and she said—"Master Gray, I've got the supper ready, and I wish there was more to eat it; but Harry's none gone far." "Nancy, he's gone where we'll never see him again;—he's 'listed for India." "Then I'll just give Mrs. Skipper, or Slipper, or whatever she calls herself, a bit of my mind," said Nancy.

And Nancy was as good as her word; for, seeing the old man's grief, and that he eat nothing, she set off to the potato store. Nancy did not go into the yard, but placed herself so that Jenny should see her. She did not wish to put herself at any disadvantage, so that she would be turned out of the yard; besides, she wished everybody to know her mind.

"How d'ye do, Nancy?" said Jenny, when she saw her: she would have asked after the Grays, but she could not; and so she said—"All well at home, Nancy?" "No," Nancy said, "all isn't well at home, Jenny; and you'll have the curse of a poor old man upon you as long as you live. You've been and driven Harry out of the country, that's what you've done; and you've ruined as fine a young fellow as any one may see,—and you'll pay for it, you will!"

"What do you mean, Nancy? I may marry who I like, I suppose? I've never seen Harry Gray since the day I was married." Jenny had often thought of him, though, and wondered if he would ever come to see them; but Harry thought, as all was over between them, he had better keep out of the way.

"Yes, Jenny, you have married who you liked, but you had no right to drag about that young man, and to borrow his money, which you never paid him again, or had the honesty to speak of; and then to deceive him at last! But you'll find out your mistake some day, and wish you'd been honest and true. Good night! Mrs. Skipper;" and Nancy walked away.

Jenny wished to ask more about Harry, but Nancy was gone; and she only knew that Harry had left his country, and there was no doubt that his mind would be grieved.

Jenny was sorry for old Gray. She was not happy; and her everyday-life was different from that she had led. She missed the song at the looms, and Harry's company. Levi Skipper's whole time was buried up in the yard: Jenny did not make the coals or potatos, or even the wood, go as far as he did. She was more honest: she would not rob those who were poorer than herself, and Jenny gave good weight. It was enough to have one wrong preying upon her mind,—she did not wish to add others.

And so year after year rolled on, and the elder Gray still managed to live on his wages, and he kept Harry's store against he came home, as he said; and as to the pay, there it was, also untouched. Harry wrote several letters. He was getting on; and liked the service.

But Jenny's life did not go on smoothly. An increasing family brought increased expenses; and the money was given grudgingly, even for their necessary support. Sometimes she threatened to go to the factory again, but then there came the thought of Harry. Constant quarrels and petty disputes soured Jenny's temper. She still retained her good looks; and those who had talked of her good fortune, wondered she had married such a cross-grained fellow as Levi: he would skin a flint.

Once Jenny ventured to go and see Nancy, and but once. She had a young child, the third, in her arms, and two other little ones just crawled along by her side. She was their mother, and they had become her only tie to life;—for them she lived; their father she despised—almost hated. When she found Nancy, she scarce received a welcome. "It's you! Mrs. Skipper," Nancy said; "and who'd ha' thought of seeing you here?"

"I thought of old times," said Jenny; and she looked imploringly at Nancy, but she did not speak. "Well," said Nancy, looking at the children, "you look as if you had your hands full, with three bits of things like that." "Yes, they make plenty of work, Nancy; and——"

"We all have our troubles," said Nancy, hastily." "Yes, Nancy," said Jenny, humbly, "*I have mine!*" and she burst into tears.

Both were silent; at length Jenny said—"Nancy, can you tell me anything of the Grays?" "Yes," said Nancy, "Harry's made a corporal, and doing very well. He writes to me, now that his uncle's dead." "What!" said Jenny, much shocked, "is Master Gray dead?" "Yes, Jenny; he missed Henry a good deal, but still he worked on, and didn't lay up long. He was near dying when he told me of Harry's money; and we buried him handsome like, and so as Harry would wish." She would have said, "as nice as your father;" but she said to herself, "she is punished."

And punished she was, daily. Life was one constant scene of bickering. Each year, as her family increased, she was reproached; and although they never wanted, Levi Skipper, with children, was not so great a man as Levi Skipper the bachelor. He was no longer the favoured of cooks, finding a supper in their masters' kitchens; nor the delight of housemaids wanting to settle. He was known as a sour-tempered fellow, who bullied his wife, and was unkind to his children.

Years rolled on—years of misery to Jenny Watson. She worked hard; the children grew up, and like herself, they were clean, tidy, and industrious. But Jenny's temper was ruined: bursts of uncontrollable temper and passionate tears made people oftentimes afraid of her. They said she was out of her mind. Her husband was afraid of her in these stormy moods, and kept out of her way; for neither on her children nor her neighbours did she ever vent her tempers. He was the object on which she usually vented her anger, and that in the bitterest reproaches.

One day, after the battles in India had been talked of, and Ferozepore and Sobraon become household words, as Jenny had wondered to herself if Harry Gray was alive, a square-built erect man came into the house. Jenny was sitting at her needle; her children, who knew her story, were with her. It was Harry Gray! He talked to her of old times, and then said—"Jenny, here is my watch; it is all I have, except my pension, and I have brought it for you;—Good bye!"

"God forgive me, Harry Gray," she said, "the wrong I have done you! God forgive me! I have suffered, indeed, for my falsehood!" She burst into one of her passionate exclamations against her husband, who entered and recognised his old rival. In a moment, he turned him from the door, Harry saying—"You are right, Levi Skipper; I have no business here." He went away, and never saw Jenny more.

Active-minded and intelligent, he now labours in a small factory of his own, near Liverpool; and Jenny is insane.

SNAILS.

Everybody knows what a snail is,—a nasty, slimy little animal, that carries its house upon its back, that devours plants and vegetables, and ought to be smashed without mercy, as we generally do, and think no more about it.

The snail is worth more thought, notwithstanding. Like all the creatures which God has formed, it is in itself perfect, and answers that particular end for which it was formed, viz., the consumption of decaying vegetable and animal matter that would otherwise putrefy and become injurious to man and the higher animals.

> "Each *shell*, each crawling insect, holds a rank
> Important in the plan of Him who framed
> This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost,
> Would break the chain, and leave a gap behind
> Which Nature's self would rue."
>
> Bishop Stillingfleet.

On dissecting its shiny mass, we find the animal to possess sight and sensation, organs of nutrition and digestion, a heart and circulation of blood, breathing apparatus and lungs, organs of reproduction, means of secreting shelly matter for formation and repair of its habitation, and for colouring it according to a fixed pattern. Each part, too, is specially adapted to the animal's particular vocation: the mouth and stomach formed for devouring and digesting soft matter; the eyes placed on a retractile foot-stalk; and the whole body capable of being drawn within the shell on approach of danger, from which it is unable to flee in consequence of its slow progression; and by the same process, if it falls accidentally into water, the lungs are protected from the fluid, and there is little risk of drowning. As the animal grows, the shell is gradually enlarged by layers added to the mouth; and if part is broken, a new deposit of shelly matter soon shields the defenceless part. We often see them thus patched and mended; and as the shell is formed, the colour is imparted in spots or patches, in lines or beautiful markings, according to the particular species to which the animal belongs: for instance, the offspring of a mottled garden-snail never assumes yellow and black bands like a hedge-snail. When cold winter sets in, the snail retires to some sheltered corner, constructs a door, completely closing the mouth of the shell, and, locking himself in, goes to sleep for the winter, till, on some mild spring morning, he wakes up, opens the door, and at once rushes with vigorous appetite to attack the early green shoots that must certainly look very sweet and tempting after so long a fast.

Snails are especially ridiculed, on account of their slow movement; Shylock calls his idle servant, "snail, slow of profit," for example. But they often travel a long way, notwithstanding, teaching lessons in perseverance, such as the wise men of old condensed into proverbs:—"Slow and sure, success secure,"—"Patience and perseverance ensure success." In Spain—"Step by step goes far;" and plenty more might be adduced, as well as the fable of the hare and the tortoise.

We wish to show, however, that snails are really far

more important than we Englishmen generally allow. *They are very nutritious and good to eat.* They have furnished an article of food for civilised man for the last two thousand years at least; and why they should not be as nice as oysters or perriwinkles, we cannot imagine; indeed, connoisseurs consider them quite a luxury, though prejudice has great weight in hindering anyone from trying the flavour, as in the case of two celebrated Scotch philosophers, Drs. Black and Hutton, who once resolved on making the attempt. They had some snails collected, fattened, and in due time cooked,—whether by boiling, frying, stewing, or in what other manner, the history saith not. They sat down, then, to a dinner of snails; but the meal proceeded slowly, till at length Dr. Black suggested, in a quiet manner—"Do you not think, Doctor, they taste a leetle—just a lee-tle—green?" "Excessively green," replied Dr. Hutton, hastily; "tak' 'em awa', tak' 'em awa'!"—and so ended the experiment.

Apart from this prejudice, they are doubtless very nice. We learn that those distinguished epicures, the ancient Romans, took great pains in rearing them for table, keeping them in styes termed "cochleariæ," constructed under rocks moistened by a passing stream, or kept sprinkled by a water-pipe; and when fully grown, fattening them for table with bran sodden in wine. In a letter written by Pliny, the great father of natural history, who flourished in the first century, he adverts to a supper, prepared for a friend, consisting of two lettuces, three snails, two eggs, a barley cake, and some sweet wine and snow. In later times, Lister, in writing his book upon British animals, about the year 1690, describes the mode of cooking snails then adopted:—"They are boiled in spring water; and when well seasoned with oil, salt, and pepper, make a *dainty dish.*" At the present day, a species of snail, rather larger than that common in England, is quite an article of commerce in Switzerland, where it is boiled into soup; and at Ulm, in Wirtemburg, great quantities are fed for various markets in Germany and Austria, but especially for Vienna, where they are esteemed a great delicacy, after having been fed on strawberries. In the markets in the south of France, we have seen country women carrying baskets on their arms, filled with common garden snails, all crawling about; and in London, they are occasionally sold in Covent-garden market, being considered, when boiled in milk, as a cure for consumption, though with what reason we do not pretend to say.

Snails are less directly useful as supplying food for animals upon which man feeds. A small species almost covers the scanty herbage of our chalk downs along the southern coast of England, and undoubtedly contributes much to fatten sheep which graze there, and like them very much. Were these snails destroyed by any contingency, perhaps South Down mutton would lose its high reputation. On one occasion, when in the Isle of Portland, in Dorsetshire, we observed some boys wandering about, half-way up the precipitous cliff overhanging the roaring sea, and engaged in collecting basketfuls of common garden-snails; and on inquiry, were informed that it was for the purpose of feeding pigs: we afterwards saw the animals luxuriating upon them. Blackbirds and song-thrushes, that delight our ears with their melody, and our palates with their bodies baked in pies, feed plentifully upon snails. Young snails supply the principal food of immature glow-worms. An empty snail-shell not rarely furnishes a nest for a species of bee, as Huber and other naturalists have noticed; and when the edible snail is extracted from its shell, a transparent substance, remaining behind, is found to be an admirable cement, resisting both heat and moisture.

After all, then, we think we have shown, as we proposed, that snails deserve more consideration than they usually receive, viz.,—which is the nearest wall to throw them over, or which the readiest way of destroying them.

LUCK AND PERSEVERANCE; OR, THE TWO ADVENTURERS.

Chapter II.

In the domain which occupied so delightful a part of the charming valley of C——, there was an ornamental sheet of water, girt with mimic rocks, and shadowed with overhanging foliage. This pool was supplied by a babbling stream which had its sources in the distant hills, and wound through many a tangled brake and mossy mead. This brook was well stocked with trout, and Harry and George had free permission to fish in its waters, or to ramble through the adjacent woods in search of fruits and flowers, or to hunt the squirrel; but the boys were strictly forbidden to go into the pleasure-grounds surrounding the lake, or even to pass the boundary fence, as it approached the banks of the little stream at the point where its channel narrowed, and its tiny waves rushed foaming down the broken track of an artificial cascade.

It was now the end of September. The season had been unusually fine: the golden harvest was gathered in, the plenteous sheaves being piled on many a broad and substantial stack, to enrich the homestead of the thrifty farmer; the pastures were yet green, while the leaves had only just put on the first autumnal tints; and though the stubbles presented a somewhat used-up appearance, and the rich warm glow of summer hues had passed away, still nature gladly smiled, decked in her many-coloured mantle. There was a whole holiday at the school, given by long custom, in honour of the statute fair held at A—— for the hiring of servants. And this particular holiday, Harry and George determined to devote to a regular nutting expedition.

Accordingly, they set out early in the morning, resolved to make a long day, and to take as wide a range as the time would allow. They provided themselves with long hooked sticks, to pull down the branches; and being both active climbers, nothing was likely to escape them. Every thicket was traversed, every dell explored, and many were the rich brown clusters bestowed in the bag, which they carried by turns, and which, towards the close of the day, became no light load. It was now near sunset, and the boys were wending their way homewards, when they came to the place before mentioned, where the fence separated the pleasure-garden, with its little lake, from the rest of the domain. Looking beyond this wooden barrier, they saw a magnificent nut tree, laden with fruit, overhanging the water, just at the point where the cascade shot its bright and dancing stream into the deep pool below.

"I must have some of those nuts," exclaimed Harry. "No," replied his companion, "that cannot be; you know we are not allowed to go inside the grounds." "But," said the other, "there is nobody at the house, and the keeper is out; who can know? I will have some. So saying, and before he could be prevented, he jumped over the paling, and was at the foot of the tree. George in vain called him back and remonstrated; in another minute he was high up among the branches, creeping carefully along one of the principal boughs, near the end of which hung the coveted bunches; but just when his fingers were within a few inches of the treasure, snap went the treacherous shoot he clung to, and our adventurer was plunged headlong into the fatal pond.

Neither of the boys could swim; bnt George was determined, if possible, to help his companion. In an instant he leaped the boundary, and was at the water side. To have ventured in, would have been at once to share the fate of his comrade; for the place was deep. The boy, however, did not lose his presence of mind, but, casting a rapid glance around, he caught up the long stick which Harry had dropped when preparing to climb the tree, and with the aid of his handkerchief, in a few moments he bound the two sticks together, forming a rod eight or

nine feet long. But this was still too short to reach the place where his companion was struggling against the remorseless waters. In the meantime, Harry had gone down twice, and his piercing cries for help stimulated George to increased exertion. Boldly stepping into the water, which at once came above his breast, he fixed a firm grasp with one hand on a gnarled root projecting from the bank, while with his other he held the slender wand, and, stretching out his arm to the utmost, he succeeded in catching the hook on part of the dress of the drowning boy, now sinking for the last time; then gently pulling the stick towards him, he scrambled out as best he might, and continued carefully to draw his burden to the side. At length it was so near that he could take hold of the loose blouse which Harry wore, and exerting all his strength, he dragged out the body upon the grassy slope forming the margin of the pond. Less perhaps than two minutes had elapsed since the first immersion, yet poor Harry now lay a lifeless form; his long hair clinging in cold, dripping locks around his fair but marble countenance. What could be done? There was no house at hand; and to have run for help even to the nearest cottage would have destroyed the only chance of restoring life. George recalled all he had heard or read of the means used to recover persons under similar circumstances, and acted promptly and vigorously.

There is a great mistake sometimes made in the mode of treating those who are to be recovered from drowning, namely, holding the head down, with a notion that the water will drain off. Now the truth is, that death is not caused by water passing into the stomach or chest, the latter being impossible; but animation is suspended in consequence of the lungs being filled with blood over-charged with carbon, which blood, when in that state, is incapable of properly stimulating the nervous forces of the brain. In natural respiration, the air takes from the blood this accumulated carbon, and replaces it with vital oxygen; if, therefore, within a certain time, the atmosphere can be again admitted into the lungs, and their natural action induced, the function of life may be restored.

In the present instance, young Franklin did well and wisely. He first of all turned the body on one side, the head being placed a little higher than the feet, the nature of the ground favouring this position. He then put his finger on the wrist of the poor boy, but there was no pulsation. He next pressed his hand on the heart; it, too, was motionless. He now took from his pocket a fishing-line, which, having been brought with the prospect of capturing some unwary trout from one of the deep holes in the brook, was furnished with a quill float; this quill he rapidly detached, and cut a piece off each end, so as to leave the tube free. He then placed the end of the open quill in one of the nostrils of the lifeless youth, at the same time pressing the other nostril, and closing the mouth with his hand, while blowing gently through the small pipe so as gradually to inflate the lungs. When sufficient air had been thus introduced, it was expelled by pressure on the chest; this process was repeated again and again, until at length a slight quiver was observed to pass through the muscles of the body: the chest rose spontaneously, though with evident effort. George next applied himself to chafing over the region of the heart, so as to excite warmth and action in that organ. His hands were wet and cold, but he suddenly remembered his cap, which being made of coarse rough cloth and perfectly dry, was a better instrument for friction. After continuing this rubbing for some time, a convulsive tremor agitated the whole frame; the breath was drawn in long, deep inspirations.—the eyes opened, and there was every symptom of returning consciousness. Our young resuscitator now recollected that Harry had a small flask of wine, which, to use his own words, had been "cribbed from his governor's sideboard." George had refused to partake of it, but he now thought it might be turned to some account; and finding the flask in the pocket of his companion, he at once poured a quantity of the wine down the throat of the reviving boy. The effect of this stimulant was most beneficial. Harry was soon able to speak; and in half-an-hour, aided by his preserver, he was slowly walking home. On reaching the house, a warm bed was provided, and every attention paid to his condition.

The following morning, long before George was up, Harry came over to the Grange for the purpose of expressing, to his brave deliverer, his warm and heart-felt thanks. He had quite recovered from the previous evening's adventure, and seemed to look upon it as rather a good joke. "It is pretty clear," said he, "that I am not born to be drowned. Am I not a regular lucky fellow, and one of dame Fortune's favourites? Was it not lucky your being there, and getting the two sticks? Was it not lucky that you took out that seedy old float to fish with, instead of a fly? And was it not lucky that we had not drank all the wine?"

George looked very serious, and answered in a mild but sorrowful tone—"Oh! Harry, how can you talk in that way, after having just escaped from so great a peril! Was it luck, can you believe, that made me think of tying the sticks together? Was it luck that enabled me to catch the hook in your dress, as you were fast sinking to the bottom? Was it luck that called to my remembrance what to do when I got you out of the water? No, no; it was the loving mercy of God that employed me as a humble agent to save you from an early and fearful death; it was the kind interposition of an over-ruling Providence that brought back into your body the breath of life, and recalled your spirit before it had taken its eternal flight. Pray do not cast away this proof of the watchful care of our Heavenly Father; do not strive against or grieve his Holy Spirit."

Harry was silent; for when a gentleness in reproof, and a tenderness in admonition, is accompanied by unquestionable earnestness of purpose, it rarely fails to produce some effect, even on the most callous and obdurate. Young Walters could not be thus classed; he was not yet depraved, he was only indifferent. There were still some avenues open to his better heart, though few and far between were the visitors that trod those straight and narrow paths. When he spoke, it was in a subdued manner, and with unusual hesitation:—

"I sometimes wish, George, that I could be like you; I mean, that I could think as you do, and talk as you do, about all that God has done, and all that we ought to do. But somehow it does not come natural to me, and I cannot understand it; besides, I have often heard my father and old Langley say, that all that sort of thing was priestcraft and nonsense; that Providence would have enough to do, if everyone's business had to be attended to; and that the world goes on by its own order, which cannot be interfered with."

"Mr. Langley," interrupted George, with more warmth than his companion had ever heard him use, "is a bad man. I shun him as I would a poisonous plant, or some loathsome but cunning reptile. Have his infidel, or, as he calls them, *rational*, opinions made him happy? Did you ever see joy on his face, or hear gladness in his voice, or feel that pleasure came with his presence? He now and then comes to the Grange, but his company is like a blight on a summer's day; and I would not for all his learning, no, nor for all his treasure to boot, change hearts with him for one hour."

"Well, well," said Harry, "we won't talk any more about him; you must tell me some day, when we have time, how you learn all these good things. But now I should think the breakfast is ready, and we must be starting."

Thus ended their conversation, which it may be thought, perhaps, was beyond the scope of youthful dia-

logue: but it must be remembered, that at this time the boys had numbered more than sixteen years; and that one was thoughtful far beyond his age, the other, precociously advanced to maturity.

We have before mentioned that there were extensive mines situated within a short distance of C——. These mines, which yielded coal and iron, had been very productive. The speculation had been taken up by a wealthy company, and a large amount of capital brought into play. The works were situated in the lower part of the valley, watered by the little brook which, after its issue from the ornamental lake, continued to receive more and more tributaries, until it gathered into a considerable stream, capable of being applied to the working of several mills, employed for various purposes. All around was busy life. Numerous dwellings had been erected for the accommodation of the workmen; and the hive of human industry daily dispatched its swarms, some to descend the deep shafts and delve in the bowels of the earth for the all-important article fuel, or to drill the stubborn rock and fire the blast that should in an instant shiver the solid fabric; others to gather the mingled iron-stone, and cast it into the yawning furnace, ever ready to devour its unsavory food; or now, with daring hand, to break into the deep recesses of the glowing mass and liberate from the lowest chambers the liquid fire to rush over its sandy bed, there to cool, and form those massive bars technically known ar "sow and pigs." At one spot, the re-melted metal was cast into moulds, to form pipes of all sizes and calibre; at another, it was drawn into rods, or rolled out in plates. Here, the stupendous force of the Bramah press was called into action, to try the strength of some newly-made boiler; and there, the sustaining powers of the girders for some railway bridge were satisfactorily tested. Everything betokened enterprise and activity.

The landscape, however, might be said, in a picturesque point of view, to have been grievously marred:—all around were to be seen great mis-shapen masses of refuse coal and cinders, everywhere encroaching on the once green carpet of nature. In the midst of these rose lofty stacks and cupolas, pouring out their dense volumes of murky smoke, or belching forth vast columns of bright flame; while tall chimneys, reeking with noxious fumes, ponderous hammers, vibrating with convulsive shocks, huge wheels, revolving at a fearful speed, steam-engines hissing forth clouds of vapour from their safety-valves, tramroads, trucks, broken chains, and fragments of scoriæ, filled up the details of the picture.

Mr. Walters, who previously to the service rendered to his son by young Franklin had scarcely noticed the boy, was now most kind and patronising, The agent had become a very great man, and promised to interest himself to give George a start in life. Walters had for some time held the appointment as principal manager of this coal and iron company; it was a highly lucrative situation, and riches seemed to gather around him, while every luxury attended on his call. There were, however, some persons bold enough to think that even the liberal salary which he received was quite inadequate to keep up the style and reckless expenditure in which he indulged. But these misgivings were only confined to a few, and by the rest of his neighbours he was looked upon as a prosperous and decidedly a moneyed man.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH.

Whichever of our boys or girls may live to be "the oldest inhabitant," will probably talk of this Christmas as the most severe winter within living memory. Before railways were made, there were seldom many winters together but the mails were stopt by snow; but on railways, it was supposed that nothing of the kind could ever happen. For nearly two days, however, this January, the drifting of the snow made the railways impassable throughout the country; all communication was stopt, except by the Electric Telegraph; and on the North Western line even this was impossible, the wires having snapt asunder at Tring.

Lord Palmerston, who resigned last month, resumed his office almost immediately, and is again Secretary for Home Affairs. At the present time, when the war which we are expecting may make it necessary for all of us to aid in defending our country, his great talents and experience of office are much better employed in the government, than they would have been had he remained out of office; and we may be sure that the ministry, while he is a member of it, will act with vigour in the affairs of Russia and Turkey. The Sultan has again beat the Russians upon the Danube, and declares he will make no peace which shall not release him from all those treaties which give any pretence to the Czar of Russia to interfere in his dominions.

People's minds are now much interested in these foreign questions; and some feeling has been excited against Prince Albert, (who is generally present when the Queen sees her Ministers,) because he is supposed to be of the same mind as his relations in Germany, who are known to be friendly to Russia. It was even reported that he had been sent to the Tower. But it is not now the practice to commit for high treason; if it were, a Prince Consort is the last person who would be likely to be committed. He is a Privy Councillor and the natural adviser of the Queen; but as the one or the other, we do not suppose that he has used his influence improperly, or that if he attempted to do so, he would be likely to succeed.

The Preston contest between masters and men still continues. Messrs. Eckersley, of Wigan, have come to terms with their workpeople, by agreeing to pay half the increase which the strike sought to obtain; and to do this, they have separated from the Association of Masters. A penalty is said to have been incurred by them in so doing, under a bond to the Masters' Association.

Since the Reform Bill, the members of the House of Commons represent places only, except those returned by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, who are not returned by the inhabitants of these places, but by persons who have been educated there, wherever they may reside. One of these seats is now vacant, by the retirement of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, a worthy man, and greatly respected for his honesty of purpose by all parties in the country. Sir William Heathcote, a learned and useful country gentleman, who for twelve years represented North Hampshire, will probably be elected in his stead.

It would appear that Bishop Gobat, by endeavouring to draw away members from the Greek Churches, has not only broken the promise of the late Archbishop of Canterbury to the Greek bishops, but also a promise of this Government to our ally the Porte; as it was upon the promise that an English bishop would so act, that the Sultan consented to allow one to be appointed at Jerusalem.

Three illustrious men have died:—Lord Plunkett, for many years Chancellor in Ireland; Viscount Beresford, a marshal in the Portugese service, and one of Wellington's captains; and Dr. Mill, the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, who was many years a missionary in India.

Those who desire our good old English systems of county, city, and parochial self-management to be maintained in accordance with the principles of the Constitution, will be glad to learn that, at a meeting held in Adam-street, Adelphi, on the 13th instant, the Rev. W. Wyndham Malet, Vicar of Ardeley, Herts, in the chair,

an association was formed, "to resist the renewal or adoption of central boards in London for controlling local and independent action in matters relating to the public health, the poor law, the metropolitan sewers, police, &c.; to oppose centralization generally; and to promote practical measures for developing and extending efficient municipal and parochial self-government."

Reviews.

"*The Prison and the School. By* E. E. Antrobus, Esq., F.S.A." Staunton and Sons, 9, Strand.

This pamphlet is written with the benevolent intention of removing juvenile depravity, by a more effective controul of the younger criminals. We have made a few extracts, and commend the pamphlet to the working classes, because they will see that their children are the victims, and they have a class-interest in doing all they can to assist in remedying the evils.

"John W——. I am twelve years of age, and live by sweeping a crossing. Mother sends me out to sweep crossings. Father has a room in a lodging-house, and has two lodgers, a big boy about twenty, a widow, and her son. Ten persons live in the room."

Can we wonder that there should be criminals? The lodging-houses are almost all dens of infamy, and the cases which illustrate the book shew that the poor children are seduced from home, and trained to misery, amid scenes of horrible profligacy. Here is a description of a house:—

"William R——. I have been one month from home, and have been living in a lodging-house, R. H. C., Shoreditch; it is kept by a man named E. I have been all day, on Sunday, in the kitchen. They play cards, dominoes, and smoke. The master of the house tells them to steal things, and he will buy them. Men, women, and boys sleep in the same room."

The next case will shew how the children are led away:—

"David E—— N——. I am thirteen years of age, and can read and write a little, having learned since I have been in prison. I am transported for seven years. I have a father, mother, brothers, and sisters. My father is a sawyer. I went to the National School, in Broad-street, for about nine months. I began to steal about eighteen months since. I was playing in the street with some boys, when a man asked me to go with him to a penny gaff. I did not go then. In a day or two afterwards he asked me again, and said he would pay for me. The man's name is H—n. He was transported once, and returned. He is about twenty-seven years of age. I went with him to a penny gaff; when we came out, it was past eleven o'clock. He wanted me to go home with him, and said he would pay for a lodging. I refused at first. He then said, that there would be a row at my home if I went there so late at night, and that I could go home in the morning, after my father had gone to work, and it would not be known but that I had been there all night. I then went with him, and he took me to a lodging-house; but I refused to stay there; I did not like it: the house was near Seven Dials. He then said, he would take me to a coffee shop. I remained there all night. In the morning, he took me into a shop in Oxford-street, and told me to take some handkerchiefs. I refused, and we came out. He then said, he would give me something if I would. We then went into another shop; he pushed me toward some handkerchiefs, and told me to take them; I was afraid, and would not. He then told me to pull them out, (they were in a bundle,) and he would take them; I did pull them out, and gave them to him. He told me afterwards that he got one shilling for them. I went about with him for some time afterwards, until my mother found it out. She has taken my clothes away from me, to prevent my going out; but he has brought me clothes, and put them into the window, and then I have gone with him. He was always coming after me."

To meet these evils, the author suggests the establishment of County Industrial Schools. He has collected much evidence from the Educational Reports of other countries, and also inserts a valuable letter from the Rev. E. Rudge, Chaplain to the North Surrey District Schools. The pamphlet should be read by all classes; for with evident enthusiasm in the cause, the author shews a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and offers a remedy for the disease, both by proposing further legislative powers, and forming Industrial Schools. We heartily wish the plans the success which they deserve.

"*Meditations for a Week on the Lord's Prayer.*" J. H. Parker, Oxford and London.

However much we might wish to recommend a publication like this, we cannot help thinking that we should succeed with very few persons. A Week's Meditations on the Lord's Prayer! For what class of readers is such a book intended? Deep and suggestive as is that best of all forms of devotion, we are of opinion that a week's meditations upon it, especially if directed according to the plan here given, might have even an unwholesome, because a wearying, effect on some minds. The chief part of these "Meditations" appeared originally in the *Penny Post*. They were stopped, it seems, when a new Editor was appointed. We are not surprised. They are, however, very well meaning.

"*A Manual of Daily Prayers for Persons who are much Hindered by the Duties of their Calling; with a Preparation for Holy Communion.*" Masters, London.

This little Manual pretends only to what is stated in the title page; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, if tried, it would be found of much service by those persons for whom it is composed, and that it would tend to make all good, who would act sincerely upon its good directions. Unfortunately, older persons think that such books are only composed for good young ones; and young ones are apt to think that Manuals of Devotion, however brief, are best suited for their seniors; and so there is a difficulty in getting them used at all.

"*The Works of Apuleius; a New Translation.* 1853." H. G. Bohn, London.

"A Free Press," it used to be said by the Whigs of old, is as the "air we breathe." But if the air we breathe be a fœtid and unwholesome vapour, they who breathe it will surely suffer. That the body politic has suffered and is suffering from the flood of cheap books and periodicals now being, without check or restraint, poured throughout the land, few will deny. The evil of which we speak is not confined to the penny trash which makes no pretence to decency, nor to those vehicles of mawkish sentiment and puerile science, which amuse and instruct so many "respectable families." Books low in price, and superior in typography, are being published in considerable quantity, which, *besides* the pecuniary advantage of the publisher, can have no other result than that of introducing to the Christian men and women of the present generation, the detestable morals and impure language of classical heathenism. Such books as the one before us surely contain nothing to redeem the filth scattered throughout their pages. To classical readers, in their original languages, such books may do little harm. But translated into English, offered in reputable book shops, and ordered into public and private libraries and book societies, almost of course, as parts of a supposed unexceptionable series, the publication of such a volume is as discreditable to the parties concerned, as it is mischievous to the public. We feel that the public are indebted to Mr. Bohn for the many popular editions of useful books which he has published; but if we stand alone, we shall not shrink from denouncing this gratuitous offence to morality and good taste.

Chilcott on Evil Thoughts." London: Skeffington.

NEAT reprint of a useful old book, originally written counteract the desponding thoughts which some misaken views of religion are calculated to produce.

Lucy Ashcroft, the Manufacturer's Daughter. By the Rev. W. B. FLOWER, B.A." London: J. Masters.

THIS narrative, founded, we believe, upon facts of real occurrence in the North of England, we have read with pleasure, and shall notice more fully in our next.

'*Two Sermons preached to the Operatives 'on Strike,' in the Parish Church of Stockport. By the Rev.* J. H. C. WRIGHT, M.A., *Curate*,"

Do not require at this time a lengthened notice. Is it too much to attribute to the excellent counsels offered to the workmen by their worthy pastor, and to their own uniformly good and peaceful conduct in seeking an increase of wages, the success which, under Providence, crowned their endeavours?

Correspondence.

THE CLERGY AND THE LABOUR QUESTION.

An esteemed correspondent thus writes:—

"If you care to know, or to shew to your readers, some of the mixed feelings of impatience and yet hope with which a portion of the working classes look towards the Church, as the possible reformer of social evils, the following letter, by a rough Lancashire engineer, addressed originally to "The True Briton," and returned by the latter with a notice, but without insertion, may be worth your publishing.

"He has seen your first two numbers, and has requested me to forward you the letter, making such alterations as I might think necessary. I have made as few as possible.

"The letter was originally an answer (asked for by the Editor of "The True Briton") to a certain letter, signed '*Amicus*,' published by that journal."

[We cannot refuse our correspondent a hearing upon topics so important to "the people." But we scarcely see in what way the clergy can interfere. Their influence is *now* exercised to lead all to be good Churchmen; and we believe it will nearly always be found, that a good Churchman is a good master.—Ed. C. P.]

"The clergy of the Church of England ought, in my opinion, to make themselves properly acquainted with the question of labour in all its bearings. They ought to have a great deal to do in solving the question which is causing the strikes and the ill-feeling between classes at the present time. They are more free than any of the dissenting clergy. Mammonites cannot say to them, If you don't preach to our interest, we will send you to the right about. As regards the working classes holding Chartist meetings on the Sunday, I think they are dying away: not that I think that the principle of representation is dead, or ever will die, in any man's breast, who loves either his country or his kind; neither do I think it ought to die,—it shows a feeling of independence the very opposite to the feeling of dependency so common amongst paupers. I think it would be a bad day for England, if the spirit of independence were allowed to be broken. What I think is wanted, is, to educate the professors of chartism. My opinion is, that no man has any right to help to govern others who has not first learned to govern himself. Let the Church be made more attractive to the workman than the chartist lecture-room, and chartist lectures will soon close on the Sunday.

"Now, Mr. Editor, I am afraid you have not sufficient opportunity of knowing whether the workmen in the manufacturing districts are free-agents or not. Certainly they are "free" to strike work if they think proper, and can get support; so is the employer free to shut up his works, and starve them into subjection, or he is free to combine with other employers to close simultaneously; or if the workman offends one employer, such employer is free to write to other employers, and they unitedly are free to refuse to give him employment, and then the workman is free to starve. If you knew how far this system extended in the manufacturing districts, you would not think the workman a free-agent. With regard to the term 'hands' being applied to the workers, I do not care one fig; only, in too many cases, they are treated as though they were nothing but hands without heads to think, or hearts to feel. But the head and the heart feel the oppression of long hours more than the hands do; besides, a good workman must do a piece of work in his head before his hands have done it. The head guides the hands,—it is not the hands that guide the head. This is why I object to a man being used as a machine, or as raw material. We can make plenty of engines and machines to make our produce cheap, if those who are the professed friends of the working classes will only help us to keep the machines from injuring us after we have made them. To quicken production ought, I think, to make things cheap: this would be a legitimate cheapness. For the workers to produce a great deal more than they could consume, would enable them to sell the surplus to non-producers cheap, without injuring themselves;—that would be a legitimate cheapness too. And it follows, that the more producers there are in full employment, each one producing more than he can himself consume, the better. This would be a cheapness to benefit all, and injure none. Of course men of the Manchester School will say, this is putting the cart before the horse: but I believe it is just putting the cart in its own place, behind the horse; and I do not doubt but your correspondent 'Amicus' might find Scripture warrant the truth of this question.

"But then the Manchester man will object that Scripture or truth has anything to do with trade; competition —the infallible laws of supply and demand—always have and always will settle these things: buy cheap and sell dear, are the only true laws of trade. But the laws of trade, I think, ought to be the laws of honesty, that is, to buy or sell a thing for what it is *worth*. And if competition hinders from doing this, then we ought to open our eyes a little wider than our fathers did, and see if we cannot hit upon some plan of lessening competition,—and one way is, to shorten the working hours.

"I would rather see the clergy bring this about, by bringing men of influence to support it, than I would see the workers do it of themselves, even if it were possible for them to do so; for this reason:—that if the workers got it of their own accord, they would have no one to thank, and it might make them too self-sufficient, and they might or might not use the time gained so well as it ought to be used; while on the other hand, if it were brought about by the clergy, the working class would say—"Well, they have done this for us, which we could not do for ourselves; they have done us good; let us go to their churches, and hear what they have got to say; perhaps we have not understood them well enough before." * * * And perhaps the parsons and the rich people of England might learn something from the workers which they did not know before, and which they never will know while rich and poor keep at arm's length, telling each other of each other's faults, and blinding themselves to their own. And perhaps, Mr. Editor, we might find out, that extreme competition could be dealt

with to the benefit of all, more effectually than by strong men, willing to work, emigrating to foreign lands. To shorten the hours of work, is one way to do this, if practicable, and I think it is; if not under present circumstances, it is, perhaps, not impossible so to alter circumstances as to admit of its being done to the benefit of all.—Yours, very respectfully,

"M. J."

Poetry.

MY HEART IS SAD.

My heart is sad, I cannot sing
The old familiar songs to thee;
For hopes which like the early spring
Were full of joy and life to me,
Have passed away, to bring no more
The pleasures that we knew before.

My heart is sad, I cannot sing
Of Friends—of Parents once too dear;
I am not now that childish thing
Who knew not either sigh or tear.
There is but left of days of yore
Sad memories,—ah, nothing more!

My heart is sad, I cannot sing
Until I shall have passed away,
And in one bright eternal spring
I chaunt a higher, purer lay;
Then will this sadness be no more,—
There will I sing for evermore!

A PRAYER.

Daily bread, I seek no more,
Father, from Thy gracious store:
Daily light, to know Thy will,—
Daily strength, to keep from ill,—
Daily growth in gentleness,—
Daily succour in distress:
Saviour, ever kind, with me
Daily may Thy presence be!

Miscellanea.

CHANTING, NOT DIFFICULT.—It is a vulgar error that the chanting of the psalms, and the appropriate singing of the other musical parts of the service, is a difficult feat of art. On the contrary, the best chants are the simplest kind of music known, consisting of a very few notes perpetually reiterated. A congregation can far more easily learn to join in this kind of psalmody than in ordinary hymn-tunes, which are much more complex. We know village churches where the whole congregation join in the strains of Farrant and Tallis, and the Gregorian tones. And it is found, that when people are thus trained to take an intelligent part in the musical portion of the liturgy, they will not leave their responses in the prayers to the listless articulations of the clerk.—*Edinburgh Review*, October 1853.

A SENSIBLE PRIEST.—He preached but one sermon a-year, and that was always the same, and divided into two parts: the first in Spanish, for our benefit; the second in Tagal, for the Indians. Ah, how many I met with since then who should have imitated the good priest of Jala-Jala!—"Leave me alone," he replied, "and fear nothing; it needs not so many words to make a good christian." Perhaps he was right. Since I left Jala-Jala, the worthy priest has died, taking with him to the grave the regret of all his parishioners,—*Gironière's Twenty Years in the Philippines.*

REMARKABLE ADMISSION.—"Some," observed the Rev. Carr Glyn at a meeting at Plymouth, to promote an alteration of the Liturgy, "allow the errors which exist, but their consciences are lamentably quieted by absolute silence on the subject. Others argue, and endeavour to satisfy their misgiving minds, that the objectionable passages are to be got over, by assuming that the Baptismal services are for the believing members of the Church. They take the words in a hypothetical sense; they assert that the Reformers could never have intended to express such error; but alas! the plain English of words, the natural meaning of phrases, the unmistakeable import of the sentences, are against such unfortunate reasoning. What can be plainer than these words? How can the plain English of them be got over? How, on any other subject, would such words be received?—'We yield Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to regenerate this infant'? Yes, I do candidly admit that the High Church and Tractarian party have honesty on their side and well might Mr. Ward, at the theatre at Oxford, when he made his celebrated defence, ring the note of inconsistency as to the Evangelical body of the Church, for using the words of the Baptismal service, when their opinion was that no child was necessarily regenerated in Baptism."

THE WELLESLEY FAMILY.—While Charles Wesley (brother of John) was at Westminster under his brother, a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland, and of the same family name, wrote to the father, and inquired of him if he had a son named Charles; for if so, he would make him his heir. Charles afterwards refused to go into Ireland. "The person who in consequence inherited the property intended for him, and who took the name of *Wesley* or *Wellesley*, in consequence, was the first Earl of Mornington, grandfather of the Marquis Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington."—*Southey's Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 46.

INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.—How ineffectual are all our efforts to preserve the morals of a people, if the laws which regulate the political order doom the one half of mankind to indigence, to fraud, to servility, to ignorance, [to irreligion,] and the other half to be the slaves of all the follies and vices which result from the insolence of rank, and the selfishness of opulence! * * * It is surely neither enthusiasm or absurdity to affirm, that governments are more or less perfect in proportion to the greater or smaller number of individuals to whom they afford the means of cultivating their intellectual and moral powers, and whom they admit to live together on a liberal footing of equality; or even to expect, that in proportion to the progress of reason, governments will actually approach nearer and nearer to this description. —*Dugald Stewart.*

DUTY OF EMPLOYERS.—A master who ceases to think that his workmen are a part of his machinery, and is impressed with the conviction that they are beings for whose destiny, morally and socially, he must give account, when the secrets of all hearts are laid open, will have solved the mystery of trades' unions.—*Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth.*

Notices.

"A Country Rector," "A Subscriber," "F. W., (Rushforth,)" "W. R.," and "J. T. J.," are thanked for their communications.

"R. S."—We believe that the *Parish Choir* may be obtained from Mr. Harrison, who succeeded Mr. Ollivier, its London publisher.

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From a number of highly favourable notices which the *Church of the People* has received from the periodical press, the following are selected. After speaking of some other monthly Church publications, which it would be invidious to name, the able Editor of the *Ecclesiastic* (December 1853) says:—"The *Church of the People*" is the last, and by far the most vigorous and high-toned, of the three, and proposes to occupy ground which has certainly, up to this time, not been cared for by the Church. It partakes more of the nature of the newspaper than of a magazine; and by its excessive cheapness and ability, ought to find a very large circulation among tradesmen and mechanics, parish schoolmasters, and the like. It is, we understand, the *bonâ fide* work of Lay-churchmen in the manufacturing districts. The first number has a manly tone about it which we especially like. * * * We would urge upon the friends of the Church to make a strong effort in its behalf; not only by individual subscriptions, but by inducing newsmen to act as agents in the several towns, and by circulating prospectuses of it among the middle classes."

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The Church of the People

Under the Superintendence of a Committee.

No. V.] MARCH, 1854. [Price 1½d.

THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN" ON CONVOCATION.

The painter, in the old story, proved himself so far a wise man when he stooped to the hint of a shoemaker touching the misrepresentation of a *sandal* on his canvas; but he gave evidence of wisdom quite as clear when, on the conceited Crispin's proceeding to find fault with higher portions of the picture, he rebuked his presumption in the terms of a now proverbial expression "*Ne sutor ultrà crepidam*," Let not the cobler go beyond his last.

Now though we quote these words as an index of our present thoughts, we are by no means disposed to enforce them with Chinese exactness. There is many a good shoemaker whose opinion may be worth hearing on other things besides his trade; though on none will it be received with equal deference. In like manner there is no *necessary* cause why one and the same individual may not be a good Editor of a commercial and political newspaper, and able also (if a member of the Church) to pronounce a sound opinion on matters relating to the Church's office and constitution; but unquestionably we should rely with better reason on his criticisms of State policy, than on his censures of the acts of a Church Conference. Or, to take another illustration, there is no abstract impropriety in allowing bishops, as citizens, to speak on affairs of State; and their education and Christian candour may have eminently fitted them to do so; yet we prefer to accept their guidance, and to rely on their judgment, on things pertaining more immediately to the kingdom of God; though here, also, we know that they may err, even as shoemakers do not always fit the foot, nor Editors prove infallible in their own province.

These wholesome truths seem to have been lost sight of by our contemporary the *Manchester Guardian*, which, venturing too far beyond its last, in a leading article of the 4th ult., against the proceedings of Convocation three days earlier, and, failing argument, properly so called, vented its spleen on points beyond its capacity, and concluded a tissue of misrepresentation and calumny with the following climax of bombast and sophistry:—

"To say that Convocation, in its origin, was never intended for a Church-governing body, is one argument against its assumption of that character; to say that, whenever it wandered into that function, it worked injuriously, is a still better one; but the strongest of all is derived from the internal anarchy and dissension which render the Church less fit to be endowed with independent authority at the present day than at any antecedent period of its history."

Let us take this trio of editorial assertions and test their value *seriatim*:—

I.—"To say that Convocation, in its origin, was never intended for a Church-governing body, is one argument against its assumption of that character."

But arguments, like newspapers and other things, are good *or* bad; and which of the two *this* is, may be speedily ascertained from a comparison; for if it be a *good* one, it follows logically that Parliament must give up all the rights of a constitutional legislature, and restrict itself to taxation,—that being, as history bears witness, the one purpose of its original institution. Unless, therefore, the *Manchester Guardian* is prepared to argue that Parliament should abrogate its functions, it must even "eat its leek," and own this "one argument" a bad one.

II.—"To say that whenever it wandered into that function it worked injuriously, is a still better one."

It is pleasing to notice the desire of this commercial luminary to proceed from bad to better; but here our pleasure ceases, for unhappily the effort fails. The only possible construction upon which this wholesale argument can be "better" than bad, is this, that Convocation "worked injuriously" when *e.g.* it gave judgment to Henry VIII. against the Roman bishop's claim to supremacy, and afterwards helped on and consummated the English Church's Reformation.

If 'we' of the *Manchester Guardian* is papistically inclined, he may repose upon the bed he has made for himself; if not, he may revoke his error,

and may yet live to copy the example of that Commons' House of Parliament which, being urged by the Dissenters to take the control and ordering of Church affairs into its own hands, itself petitioned the Crown to summon Convocation for that office. (1 Wm. & Mary.)

III.—"But the strongest of all is derived from the internal anarchy and dissension which render the Church less fit to be endowed with independent authority at the present day than at any antecedent period of its history."

The strongest of three unspeakably weak individuals would not go far towards the strength of Sampson; and the "strongest" argument which the *Manchesetr Guardian* can forge against the revival and reformation of the Church's Convocation, still falls to the ground from its excessive weakness. The very word "anarchy"—which Johnson interprets "want of government," and which the *Manchester Guardian* casts in our teeth as a reason for not suffering Convocation to exercise its *legal* office—implies the extreme need of what he deprecates, and what the late session of Convocation aimed at. We thank him for the confession. The Church, weighed down by well-meant Acts of Parliament, surfeited with Commissions, and subject to the Queen's supremacy, is still *anarchical*, her adversaries being witnesses! Who, then, with common feelings of humanity, will refuse to praise her endeavours to recover such features of self-government as by the laws of God and man, of church and state, belong to her?

But, says the *Manchester Guardian*, her "internal dissensions" unfit her for it. We had thought, on the contrary, that the likeliest of all ways to bring honest men to concord, was to bring them face to face, in a solemn assembly, with ample time for mutual explanation, and under the solemn sanctions of prayer and the Church's delegation.

It was precisely when "no small *dissension* and disputation" arose, even in the Apostolic era, that the Council of Jerusalem assembled to argue out their differences of opinion; and by the instrumentality of that Council, God brought order out of confusion. And never did internal *dissensions* run higher in this portion of the Church Catholic than when Convocation itself discharged the glorious office before mentioned, and gave the testimony of Scripture and antiquity against the pretences of modern Rome. We need add no proof from the analogy of Parliaments in troublous times; but we may be permitted to express a hope, that after three such specimens of reasoning (!) as those which we have now exposed, we shall hear no more disrespectful language from the *Manchester Guardian* against that aged female of the "Tory press," whose entire innocence of masculine power has gained for her the facetious appellation of *Mrs. Harris*. In solemn league and covenant with each other, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Morning Herald* may reproduce *ad nauseam* the threadbare calumny, that the clergy cannot meet, even if time for full discussion be allowed them, without more passion than other men. And as often, if they think fit, the Church's sons may ask, When, for a century and a quarter, has the opportunity been allowed them to prove this? or, from which of the recent sessions of Convocation can you infer it? Let those who have read the full reports of the *Morning Chronicle* decide between us.

In company with the same great oracle of Protection and echo of Exeter Hall, the *Manchester Guardian* may be expected henceforth to give the 16,000 clergy of the English Church periodical counsel after this sort:—"You are not men practised in dispassionate debate, *therefore* never enter a deliberative assembly. Your synodical precedents are obsolete; *therefore* frame no substitutes. You are miserably divided in opinion; *therefore* never come together to explain. Your ministrations are very inadequate, and you have no machinery for concentrating the energies of your communion; *therefore* take things as they are, and aim at a representative council. Parliament is already creedless, and you hold a creed essential; *therefore* let Parliament manage your affairs, and we will assist it by our leading articles."

No *argument* can be too absurd, no fallacy too patent, to be dragged into the service of a public writer whose prime reason and strongest reserve against a revival of the Church's synods is, that *until her clergy are agreed, they ought not to debate*. One parallel, and only one, our memory furnishes to such instruction:—"Never, my dear boy," said an anxious parent, "never bathe—until you can swim."

A LESSON FROM DREAMLAND.

Far down in the depths of a rural and beautiful neighbourhood, there stands a fine old Elizabethan mansion, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. The Tudor parapet and gabled roof take you back to the olden times, when the ancestors of the present owner valued themselves (as their descendants to this day do) on the length of their pedigree and the breadth of their lands. In front of the house is a terrace walk from which stone steps conduct you to a sloping lawn, dotted with small flower-beds, and enclosed by a delicate iron wire to prevent the deer from intruding among the roses. Groups of trees adorn the park, and supply a rich foreground to the beautiful picture. Far away, the land rises again, and is bounded by hills behind whose summit the sun every night bids a lingering farewell to the varied scene.

It was a beautiful morning in early spring. The dews lay thick upon the grass. The fruit-trees were covered with their delicate pink and white blossoms. Snowdrops and crocuses reminded you of winter, but with a gentle triumph in their upright carriage, as if treading on a con-

quered enemy. Hypaticas, hyacinths, and countless other flowers adorned the earth. The weather was so mild that the mezarine forgot its leaves and burst into bloom at the first touches of sunshine. Last night, the heaven had spread her bluest cloak, spangled with golden stars; and the earth, who loves to imitate her elder sister, had donned her green mantle, richly sprinkled with yellow primroses. Sweet violets, purple and white, and anemonies, and auriculas of every colour, delighted the eye, and prepared you for all the varied glories of the coming summer. Every living thing seemed to rejoice in existence. The birds were calling to their mates, and busily preparing their nests. The dormice were waking from their long sleep, and the insects venturing out again after their long silence. Everywhere there was joy and rejoicing; but chiefly in a group of human hearts, who had recently received a precious addition to their number.

Within one of those long, low chambers, and surrounded by all that spoke of wealth and of love, an infant lay asleep. He little knew the eagerness with which his birth had been hailed by rich and poor. Heir to that splendid inheritance, his baby heart was all unconscious of his own great importance. He opened his blue eyes, and met his mother's earnest gaze, and turned to hide his face more closely on her heart: and yet he little knew how full that heart was of his own image. Three years before, the mother had entered that lovely home as a bride, but never had its loveliness seemed to her so deep as now, when she bent over her first-born. Life had ever been to her so bright and glad a thing, that no cloud of sorrowful foreboding darkened the clear horizon of her future; on the contrary, it seemed to her as if every year had hitherto brought with it some fresh joy, or developed some happy capability till then unknown. And now this last best gift was hers. For the future, some of that abiding love and tenderness, with which her husband hourly surrounded her, she in her turn would show to a feebler being, whom she would watch, protect, and cherish, as she was guarded by its father. Nature seemed to share in her rejoicing. Everything was full of hope and bright earnest for the future; and so the inner and the outer life reflected each other.

Summer came, and every promise made by its ambassador the spring was faithfully kept. The sultry heats filled the fields with welcome harvests, and the gardens with gorgeous flowers and rich fruits. The brooks gurgled their happy murmurs, and the thousand leaves of the forest whispered love to each other in a thousand harmonious choruses. The air was full of happy insects and birds, and the other creatures joined in the general thanksgiving. Sometimes the clouds clapped their hands in thundering applause at the sun's triumphant march, and bright summer lightning darted across the skies, a heavenly telegraph of power and beauty.

Autumn followed, and at each touch of her golden fingers the green leaves yielded to her influence; and, assuming her red and yellow liveries, soon faded like beauties displayed by gas light, and fell seared and withered upon their mother's breast.

Then came Winter. Cold, nipping winds cleared the forests and the lawns of all relics of departed beauty which still lingered amongst them. The brooks and the river were spell-bound, and watched in icy silence the progress of the white Ladie. She clothed the trees, and the ground itself, with a thick sparkling raiment, as pure as the dewdrops with which spring had decked the flowers and the lawns. Daylight rejoiced in this white raiment. for it enabled her to linger on the earth, instead of being hurried away as in autumn and early winter. And the quiet moon and stars looked down on the snow, and made it still more beautiful by their sympathetic smiles.

And so the year floated by. Each season spread its glories before the child, ere it faded before its successor's path. Another spring and another summer came; and the old house, and the lawns, and the woods, and the waters, answered their call, and obeyed their commands. And the child grew older and wiser; and the mother yearned to know what deep thoughts filled its dreamy eyes, and peopled its long sleeps: "Soon," she said, "my child will put its life into language, and so share it still more closely with mine."

Summer beauty gave place to autumn stillness, and the young heart yielded to the cold clasp of death. Earthly harvests were gathered in welcome abundance; but the Heavenly Reaper plucked the mother's only flower for His Master's garner. The baby-heir inherited its heavenly kingdom. Great had been the rejoicings at the birth of that son—great was the sorrow at his early death. Hundreds wept at the threatened extinction of a noble line of ancestry: only the mother shed no tears. As long as life lasted, she was active, thoughtful, patient. Once when the doctor looked silently on the sleeping child, and made no answer to her earnest questioning, one sharp, short cry broke from her lips, which from that moment were silent; but no entreaty could induce her to allow the child to be taken from her arms till death had set its seal upon its young, pure brow. Then the little hands, that had so often clasped her fingers, stiffened into cold marble; the blue eyes were forcibly closed; and on its face and mouth came that fixed, stern look death only can express.

The days passed slowly by: to that childless mother, the heavy hours seemed to march with the lingering tread of coffin-bearers. She turned with a sickened eye from the beauties of her home. She almost rejoiced in the havoc which the heavy September rains made in the gardens and the woods. Nature seemed to her to be one vast charnel-house, and it was fit that decay and desolation should reign around. October came, and brought with

her that clear, bright weather she so often boasts. Several days of dry sunshine made a vast change in the lands. Beneath the trees, rich, purple mists gathered, and slowly floated up to their "native skies," lending a new beauty to the trees and the woods in their progress to the heavens. The sky was clear and bright, and in its blue depths the wind rapidly chased soft fleecy clouds, who looked as if they had been torn from the tops of some distant mountains. But when the sun sank behind the hills in blood-red glory, far, far away were long lines of pure clouds, ranged like the feathers in an angel's wing, countless, lovely, and ethereal.

All through that short day, the mother had wandered about like a restless spirit, pursued by the ghost of her former joy. Every spot spoke to her of her darling, reminded of her grief. Yet her heart had unconsciously sustained a great change through the medium of her senses. She seated herself beneath an ancient tree, which, as it commanded an extensive view, at the same time that its boughs afforded a thick shade, had long been a favourite retreat. Quaint old folding seats stood beneath it, and the lady opened one, on which to rest. The damp had swelled the wood, and it required some little effort to raise the back. It yielded at length to her feverish push; but on opening it, a small object met her eye, which sent the blood back again in one strong torrent to her heart. There lay a tiny glove, that had once protected a baby-hand. This little circumstance won from the broken-hearted mother that tribute more impressive ones had failed to produce. The fountain of her grief seemed broken up, and a long, passionate burst of tears gushed forth. They relieved her brain, and enabled it to put the long pent up murmur of her heart into language:—"If I had but known that he loved me!—If I had but heard him once speak, once really feel!—How often has he gazed on these woods,—but did he ever really see them? Animals fulfil their destiny,—why should my darling die mute and ignorant? If I could but know that his life had realised something! He loved my voice; oh! did he understand something of the love its words told!"

At length, worn out by her grief, like holy men of old, the mother fell asleep "for sorrow." But in her sleep, her spirit still hovered round the scene of her perplexity and grief, and, loosened from its bodily hindrances, held converse with other spirits. In that land of dreams, she learnt the solution of her problem, and, waking an hour after, felt soothed and enlightened. Returning to her home, she thus related her dream to her husband, who, having shared her sorrow, rejoiced in her strange comfort.

(To be continued.)

NORTHERN WORTHIES.—No. III.

Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's.

THERE are few who do not know the Chetham Library of Manchester, at all events by name, and still fewer of those, who have the opportunity of availing themselves of the varied stores of learning which it contains, who do not bless the memory of the excellent man by whose bounty they were provided. Long shall the memory of Humphrey Chetham continue green, not only among his fellow-townsmen, but in the recollection of all the truly great and good of his country. To pore over the records of history in the quaint old reading-room attached to the library which bears his name, is a luxury which only a 'book-man' can thoroughly appreciate. You raise your eyes for a moment from the book you are perusing, and from anything on which they rest you may gather the idea that your existence has been transferred some centuries back, and that, if so disposed, you need only turn out to witness some of the events and scenes over whose description you have been poring. Lord Strange might be again advancing upon the town to introduce all the horrors of a siege; Captain Radcliffe might be coming from his house in Poolfold to take the command of the opposing force; or it is just possible you might encounter the retinue of good Humphrey Chetham himself, as he started on his shrieval tour, accompanied by "the good gentlemen of birth and estate that did wear his cloth at the assize, to testify their unfeigned affection for him." More than once, as we have sat in this ancient retreat on a winter's afternoon, the day declining, one by one the little group of readers has silently diminished until we have been left the last occupant of the place to our own solitary reflections. Gradually our attention has relaxed, our book closed, and as ever and anon a fitful flash from the ponderous grate has given sudden animation to the grim portraits which decorate the wall, reality seemed to be given to our dream, and we have sat in silent converse with those grave-looking old men. Long could we have resigned ourselves to this pleasant reverie, but it has at last been suddenly brought to a close by an announcement from the attendant blue-coat boy that the hour of closing had arrived, and we have become aware that our protracted cogitations were interfering with the evening recreation of top and marbles of our young monitor.

Among the portraits we have mentioned is one (we believe *original*) of ALEXANDER NOWELL, one of the best known of Lancashire worthies, and the celebrated Dean of St. Paul's. If only as the compiler of the Catechism designed for the common use of the members of the Established Church, a task with which he was entrusted by the Parliament and Convocation, his name must be memorable to all posterity. He came of an ancient family, long settled at Read, in Lancashire, and was born in or about the year 1510. Brazenose College, Oxford,

was the scene of his early academical studies. He remained there as a student for thirteen years, and then, at the early age of twenty-six, was appointed Master of Westminster school, an abundant proof of his learning and ability. During the reign of Mary, he was nearly becoming a victim to the merciless persecution of Bonner, and only escaped martyrdom by withdrawing secretly from the country. Returning at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, he had a "set-off" for his troubles in his appointment to the deanery of St. Paul's; and soon after that he compiled the Catechism. And truly we may here say with Fuller, and even with more force, for it has been further and rapidly declining since his day, that "had catechising continued, it had made the laity more wise in religion than would well have stood with the interest of the Church of Rome." "And why do men so often change their opinions? Even because they were never well catechised." Elizabeth further shewed her attachment to Nowell by appointing him regularly to preach the first and last Lent sermons before her, and also nominating him her confessor.

He died in 1601, at the great age of ninety years, and manifested his attachment and respect for his Alma Mater by bequeathing the annual sum of two hundred pounds for the support of thirteen scholars at Brazenose. With reference to Bonner's persecution of Nowell, Fuller records a curious and amusing circumstance, which proves that the original inventor of *bottled ale* was no less a person than the Dean of St. Paul's. "It happened," says he, "in the first of Queen Mary, he was fishing upon the Thames, an exercise wherein he much delighted, insomuch that his picture, kept in Brazenose College is drawn with his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round on one hand, and his angles of several sorts on the other. But whilst Nowell was catching of fishes, Bonner was catching of Nowell; and understanding who he was, designed him to the shambles, whither he had certainly been sent had not Mr. Francis Bowyer, then merchant, afterwards Sheriff of London, safely conveyed him beyond the seas. Without offence, it may be remembered, that leaving a bottle of ale, when fishing, on the grass, he found it some days after, no bottle, but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof; and this is believed (casualty is mother of more inventions than industry) the original of bottled ale in England."

The Life of Nowell was published by the Rev. Ralph Churton, M.A., F.A.S., Archdeacon of St. David's, (Lond. 1 vol. 8vo;) and we here bring to a close our own brief sketch of his career, with a list of his works* as supplied by the *Bibliotheca Britannica*:—

"The Reproofe of M. Dorman, his proufe of certaine Articles in Religion, &c. continued by Alex. Nowell; with a Defence of the Chiefe Authoritie and Gouernment of Christian Princes, as well in causes Ecclesiasticall as Civill within their own Dominions, by M. Dorman maliciouslie oppugned." Lond. 1566, 4to; 1572, 8vo; 1576, 4to; 1577, 8vo.—"A Computation as well of M. Dorman's last Poke, entituled A Disprove, &c., as also of D. Sander, his Causes of Transubstantiation; whereby our Countrey men (specially the simple and unlearned) may understand how shamefully they are abused by those and like Bokes pretended to be written for their instruction." Lond. 1567, 4to.—"Christianæ pietatis prima Institutio ad usum Scholarum Latine Scripta." Lon. 1570, 1576, 4to; 1577, 8vo: Translated by J. Norton, 1570, 4to; 1572, 1577, 8vo.—"Catechism in Latin and English." Lond. 1571, 1573, 4to.—Græce et Latine Scripta, 1578, 8vo.—"Catechismus Parvus Pueris primum Latine qui edificatur proponendus in Scholis." Lond. 1578, 1587, 8vo.—Catechisme (the least) in Welch. Lond. 1578, 8vo.—"Report of the Disputation had in the Tower of London with Edmund Campion, Jesuite, 13th Aug. 1581; whereunto is also added a true Report of the other three days' Conferences had there with the same Jesuite." Lond. 1583, 8vo.—"Defence of Bishop Jewel about Articles of Religion." Lond. 1668, 4to.

* We intend to make this addition to all future papers, as it will invest them with a *practical* value that they would not otherwise possess.

A HINT ON OUR JUDGMENT OF OTHERS.

WHAT a study does the human face present to us! How various are the emotions which characterise it, as each inward thought or feeling struggles to the surface, or strives to disguise itself in an outward expression not its own!

It is very interesting to observe the ordinary look which people's faces wear when they are not under the influence of any particular emotion. It is in this relapse of the countenance into its negative state that we must read a man's inmost soul. The passing impulse, which lights up the features like a ripple on the waters, baffles our attempt to fathom the depth beneath. We must wait till the breeze has subsided, the light laugh left the lips, the brow been unknit, before we can espy the soul, which, lurking beneath the deep waters, sends up the bubbles to float and burst upon the surface.

It is true that this habitual look will bear the marks of those passions to which the heart is most prone. The proud man will be known by a certain scornfulness of cast, the sensual man by a lowering and unintellectual expression; but there will be such a modification of these traits that it will be more fair to judge of the character of the man from his bearing at such times than when the strain is upon the chords to which its music is chiefly set. For how often do men's looks belie them! The face which in its habitual expression is gentle and loving, when under the excitement of some sudden impulse wears the look which is the index of a naturally quick and irritable temper. But the discipline of years perhaps has controlled its impetuosity, and the past lives only in that sudden gleam over the countenance, or in an occasional expression—the sign of the protracted struggle within. How wrong would be our judgment if we wrote down such a man passionate on the strength of a transient emotion!

This is akin to that test to which home subjects

a man. He is then in his undress, so to speak; he has no character to sustain but his own, which he may then display in its genuine colours. If he be angry, he may storm unchecked here; if he be vain, he may extol himself and trumpet his praises to the echo of his own chamber; if he be mean, there is no necessity for him to put his hand into his purse here; he cannot choose but come out true to his inward principles and feelings, Sketch his portrait when he has laid down his stick and hat, and thrown himself into his easy chair, and you have the man, whom his friends will recognize at a glance, however much the world may be at fault in the study of his figure and features, when stripped of the garb of affectation or disguise.

POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO CHURCH PRINCIPLES EXAMINED.

"Let the vulgar sort among you know, that there is not the least branch of the cause wherein they are so resolute, but to the trial of it a great deal more appertaineth than their conceit doth reach unto, *I write not this in disgrace of the simplest that way given*; but I would gladly they knew the nature of that cause wherein they think themselves thoroughly instructed, and are not; by means whereof they daily run themselves, without feeling their own hazard, upon the dint of the Apostle's sentence against 'evil speakers, as touching things wherein they are ignorant.'"—HOOKER, *Eccles. Pol.*, Pref. c. iii. 3.

THE first essential preliminary in laying the foundation of a building, is to clear the ground of all rubbish and obstructions. In like manner, those who wish to revive in the national mind attachment to Church principles, as the only safeguard for true religion, must take account of preëxistent prejudices, and of objections derived from them. Any one who proclaims church authority to the mass of English society, must know well that he comes with an unpopular motto; that his message, instead of meeting general response, will meet with general disapprobation, by no means politely expressed. The reason of this we believe to be, a century of indifference to this class of topics; during which, while knowledge in politics, commerce, physical science, has been steadily pursued, knowledge of church subjects has been left pretty much to take care of itself, to be gathered at haphazard from teachers whose cold tone was borrowed from the prevailing spirit of the time, from divines whose judgments were already swayed by dread of imputation on their loyalty, or from historians, like Hume and Robertson, who were hostile, or barely respectful, to Christianity itself. But, be this as it may, we have now to confront the fact, that our neighbours choose to consider any clergyman who professes reverence for the church to be fraternising with Rome, helping on her cause, and therefore to be thwarted and cried down in every possible way. This is the rubbish of prejudice, which must be cleared away before church principles can hope to gain a dispassionate hearing; and we suppose that reason and common sense, the peculiar boast of Englishmen, will be granted as the fittest tools for the purpose. We therefore proceed to use them; only reminding those readers who profess to be Churchmen, that we condescend to very low ground in undertaking to defend points which they, by virtue of their membership, are bound to acknowledge as well as we. But such is the necessity of the time.

I.—The first cry which meets us when we declare our views, is one which, if true, would at once settle the question at issue. It is, that they are unscriptural. Now, to deal with this important objection in detail, would require far more space than can be given here: but it may suffice for the present to say, that it has no claims on our attention, as coming from those who commonly use it, till they can answer such questions as the following:—

On what principle is Scripture to be interpreted?

Whence is that principle derived; and, by what authority enforced on us, to the exclusion of all others?

Why one human system is to cramp the Bible, when its structure is evidently unsystematic?

Why one dogma, true only in a sense consonant with St. James's positive denial, (ii. 24.) is to be called the test of a standing or falling church?

Why the private interpretation of some dozen chapters in the epistles is to override, qualify, and explain away all the rest of Holy Writ, including our Lord's plainest words?

Why the boasters of 'private judgment' are always blind to the passages in Scripture where mention is made of church authority, and tolerate every one but the upholders of it?*

Without enlarging further on this part of our defence, we solemnly protest against the quiet assumption of our "unscripturalness" as a grievous slander; being both sure, and prepared to show, that a "visible church, with power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith,"† was founded in the New Testament, even as she stands through all history, "set on an hill," and is justified by the experience of her children as the Ark of God.

II.—The next objection to be considered is commonly expressed by the cry of 'Popery in disguise,' or some similar note of alarm. When put into more specific form, it amounts to this, that certain men who once observed the rules of the Church, have since become Romanists; and therefore, that those who still do so, should follow their example. Now let us show the fallacy of this hasty conclusion. You will admit, we would say to objectors of this description, the general principle, that abuse of a thing is no argument against the thing abused, till it be proved that it involves its corruptions naturally and necessarily. Do, then, the principles of the English church, honestly carried out, necessarily lead to Rome? Inasmuch as the assertion of this without proof is a breach of christian charity, you who plead, as the ground of your opposition to the Prayer-book, attachment to the Gospel, ought surely either to make good your assertion, or to abandon it. Before speaking of the Church movement, we maintain that you cannot hold it responsible for its extreme developments without protesting equally against much which you are accustomed to hold in high honour. For instance, the Lutheran reformation in Germany, and the Calvinian in Switzerland, have ended, as every one knows, in simple rejection both of creeds and inspired Scriptures. *Not a few names only have dropped off from the ecclesiastical bodies*, leaving the trunk orthodox still: no, "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint;" and what you would call "evangelical christianity," is scorned and denied in the cradle of the reformation at least as bitterly as "Tractarianism" by many in England. Nor are we without some indications at home of the same downward course. Many who glory in the secession from the Church of so many clergymen after the restoration, and who quote them as examples for imitation rather than avoidance, seem willingly ignorant of the fact that the orthodox faith found no permanent place in the meeting-houses which they set up; but that "the pure

* It is curious to watch the use, in the *Record*, and in the mouths of its approvers, of the oft-recurring phrase "scripturally-enlightened men,"—meaning themselves. This, in plain English, signifies "men who understand the Bible as we do, and"—(mark the immense assumption)—"are divinely gifted to do so." If they think so, they must at any rate consider their doctrinal opponents objects of pity, not of blame, inasmuch as they cannot help their blindness; only let us never hear from such illuminati invectives against papal infallibility again.

† Article XX.

gospel" of that century had become Socinianism, with hardly an exception, in the next. Indeed, the right of developing in the latitudinarian direction, seems now generally asserted in the dissenting bodies; nor are there wanting clergymen who would willingly lend their help to further that end, and who, in spite of their solemn vows, clamour for reform. Except in Scotland, where a state-established Presbyterianism, added to the national tenacity of home-bred traditions, account for the exception, as yet, to discard the apostolic episcopate has ever been the first step to the discarding of positive christianity. None can tell what the expansion of the boasted "evangelical" movement* of late years might have proved by this time, had it been suffered to progress with the congenial temptations of the political events of 1832, alluring it to its legitimate conclusions. They who remember that period when Calvinism had well nigh monopolised the name of religion—the wild offshoots in the direction of dissent and Irvingism—the daring liberties taken with the offices and rubrics of the Church, and the avowed copying of Nonconformity in public worship and private habits, may well hesitate before they brand as unmixedly evil the movement which checked such tendencies, and interposed the voice of ancient authority to the licence of self-will.

Having thus reminded our objectors of what their cry *of* Popery involves, we ask them candidly to look at the movement itself which is the object of their uncompromising hostility. That movement, as a fact, has for twenty years stirred our country to its depths, ramified far and wide, arrested the attention and taken hold of the sympathies of all classes. Eschewing the ordinary modes of agitation, and pandering to no party prejudices, its advocates have used the press as the lawful channel of uttering their sentiments; and through it, have addressed calm appeals to reason, founded, as they know, on Scripture, antiquity, and experience. Let their tone, temper, and knowledge of subjects treated of, be compared with the frothy clamour which has often assailed them, and any dispassionate mind will at least concede their claim to be heard. *They have been heard*; and the result is, that men of intelligence, honour, and virtue, to whom imputation of base motives only recoils on its makers, have everywhere responded to the call. Nobles and statesmen—the guides and exponents of public opinion—ornaments of the senate and bar—men best qualified by religious life, research, and knowledge of mankind, rightly to estimate a principle challenging general assent—political economists and utilitarians, who miss the help which the church once afforded to practical questions concerning labour and the poor,—more or less countenance a church revival.

Nay, undisciplined thinkers, hostile to received opinions, or to religion itself, unconsciously are groping after the shadow of which these writers offer the substance, and, falling short of the reality, worship a counterfeit of their own creation.† Of course, in a world like this, good ever partakes of alloy; and the best that can be said of God's rich gifts, moral or material, is, that they do successfully make head against the evil elements which encompass them: at the same time, this does not exempt them from the reaction of extremes, nor forbid those who use them not with judgment from conceiving that they find a warrant for their own deductions in certain things which they contain. Still, no honest mind confounds the excess with moderation any more than it holds the divine beauty of the Gospel darkened by the wrathful passions of men who have endeavoured to mask their crimes under its name. Accordingly, we maintain that secessions to Rome are an extreme for which the Church movement is nowise blameable; nay, that forgotten doctrines like these, taught on a large scale, and fastening on minds of such very different orders, might be supposed *à priori* likely, by their transporting influence, to precipitate some more ardent spirits onward to the extreme goal, as in fact has been the case. But what a measure of difference between these exceptional instances and the general tendency to the opposite evil in the Lutheran and other movements above alluded to. Of the five chief authors of the "Tracts for the Times," only one has left us; of the clergy, who more or less agreed with the views there propounded, a mere comparative fraction; of the laity, fewer still, and hardly any among those congregations whose ministers have been among the seceders. The hundreds who remain, so far from approximating to Rome, or daily becoming detached from their own church, increase in zeal on her behalf; in prayers, in good works, and in certainty of success. Sure of their ground, and reviled only for being faithful, they can estimate at its real value the strength of an opposition which, itself professing churchmanship, attacks them for being churchmen.

Meanwhile, as time goes on, they see prejudices slowly dispelled, and the beautiful intelligence of the Prayer-book commending itself to their flocks, and making converts where least expected. While Puritanism is melting into Latitudinarianism, and no successors are found for its worn-out declaimers, either in church or dissent, all the earnestness and reverence of the age is fast becoming Anglican. Of this, our adversaries are our principal informers, one of their staple topics being "the fearful spread of Tractarianism;" and now that, in spite of all their hopes and predictions, the stream of perversions to Rome has well nigh stopped, nothing remains for them but to calumniate and impute motives to those who abide where they are. 'If they will not go, their bishops should expel them.' But inasmuch as their crimes happen to be those for which the Prayer-book and Act of Uniformity are responsible, an episcopal censure would be a somewhat delicate affair, 'Well, they ought to quit the church themselves.' But they happen to think differently. Say what you will, they feel perfectly at home where they are. They disapprove of no service and no rules. They never call for revision of the book; all and every part of which they have declared according to the Word of God. They never curtail or mutilate; never feel conscientiously bound to recant in the pulpit what they have just said at the font or in the desk; never change lessons or omit rubrics, and when taxed with it, write public defences of themselves, admitting the charge, and boasting of it, as if mental reservation in taking the most solemn of vows were the most natural thing in the world except in a "popish priest." They never roam up and down the land, frantically raving against other christian churches, while floods of ungodliness and brutal atheism lie close to their own doors comparatively unnoticed. They are not without imperfections; nay, so conscious of these are they, that it is only because they feel how much may be alleged against their practical short-comings, that they would fain postpone, so far as may be, other controversies for their own self-discipline and the strengthening of their church, both as believing this to be the Scriptural method by which truth is to be propagated, and the only way in fact by which it commends itself to gainsayers. While so engaged, Churchmen are quite prepared for the stone-throwing of epithets, such as enmity, from sheer ignorance of what it assails, is wont to resort to, and can only smile at such evident tokens of a failing cause. We cannot but think that considerations such as the foregoing, candidly entertained, must make our opponents pause before they repeat the assertion that Chur-

* Did Churchmen wish to retort, how easy to deduce from such an instance as the countenance of Arian and Socinian pastors by an "evangelical" bishop at Geneva, the tendency of the principles held by him. Yet how silently all extremes in that direction are received and endured!

† "True guidance in return for loving obedience, did he but know it, is the prime want of man."—CARLYLE's *Hist. of the French Rev.*

principles necessarily lead to Rome. At any rate, the cases in which they have done so are exceptions; and to make the exception the rule is in any subject illogical, and where the honesty of Christian men is involved, most unjust.

III.—Forced to quit this position, whither next do our adversaries betake themselves? Not uncommonly to a fact, which we agree with them in admitting, though our conclusions from it are very different, viz., that what we seek to restore is antiquated, and has fallen into disuse; and therefore had better remain buried and forgotten. Here it is necessary to disentangle our meaning from misconceptions. We remark, then, that in the world of angels, obedience presents one calm holy tenor. There is no ebb and flow in the stream of their subjected wills to that of God. But in this fallen sphere, where things of divine origin hold for less influence than the more congenial objects of sense, it would be natural to suppose, even before noting particular instances, that if any generation had cast out or suffered to decay points connected with the former, enmity to God, negative if not positive, had some share in the matter. Whether or not so much be granted, the mere fact of a custom being disused surely does not carry with it its own justification; rather, before deciding such a question, we must consider the times, the authors, the circumstances of disuse, not to mention the custom itself. Those which we defend are observances and rules, the majority of which, *in themselves*, are inoffensive to the sternest Protestant; and which, together with what they dislike, as Saints' days and daily prayer, impart a harmony and completeness to the Liturgy such as it ceases to wear in its compressed form; as would at once be felt, did not use reconcile us to the later.

But there is a more solemn thought which we may press home. Our chief opponents, by their profession, make much of prayer; claim an almost exclusive privilege of access to the Most High; are not of those who hold it fanatical to believe Him unconscious of or impenetrable to the cries of men. Whence then their bitter aversion to the daily sacrifice of their own church? 'Because it becomes a form, on which men rest, instead of Christ.' How do you know this? Did any daily frequenters of the prayers tell you so? or is it your own construction? and if it is, who art thou that judgest another? as if the performance of religious duties were so common that the worst interpretation is the fittest to be put upon it by less consistent Christians. But suppose the tendency of the worship to be what you allege, is it from its own defects or from the coldness of its frequenters? Certainly, if there be no such thing as sin, or if the heavenly provision of atonement and its application are delusions, *i.e.* if man can be his own redeemer, these services are vain repetitions, *but under no other supposition;* just so long as the sinful state continues to which they have respect, the continued prayers of the Church are necessary, as was never questioned for fifteen hundred years of her history from her Lord's ascension. And—

> "If in this bad world below
> Noblest things find vilest using,"*

and this be held a valid reason of disuse, let us close our churches altogether. Weekly repetition of the same prayers is no less a form than daily; and they who scorn the last, would find the defence of the first, to an unbeliever in both, a hard task. On the contrary, so far from justifying neglect in this particular, we think such a course of religious service required by the moral aspect of our age and city above all others,—an age in which 'fulness of bread,' command of material resources, and the high thoughts which they engender,—seem especially to need the counter-balance of stated self-humiliation, to remind man that second causes are not the beginning of all things, but that their disposer is our Saviour, and will be our Judge. We have thus specified daily prayer for vindication, because it is the chief practice complained of, and because the others derive their tone from it, and on its consistent observance mainly rest their defence. How they, whose glory is the Bible, can decry a system which reads the Bible to the people twice or thrice a-year, watering its use by prayers imbued with the same spirit, it is both mournful to see and difficult to understand.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* *Christian Year.*

LUCK AND PERSEVERANCE; OR, THE TWO ADVENTURERS.

Chapter III.

It may be remembered that George had a sister, nearly two years younger than himself. She was a fair and pensive-looking girl, with a slight, fragile form; delicate, expressive features; and soft blue eyes, that beamed with tenderness and affection. Her disposition was gentle and trustful, formed more for calm and uncomplaining endurance than for prompt and vigorous action. There was about her a constitutional shyness, or rather diffidence, of manner, which served to control and moderate the warmth of her natural impulses. Mary Franklin was like one of those beautiful wild flowers that bloom in the deep recesses of the far-off forest,—never courting the garish sunbeam, but desiring, as it were, to blossom unnoticed and unknown; and George was devotedly attached to his sister, and took great pains, as far as he was able, with her education. In addition to the knowledge obtained from the public school, George had free access to an excellent library at the rectory.

Mr. Herbert, the worthy and indefatigable clergyman of C——, was at all times ready and willing, by all the means in his power, such as the loan of books, illustrated lectures, and the like, to aid in the diffusion of useful science and wholesome literature. His first and chief desire was to discharge, with zeal and fidelity, the various duties of that station of life into which it pleased God to call him. He had sought admission to the priesthood from a true idea of the dignity of the office, together with a full appreciation of the sanction and authority which it gives to teach and preach the vital truths of religion. His ministry had been cast among the humbler classes; and it was his constant endeavour to point out to them how earnestly the Church, as the handmaid of the Gospel, desired especially to admit them to its privileges. He always bore in mind the reply made to the disciples of St. John the Baptist by our Saviour, as proof of His divine mission, that not only were the blind restored to sight, the lepers cleansed, the ears of the deaf opened, and the lame made to walk, but that the poor had the Gospel preached unto them. The worthy pastor well knew, that in our present fallen and imperfect state, there must exist grades in society, and inequalities in worldly wealth and position; but he taught that there was one common bond of brotherhood in christianity, and that, in a spiritual sense, we were all mystically united to our great Head, through the ordinance of His Holy Sacraments; while, in a more personal relation, we were joined to Him, and to each other, through membership with His universal and apostolic Church. Mr. Herbert was not an intolerant dogmatiser,—he persuaded rather than denounced; for he well remembered the Godlike precept, that "until seventy-times-seven," should the effort be made to reclaim an offending brother. He was therefore gentle in admonition, merciful in judgment, untiring in acts of love and kindness, single-hearted in his self-denial, fearless in reproving positive sin, and uniformly faithful in declaring the truth. He found in young Franklin good ground on which to sow the seed, and therefore gladly rendered him assistance

in his studies. The information thus acquired, George imparted to his sister; she was an apt and willing pupil, and her mind became gradually stored with knowledge beyond that of the generality of her class; at the same time, her heart was filled with the highest sense of religious and moral duties.

When a child, Mary was the frequent playmate of the two boys; she looked upon Harry as a second brother, while he regarded her much as he would have done a pet linnet. As, however, the young girl budded into womanhood, and all her feminine charms became more and more developed, a different sentiment began to occupy the breast of each. With Mary, the feeling was half painful; for though many of Harry's qualities were just those which captivate the young and susceptible heart, still she could not esteem him so much as she wished. With him, it was that admiration which is universally inspired by beauty and female excellence.

Mr. Walters had resolved that his son should be a gentleman; and to further this object, determined to send him to college. In about another year, therefore, Harry was to commence his university life; and during the interval, he was to be sent to read with a clergyman residing at some distance, who prepared young men for the future course of study they were intended to pursue. Walters had many reasons for wishing his son to leave the neighbourhood of C——: the boy had formed objectionable associates, and was already familiar with the paths of dissipation; moreover, his father suspected his growing attachment for Mary Franklin, which he was resolved, if possible, to check, and absence, he thought, would effect this object.

The year soon passed, and Harry returned home for a few weeks before entering on his college career. He had not forgotten his early playmate,—the remembrance of her beauty and gentleness often came with a softening control even on his wayward spirit. The evening before he left, as they walked together in the garden of the Old Grange, and talked over the many happy hours they had there spent during the gladsome days of childhood, he told her how dear she was to him, and how closely his after-fate was linked with hers; then, with all the enthusiasm of an impetuous temperament, he painted the future in glowing colours, and built those aërial castles which the young and ardent delight to construct, and to adorn with the rich tracery of a wild and exuberant fancy. Harry was to gain laurels, which she was to share; he was to earn wealth, which she was to enjoy with him. He was to commence a new life, with one bright object in view. For this hour, his better angel was in the ascendant: but the antagonist demon of evil was not subdued; he was only thrust aside for the moment, and was ready again to clutch his victim. Experience teaches us that it requires a stronger arm than that of flesh, and higher hopes than those of worldly bliss, to enable us to break through the trammels of sin.

One day, soon after Harry had left, Mr. Walters met George on his return from A——, and entered into conversation with him, inquiring into his age, his pursuits, and capabilities. The great man seemed well pleased with the answers he received, and concluded by saying—"I have had my eye upon you for some time, and shall now, most likely, be enabled to place you in a first-rate situation with a merchant at Liverpool, where it will be your own fault if you do not make a fortune." George replied—"I thank you, sir, most sincerely, for your kind intentions, but I am afraid I shall not be able to leave my father; he has been very ill lately, and cannot attend to the farm so much as he used to do."

"I will tell you what it is, my lad," said Walters, "take a word of advice from me; young birds should not be so fond of stopping in the old nest; they ought to look out for themselves. Your father will leave you in a hurry, some day, and where will you be then?"

George felt indignant at this coarse remark, but with a moment's reflection he checked his rising anger, and only replied—"Heaven grant, sir, that it may be long before such a grievous misfortune befal me; but, if it should, I must trust in God to care for me, and to direct me in the right way."

Walters turned away with a sneer, and muttered something about a canting young hypocrite. Little did either deem that the fiat had then gone forth, and that the angel of death was even now winging his flight to the hitherto happy dwelling of Franklin. As George approached home, he was met by his sister; she was greatly agitated, and her eyes were dimned with weeping. "Oh! George," she exclaimed, as soon as she saw him, "I am glad you are come; father has been taken dangerously ill, and I am sure he will never get better;" then, overcome by her feelings, the poor girl burst into a flood of tears. Her brother tried to comfort her, and they walked slowly together towards the house. On reaching the door, they were met by Mr. Herbert and the doctor, who had been at once summoned. The worthy clergyman looked very sad, and taking a hand of each of the children, he said, in a calm but mournful voice—"Your father has broken a blood-vessel, and is in imminent danger. But God is gracious! in His hands are the issues of life and death, and He will not forsake you in the hour of trouble and affliction."

"Tell me," cried George, turning to the physician, "that there is some hope! Surely, sir, it cannot be so terrible as this! You are very skilful;—you can—you will save him!" The kind-hearted doctor shook his head. "I will do all that is within the reach of human means, my boy," he replied; "but it is a bad case. Nevertheless, keep up your strength and courage, they may be needed. If the bleeding does not return to-night or to-morrow, there may be hope. Your father must be kept perfectly quiet—he must not either speak or move; and take care he is not disturbed by any noise."

Most anxiously did all regard the next twenty-four hours. Franklin had been laid on a temporary bed, hastily prepared, in the lower room or parlour of the Grange, his attack having come on quite suddenly. Mrs. Franklin occupied herself, with quiet and loving assiduity, in making those little provisions so indispensable to the comfort of a sick chamber. Mary and George watched in turn by the bed-side, their affectionate solicitude preventing any chance of sleep. The night dragged on its monotonous and wearisome hours, and the next morning passed without material change. The physician paid his visit, and pronounced the patient no worse, though in an extremely precarious state, and he promised to come again during the day. Hope began slightly to dawn on the sorrowful watchers, but it was only a transient gleam, for just as the friendly doctor had mounted his horse to depart, and was exchanging a few words with Mr. Herbert, a wild scream from Mary summoned all to the apartment of the invalid. The hemorrhage had again returned with fearful violence, and the crimson tide welled forth, as it seemed, from the very life-springs of the heart. All human aid was now in vain! No power, save that which stayed the fatal issue of blood in the faithful daughter of Israel, could now heal the fast flowing vein. Poor Franklin rallied a little once or twice; but, hour after hour, he kept sinking gradually.

It was evening. A soothing stillness reigned around, and the setting sun shone through the window of the room where the dying man lay. Close to him was the devoted partner of all his joys and sorrows, and his right hand was clasped between both of hers. George and Mary knelt beside him, the father's left arm half encircling their necks. Mr. Herbert bent at the foot of the couch, and read, from the heavenly-inspired pages of the Gospel, those soul-stirring declarations which assure the dying penitent of immortality, and convey to the stricken mourner comfort and consolation. There was a pause—no sound broke the solemn interval—the muscles of

head and arm relaxed—the feeble breath ceased to be drawn—the eye glazes with the film of death—the last rays of the declining orb shed a holy light on the upturned countenance, motionless and lifeless—and those ministering angels, whose office it is to wait on the exit of man from his earthly pilgrimage, bore the liberated spirit to that realm where tears, and toil, and death shall be no more.

Ye scoffers and freethinkers! what have ye in your cold philosophy that can compare with the Christian's hope? Look upon that kneeling group. They weep, it is true, for the eyes are nature's safety-valves to the overcharged heart. But those tears are not shed in vain: a bright beacon star is discerned above the troubled waters which now oppress the subdued mourners; its prophetic light illumines the desolation of bereavement, and enables them to read that faithful hearts shall meet again never to be severed. They know that the column is now broken; but they feel that it shall be again upreared, and form a glorious pillar in the eternal temples of God.

(To be continued.)

THE VESTRY MEETING.

EVERSLEY—not Mr. Kingsley's, but a model imaginary village, with which the pretty blue and gilt volume below* has very pleasantly made us acquainted—Eversley was the quietest of all quiet villages, until Mr. Ashcroft, a frightful embodiment of the Young England theory of a Manchester Manufacturer, built a mill there:—

"Mr. Ashcroft was a rude, hardfeatured man, with a deeply marked forehead, large unmeaning eyes, a portly form, and somewhat commanding person. Time was when he had wandered the streets of M——, a penniless, shoeless lad, without a home, without a friend. He was met by and attracted the attention of one of the most noble-hearted mercantile men of those days. The merchant was struck by the youth's appearance, and heard his story. He gave him employment as an errand-boy. Active, honest, and indefatigable, young Ashcroft showed more than ordinary business qualifications. In course of time, he received promotion; and, possessed of extraordinary inventive faculties, introduced important improvements in the machinery used in the establishment. His talents and assiduity commanded success. He became partner, and then sole owner of one of the largest concerns in the north. Good as a servant, he was unfitted to be a master. He was cruel, stern, unbending, exacting. One of the people, he had not an atom of sympathy with that class from which he had risen. He valued his workmen just as he did his spindles, because of the amount of work they were able to do, and the wealth that their labour produced. He ruled by force, and not by love; ignorant that there is a relationship that ought to exist between the employer and the employed, and which cannot be broken without disastrous consequences."

Mr. Ashcroft had a daughter, Lucy, whose strong religious faith and practical charity corrected in some degree her father's hardness. She won the affection of his people, and saved his house from the destruction with which it was threatened by his angry and impoverished workpeople, unduly stimulated by the lawless councils of their clever and too-well instructed leaders. The mob attack Mr. Ashcroft's house, and roughly handle its inmates, but merely carry away some bread and other necessaries which they found there. The manufacturer's bruises were serious, and his recovery slow:—

"As soon as he was able to move about, he began to execute the good designs which he had formed during his weary sickness. An offering to God was his first care; and this offering was to be the restoration of that church which he had now learnt to love. 'This,' said he to the rector, 'shall be well and substantially done. There was a time when it was one of the most beautiful structures in the county; and, by God's blessing, it shall be so again. No expense must be spared; for I, who have spent so much on myself, will not give to God of that which costs me nothing.'"

A vestry meeting was therefore called; for the law still inconsistently gives to these who repel the authority of the church, and refuse its ordinances, and even the payment of their legal dues to the maintenance of public worship, an equal voice with her faithful children in deciding questions exclusively affecting her interests. Notwithstanding some dangerous departures from those principles which for many ages formed the landmarks of our happy constitution in church and state, this ancient parochial assembly possesses great powers, and is capable of great practical usefulness for sanitary and other local purposes. Whenever those powers are enforced with energy and judgment, the modern contrivances of boards and inspectors for doing dearly and ill for us those things which we can manage better and cheaply for ourselves, may well be dispensed with.

The parishioners of Eversley assembled in vestry; and the account of its proceedings hits off so amusingly the characteristic means by which our opponents deem themselves at liberty to obstruct the restoration of churches to their original design of houses of prayer *for the poor* as well as rich, that we give it somewhat abridged for the benefit of those whom it may concern nearer home:—

"The Rector knew that great efforts had been made to beat up recruits; that insinuations had been plentifully thrown out, where open accusations could not be made; and that the opponents would do all in their power to prevent the accomplishment of the work. This opposition was headed by some who had become 'little great' men since Eversley had risen to its present degree of importance. The chief of these were Mr. Judas Fox, who pretended to be on friendly terms with the rector, but did not like to lose a certain power which he had gained by his connection with the De Beverley family; (he was a shrewd, calculating man, with an eye to No. 1;) Mr. Olesginus Cantwell, who, having made a tidy little fortune behind a counter, thought to share the rector's responsibilities by setting up a preaching establishment; and Mr. Quicksilver, a lively speaker of some fluency, and very much addicted to bad puns. * * *

"Such a vestry meeting had never been known in Eversley before. The attendance was so large, that they were obliged to adjourn to the school-room. On taking the chair, the rector said—

"'I am truly delighted, my dear parishioners, to find that you take so deep an interest in the subject which will occupy our attention to-day. You are aware that my friend, Mr. Ashcroft, proposes to restore our parish church to its former state of simplicity and beauty. This he does as a thank-offering to Almighty God for bringing him so mercifully from the gates of death. He has kindly allowed me to take part in the decorations of the chancel, the care of which devolves upon me as rector. I trust you will gladly accept his offer. I am aware that we must expect some expression of feeling in opposition; but, though I am willing to allow the greatest latitude I possibly can, yet I hope you will remember that we should differ as Christians, and that abuse and hard words are not argument.'

When the rector had concluded his remarks, a proposition accepting Mr. Ashcroft's offer was made and seconded. A marked pause ensued. The opponents of the measure did not seem to have quite settled who should lead the attack. At length Mr. Fox rose, and looking under his eyebrows in a manner peculiar to himself whenever he meant mischief, said—

* "*Lucy Ashcroft, the Manufacturer's Daughter.*" By the Rev. W. B. FLOWER, Incumbent of Kingerswell, Devon. London: Masters. Plymouth: Lidstone.

"'I am sure, Mr. Rector, you will give me credit for not wishing to create any factious opposition to anything you may propose. But having lived in this parish so long, and had the management of matters during the life of the late venerable rector, I don't like to see any new-fangled changes introduced. I don't mean that I distrust you,—far from it; but you may be removed, and some one may come who won't show the same consideration for our feelings as you do. The old church has done well enough up to now. It's in good repair—the leads are all right—and the parish allows plenty of whitewash to keep it neat and clean. I therefore propose that we adjourn the consideration of this question *sine die*.' On resuming his seat, he winked his eyes, and flourished one of his fingers, as if he had done some great thing.

"Mr. Cantwell next rose. He was a thin, cadaverous-looking man, and tried to compensate for his personal deficiencies by assuming a dignity which sate ill upon him. He began in a whine, which none could describe and few imitate, and gradually drawled out—

"'I rise with some diffidence, but from a sense of duty, to second the proposition which my friend Mr. Fox has made. I quite agree in all the good feelings he has expressed towards the rector personally. But, I must confess, I don't see what the good of fine churches is. I can preach the unsearchable riches of Christ; I can break the word of Divine truth to the hungry; I can unfold the sacred oracles to the poor in the wide open fields, or in a barn, or in a cottage—as I do often in Polly Hopkins's. We shall have too much outward show, and too little inward feelings—too much pomp, and too little vital godliness. Why, even here, the first steps have been taken. Here the prayers are now 'said,' they call it, in a sing-song'——

"'Pardon me,' interrupted the rector, 'but we are met to consider a definite proposition, and not the mode in which divine service is conducted in this parish. However, I have no objection to your saying whatever you please, though I do not think that you, as a Dissenter, are a fit judge of what is, or is not, church doctrine, or church practice.'

"'I a Dissenter! Nay, I love all them that love the Lord Jesus. I've a corner in my heart for every one who has drunk deep of the living waters of life. There's much that I admire in the prayers of the Church; and much I've heard you preach has delighted me. I don't want, by my humble ministrations, to do ought but assist you in the work of saving immortal souls. I won't say much more. The wedge is put in already, and I ask why should there be this sing-song, and why should that bell be clanging twice a-day, that people may go to formal prayers? These are but beginnings, the end has yet to come; and therefore, with these opinions, I heartily second my friend's amendment.'

"'Bravo,' cried Tom Jenkyns, more celebrated for poaching than religion, 'deawn wi' em all, says I, as wants to drag Popery into a Protestant 'stablishment.'

"'And reet, too,' chimed in Dick Ball, a rubicund personage, who knew more of the Bell and Cat than the Church and her services; 'reet, too. I donnaw knaw why th' rector should fash hissen abeaut me, and gi' me a roasting because I loike's a glass neaw and then.'

"Mr. Fox became graver than ever. Mr. Cantwell endeavoured to look mild and placid, but in vain. They had hardly calculated upon such defenders. To relieve them of further suspense, and to put all right, Mr. Quicksilver immediately rose and said—

"'Mr. Rector, and fellow-parishioners,—This is, I feel, no time for bandying compliments, or for speaking smooth things, and crying 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' The Church is endangered. An insidious system of undermining has been begun by those sappers and miners who are concealed in the Establishment, and it behoves well her sons to man her bulwarks, and look to the foundations. I am glad, nay, rejoiced beyond measure, that this parish has the courage to fight the battle of God in the vestry. The vestry is the battle-field of the Church; and the churchwardens our strength and support, though here, I am sorry to say, one of them has deserted the banner of pure truth, and is with the forces of the enemy. When I remember, sir, how peaceful the church was many years ago,—when I see how mere boys, because they have had the bishop's hand upon them, are turning all things upside down,—when I see them flect, genuflect, and circumflect,—when I mark the power the priesthood are assuming, and the influence they are exercising over the weak and misguided,—when I see homœopathic doses of Romanism administered to weak stomachs, and then larger ones as the poison works till it is swallowed altogether,—when I remember that the large river is made up of many tributary streams, and that the giant oak springs from the insignificant acorn;—I feel bound to oppose all novations, and innovations, all postures and impostures, whatever and however slight. (Hear, hear, bravo.) But, sir, what you propose is not slight. I hold with a distinguished living divine, that the restoratian of churches is the restoration of popery. In gables and painted glass, in ornamented chancels, in richly decked altars, ay, in the very stones, fastened together, as they are, by Roman cement, popery safely lodges. Why should we restore this church—built when popery was rampant—to what it was, but for the desire that exists to restore also that which it symbolized? Is family worship, I ask, to be interrupted? Am I to give up my pew, where, with wife and children, I worship at my ease? Are our eyes to be distracted by things that annoy and wound our feelings? Are we to look with our eyes on painted saints rather than by faith to Christ? No, gentlemen, not so. I trust that the decision of this vestry will place beyond doubt the Protestantism of this parish; and put on record its firm determination to preserve the pure streams of Gospel truth uncontaminated by the muddy waters of polluted Rome.'

"As no one else seemed disposed to address the meeting, the Rector quietly replied to what had been said. 'I must, first of all," he began, 'thank Messrs. Cantwell and Fox, for the kind expressions to which they have given utterence as regards myself. At the same time, you will allow me to add, that I think the best test of good feeling is, at all events, an attempt to act in concert where no compromise of principle is the result. And this, I must regret, these persons have never shown me—except in my presence, and then by mere words. However, to let that pass, I will at once meet the several questions that have been mooted during this discussion.

After observing that the Prayer-book authorizes, if it does not direct, a musical and congregational service,—that "daily prayers" are the duty of clergymen, because vowed by them on ordination; and that obedience to the rules clearly laid down by the Prayer-book for conducting divine worship is not innovation, but forms the best barrier against it; the Rector proceeded:—

"'But it seems I am, my dear friends, most unfortunate, and am about to introduce Popery in its most unadulterated form. 'The restoration of churches is the restoration of Popery,' is the oracular declaration of one who, nevertheless, preaches at the consecration of churches, and that, too, of churches on which much skill and art have been employed. I will not say how monstrous an absurdity such a sentence seems. I will not express my indignation at that selfishness which would rob God and adorn man; which would derogate from God, and exalt that which is His creation. No! When He has surrounded man with everything that is beautiful and grand,—when He has clothed the earth with all that can charm the eye, meet the requirements of man's several tastes, and satisfy the palate,—when the world for man's sake has been decked with such manifold loveliness, that *ὁ κόσμος* is the best word to express it

shall we grudge to give back to God of that which is His own, and surrounding ourselves with every luxury, refuse to worship Him in the beauty of holiness? Shall our own houses be rich in beauty, and admirably adapted to the purposes to which they are designed? Shall land and sea minister to us? Shall the master-pieces of the human mind in sculpture and in painting hang around our rooms, and God's house be bare and desolate? Is nothing too good for man—anything good enough for God? I trow not. At least so thought not the framers of our homilies, which, you will remember, are still to be read in our churches. I would recommend to your especial attention the one on the repairing and keeping clean of churches. * * *

"'Think not I attach too great an importance to external worship. Far otherwise. The richest strains of most glorious music are but very discord—the most magnificent decorations are worthless—unless Christ be in the heart. It is in vain we draw near to Him with our lips, whilst our hearts are far from Him. This I do know, that whereas external rites may exist without the correlative inward feelings, but very seldom does the fire of devotion long survive without these external aids.

"'How, in inoffensive and dumb stones, Popery can find a home, I am at a loss to imagine. I have much more which I could advance, but I fear lest I should weary you, and will, therefore, draw my remarks to a close. A firm and attached member of the English church, I feel bound, when need requires, to make a stand against the Church of Rome in those points where she hath left the standard of Catholicity, and substituted her own theories for the Faith of undivided Christendom. But all is not Romanism that popular feeling would condemn as such; and I would ask Mr. Quicksilver, and those who agree with him, as King James asked at Hampton Court Conference—'They used to wear shoes and stockings in the time of Popery; have you, therefore, a mind to go barefoot?' In all that we do we retain, as the same monarch said, 'the primitive use of things, and only stand off from the innovations brought in by them.'

"For the special services of the week, the choir had long been prepared, and the parishioners had been allowed to attend the practice, so that it was not a mere formal recitative, but one grand burst of congregational singing that ascended up as incense to the Throne of God. The bishop's discourse was warm-hearted and eloquent. One sentence of his lordship's discourse found a hearty response from all:—'The problem has now been solved. The whole theory of the sad disputes between masters and men may now be plainly seen. That they are so often found in opposition to each other is a matter of sad regret; that the majority of the masters suffer for some few of their body is, I believe, certain. But however that may be, the real solution of all those difficulties is to be found in the neglect of Christian priinciples, and the non-recognition of the fact, that rich and poor are but *one* body; and if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. Here, thanks be to God, this truth is acknowledged, and acted upon in all its fulness and reality.'"

A LAWFULLY APPOINTED MINISTRY.

The conversion from Wesleyanism of Dr. Alder, and his ordination to the office of Deacon by the Bishop of Gibraltar, were lately noticed in most of the public papers. A natural question to be asked, by any one reading the account, would be, How did such a man come to the conclusion, that hitherto his appointment to the office of a minister had not been a *valid* one? By what process of reasoning has he perceived "that it is not lawful for any man, no matter however learned, to take upon him the office of public preaching, or ministering the Sacraments in the congregation, before he be lawfully called and sent to execute the same"? (Acts xiii. 1-3.)

Was it by looking into the history of the Early Church, and there finding that the genuineness of the very canon of Scripture in those days depended upon the facts of Apostolical Succession and an Episcopal government? Then such an one might well reason,—if to prove the genuineness of the several books of Holy Scripture it be necessary to admit the indubitable facts of *Apostolical Succession* and *Episcopacy;* in other words—if, during the first three centuries of the Christian Church, I find the same external authority for Apostolical Succession and Episcopacy as I do for the universal canon of Holy Scripture,—and that I do, is evident from this, viz., that they are coëval and coëxistent with it:—why am I not to believe in the *use* of the one as well as the other? How can I, with any consistency, let go the one and take up the other? If for the first fifteen hundred years of the Church, Apostolical Succession and Episcopacy were necessary for the promotion of unity, peace, and concord, as well as for the maintenance of God's Word and Sacraments,—how is it they are no longer necessary? Christ sent forth his apostles, and they sent forth others, and so on, in unbroken succession, to the present day. Either the power of sending lies somewhere, or it lies nowhere. If nowhere, there is an end of all order at once,—each person may do what pleases him best. But if, as it can be proved, the power of sending did rest with Christ and His apostles, then with *their successors* must the power still be vested.

Now the plain English Churchman believes, that in England have been, in God's good providence, preserved to us, in all their integrity, these two necessary safeguards to the Christian Church—Apostolical Succession and Episcopacy. When he looks back into the history of the Church of England, he finds that, never since the first introduction of Christianity into Britain, was there a time when there were *not* the *three orders of bishops*—Presbyters, or *Priests*, and *Deacons*. There may be, as, alas! there have been, times, and these not many years past, when the Church, through the corruption of her members, both clerical and lay, was languishing, cold, and dull; but ever amid this *three-fold order* were there men raised up of God to move the still and stagnant waters.

The following extract, from Bishop Wilberforce's "Protestant Episcopal Church of America," will show how men, nurtured and brought up in the very midst of Puritanism, came to ask where was the good old way, that they might walk therein:—"About the year 1711, the agent of the colony, New England, sent over from England 800 volumes, amongst which were many of the standard works of the divines of the English Church. These books were eagerly devoured by the hungry students of Yale College, the stronghold of the Independents; and amongst the first whom they affected were the rector of the college, Dr. Cutler, and two of its leading tutors, Messrs. Brown and Johnson. They were amongst the most distinguished of the Puritan divines; and their humble adoption of the Church's teaching, their abandonment of their endowments in the college, laying down the ministry which, without due warrant, they had hitherto discharged, and setting out for England to receive ordination at the bishop's hands,—drew general attention to the subject. Brown fell a victim to the small pox in England; Cutler suffered severely from the same disease, but recovering, was, with Johnson, ordained to the priesthood, and with him returned, in 1723, to the colony, where their influence, ere long, was widely felt. Cutler was settled at Boston; and amidst unceasing persecutions, maintained to the last the standard of the faith. For fifty years of patient toil, Johnson laboured earnestly at Stratford."—(*History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America*, chap. iv. page 103 of the edition of 1844.) We insert this extract, believing

that it will interest many of our readers; and should this meet the eye of any one who has been brought up in the bosom of Dissent, we pray God it may induce him to consider well before he go on any further in carelessness or hostility towards that branch of Christ's Church of which Dr. Alder, and others like him of the present day, and those Puritans of 1723, were thankful to become members and ministers, and thus obtain *lawful authority* for proclaiming that blessed Gospel, and ministering those Holy Sacraments, which with all sincerity of heart they desired to do.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S BILL FOR LEGALIZING PEW RENTS.

In this age of professing Bible and Scripture reading, it is marvellous how glibly texts slip through our lips, while the interpretation thereof finds no response in our practice. This is peculiarly true as regards our feelings about seats in church. The modern mode or economy of worshipping in our churches, is a practical contradiction of the plain Word of God in letter and in spirit, and so has become one of the most inveterate chronic difficulties with which Churchmen have to deal, if they desire to bring back the *people* to the Church; or in other words, to bring the Church, its offices, privileges, saving health, to bear upon the masses who are alienated from its teaching, its means and channels of grace, by the selfishness and exclusiveness of the pew system.

"*If*," says St. James, "*there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man, in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say to him, Sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or, Sit here under my footstool, are ye not then partial with yourselves?*" From this text we appeal to practice—what we see, Sunday after Sunday, in towns. Let us walk into any church, and survey the distribution of sittings now more than ever distinct, through the misnomer given to certain narrow benches placed in the aisles or far end of the church—"free-seats," —*free* by stipulation of the Metropolitan Church Commissioners wherever they have aided church restoration, through a laudable desire to secure to the poor *some* share of the church's area. To exhibit, however, the nature of the evil, it is necessary to specify one or two classes of abuse which have crept into our parochial system in town parishes.

1.—In consequence of the difficulty of carrying a church rate, the churchwardens have resorted to the practice of raising revenue by letting pews, until they have acquired a prescriptive right to the control of the fund so raised. This revenue, be it observed, comes from the pockets of a section of the parishioners, who by choice select the old *parish* church as their place of worship; and paying for their seats, they regard their "pews" as their property for the time being—they treat them as such by the fittings they place in them, cloth linings, cushions, hassocks, carpets, hymn-books, &c. in so much that it has been made an objection by churchwardens to let the *people* into their pews at a third or evening service, because of the "wear and tear" which the *third* congregation (of *poor*) would cause to their property. Having, then, raised this revenue, what becomes of it? Is it applied *exclusively* to the use of the church whose "pew-renters" provide it? Is the amount raised again regulated by the exigencies of the church solely? Neither one nor the other! The church is let for the *parish* benefit, to avoid church-rates, and not exclusively for the church which raises it; and many other items charged in the churchwarden's accounts are secular and parochial, and take precedence of the exigencies of the church, its services, &c. This revenue goes to meet those items of parochial necessity for which a church-rate was intended. But what is the result of this system? Why, for the purpose of this revenue, a much larger portion of the church is let than need be, and the poor are practically excluded; so that the refusal of church-rates is, as has often been asserted, really robbing the poor. In St. Margaret's church, Westminster, for instance, the *Parliament* place of devotion, 1,200 seats out of 1,450 were let in 1852.

Now this view of the case becomes a very serious one when we see a bill placed on the table of the House of Lords, by the Bishop of London, this session, for the purpose of *legalizing* pew rents now raised illegally in certain churches, but in truth giving powers to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners over the pews of *all* churches built one hundred years ago, in which pew-rents have been paid, to say how much shall be levied on a *section* of the congregation in said churches. If this is not making God's house a house of merchandise, there is an end of the dispute about terms. Nothing can be more pernicious than the principle of allowing a man to purchase a *money*-right in the house of God; and therefore it is to be hoped that the tocsin of opposition will be sounded on behalf of the *people* through the Church, its wardens, and its clergy.

MEETING OF CONVOCATION.

On February 1st, the day after the meeting of Parliament, the Convocation of the Clergy—the parliament of the English Church—held its sitting. Some not unimportant business was transacted; and the Archbishop of Canterbury then prorogued both houses till the 30th of June. Some of our readers may require to be informed that England is ecclesiastically divided into two provinces, each presided over by an Archbishop, viz., that of York, consisting of six bishoprics, included in the counties of York, Lancaster, Cheshire, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland, and the Isle of Man; and the province of Canterbury, including the rest of England. Each province has its Assembly. At York, the bishops and clergy sit together in one house of convocation. In the province of Canterbury, there are two houses,—the Upper, consisting of the bishops alone; and the Lower House, consisting of deans and archdeacons, with certain clergymen, elected in the several divisions of each diocese (called archdeaconries) by the clergy at large, as their representatives or "proctors."

The first business in the Upper House was to receive the repor of a Committee appointed at the previous meeting of Convocation, upon the right of stipendiary curates to vote for the proctors who represent the parochial clergy. The Committee reported that there was no evidence of such a right having been exercised; the Bishop of Exeter contending, as we think correctly, that the curates, who derive their spiritual authority from the Bishop, are as much a part of the diocese as the incumbents themselves.

A Committee of seven bishops and seven clergy was appointed to consider and report what reforms are desirable in the constitution of the Convocation, to render it more efficient, as a representative body for the whole Church. Their report, it is expected, will be in due time presented; and measures founded upon it presented to the existing Convocation for approval, and to Parliament for the purpose of being adopted and carried into effect.

Another joint Committee was appointed, to consider "whether the great increase and present condition of the population do not make some, and what, adaptations of the Church's rules needful, to enable her to meet their spiritual necessities." This Committee will no doubt entertain the various questions of dividing the services, selecting certain portions of the Prayer-book for special cases, and appointing Scripture readers, catechists, and home missionaries, under the license of the Bishop, and the control of the incumbent.

In the Lower House, a warm discussion took place

upon the right of the Bishops to "direct" the house to appoint members of these two Committees, which, however, it was ultimately agreed to do; and two Committees, for the discharge of certain special functions during the recess, were also constituted. It would be difficult to point out mischief or danger in the very practical measures thus quietly initiated,—measures which, as we rejoice to see, nearly affect the rights of the great mass of the people in the church of their fathers.

THE MONTH.

On the last day of January the Queen opened Parliament in person. From the Royal Speech it appears that the Ministerial measures of the Session are to be—the opening the coasting trade to ships of all friendly nations; and reform in the Universities, the Ecclesiastical Courts, the Civil Service, and the House of Commons. The following day, the two Houses of Convocation assembled before the Primate; a sketch of their proceedings will be found in another column.

Of the Ministerial measures, the Lord Chancellor has introduced in the Lords a bill to reform the Ecclesiastical Courts, and Lord John Russell one to reform themselves in the Commons. The Chancellor's bill relates solely to the testamentary jurisdiction of the Church Courts; other matters of which these courts take cognizance to be considered hereafter. This branch of their jurisdiction may be shortly stated to be, that the duty which was originally in every parish clergyman to see that the personal property of his parishioners was properly applied after death (his own conduct in this respect being subject to be overruled by his ecclesiastical superiors), is now vested in a maze of Diocesan and Archidiaconal Courts, peculiar in their rules, and complicated in their jurisdiction. The bill proposes to transfer this to Courts of Registry throughout the country, all disputed points to be decided by the Courts of Chancery in London.

The proposed Reform Bill is to deprive many small boroughs of their members, and to increase the number of members for counties and other populous constituencies to three; the electors in such places to have only two votes, so that the third member may represent the minority. As those interests which might be in the minority, have been hitherto represented by the disfranchised boroughs, this is fair, and perhaps a better arrangement. By lowering the amount of property which gives a vote, and repealing the rate-paying clauses of the Reform Bill of 1832, this bill will, if it passes, make the House of Commons more democratic, although the masses of the people—the working classes—hitherto unrepresented—appear to be sedulously excluded.

The preparations for war are going on actively; the Land Forces are on the eve of embarkation for the Mediterranean, and the fleet intended to attack Russia in the Baltic, will be ready so soon as that sea is clear of ice. Lord Raglan, who lost an arm at Waterloo, takes the command in chief; and His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge that of one of the brigades. The Emperor of the French has written as a friend to the Czar to induce peace; and our Queen has issued a proclamation usual when a war begins, forbidding any sale of arms or military stores to the enemy, to which it is now for the first time necessary to add, any steam-boat machinery. The Government ask three millions for the expense of their preparations, which, it is understood, will be provided for by more productive taxes, not by borrowing. The Mediterranean fleets have prudently returned to Constantinople, finding that the Black Sea could not be navigated with safety; this was not altogether unexpected.

Several elections to fill up vacancies in the House of Commons from death and retirement have taken place; in most cases the new member being of the same politics as the last. In South Devon, where both candidates were Conservative, Sir Stafford Northcote retired without a contest, under the imputation of being a "Tractarian;" the meaning and value of which imputation we leave our readers to determine. Mr. Palk was elected. In South Staffordshire the Electors were determined to return a Whig, in the room of a Tory; but to do so they have elected Lord Paget, who has earned no distinction, and rejected Lord Ingestre, who has acquired a high character as a practical philanthropist. Sir William Heathcote has been returned, unopposed, for the University of Oxford.

Dr. Bowring, now Governor of Hong Kong, and when in the House of Commons the constant advocate of a decimal coinage, has been knighted by Her Majesty.

Lord John Russell has introduced a bill for abolishing the oaths taken by members of Parliament which recognise the supremacy of the Queen in ecclesiastical as well as civil matters, and which prevent conscientious Roman Catholics from using the powers which they possess, as members of the Legislature, for the subversion of the Established Church. The object of this bill—the admission of Jews into Parliament, as it were, by a side-wind—will hardly be deemed worth the sacrifice thus made to secure it.

Reviews.

"*The Cross and the Dragon; or, the Fortunes of Christianity in China.*" By JOHN KESSON, of the British Museum. Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

THIS volume, containing a brief account of the Fortunes of Christianity, is well suited to give general readers a correct idea of the state of China, especially as regards Christian Missions, their past history and present condition. Although there is not much room for congratulation, there is reason to hope that, in time, our labours for the conversion of the Chinese may not be in vain—yet it must be viewed rather as the work of centuries than of years, of faith rather than sight.

After a short and satisfactory narrative of the early spread of Chirstianity, of the martyrdom of St. Thomas, of the way in which the first apostles of Christianity reached China, and an interesting account of a Chinese monument, of the year 781, together with the discussions which appear to have established its genuineness, the author acknowledging a long historical blank, introduces Genghis Khan, who, with his Mongols, overran Galicia, Hungary and Russia, and whose successors ruled over China, the Corea, Thibet, Cochin China, and part of India.

In 1245, the Council of Lyons decreed to send Missionaries to the Tartars, and Jean de Plan Carpin and Benoit proceeded to the Court of the great Khan Gayouk, whence, after narrowly escaping death in various ways, they returned to Rome, after an absence of three years and seven months, without effecting any good beyond obtaining information as to the customs of the Tartars.

Another embassy was sent, in 1248, from France. At the interview, the interpreter being drunk, and the Khan *un peu chargé*—a little gone—no advance was made, especially as the Nestorian influence prevailed at Court, and the Tartars are tolerant of all religious differences, so long as they do not endanger the civil government. There is a pious simplicity in Rubruquï's account of his leave-taking:—

"I took my congé of him, thinking that if it had pleased God to grant me grace to perform the miracles that Moses did of old, I should have converted him (Mangu Khan.)"

Xavier, the earnest and the devout Missionary, perished in sight of the land he had longed and prayed for,—to be succeeded, in 1532, by Ricci, the great apostle of China. Endowed with wonderful talents, he devoted his life to the work, labouring, in season and out of season, with zeal, tempered by more than ordinary discretion; advanced Christianity, built Churches, and seemed to have laid a solid foundation for future labourers to build upon. He died in 1610, and was succeeded by John Adam Tchale, another Jesuit, his equal in zeal if not in ability, who, falling in unfortunate times, suffered much persecution, having to wear the cang while suffering from paralysis—and at last expiring, worn out with care, labour, and sorrow.

The author brings before his readers the disputes between the Jesuits and Dominicans, and states, very fairly, their origin and progress.

The Jesuits had permitted certain observances, as offering incense, burning *paper* in the Chapels of their ancestors, choosing, with great policy, to regard these as civil obligations rather than religious rites. The Dominicans, more rigid, opposed this compromise; and a still more serious dispute arose between the Orders—whether the word "God" could be rendered into Chinese by the word Tien. The Pope sided with the Dominicans. Bulls were issued; the Jesuits were refractory, the Emperor sided naturally with them, and Christianity fell before ecclesiastical quarrels. In 1754 there were only 70,000 Christians, where before they had numbered hundreds of thousands.

To come to times nearer our own:—In 1807 Robert Morrison left England, and arrived at Canton in 1808, by way of America; he assumed the dress of a Chinese, laboured hard, was appointed first interpreter to the factory of the East India Company, and afterwards to the Government. The first of Protestant Missionaries, he left, as never-ending monuments of his zeal—a dictionary of the Chinese language, and the Holy Scriptures translated into the Chinese tongue. He was assisted by Dr. Milne, a discreet and zealous Missionary, who dying in 1822, has left a son to continue his father's labours in China.

We must not omit to notice Gutzlaff, who laboured zealously, though not very successfully, in preaching to the Chinese, and closed his life at Victoria, in 1851. The volume concludes with most interesting details of the Secret Societies, for an account of which we have not space; but we must not fail, in conclusion, to remind our readers that, although late, the Church has at length entered with vigour on this great field of Missionary labour, and that bishops of our own, and of the American Church, preside over Christian flocks at Victoria and Amoy.

"*Advance of Tractarianism.*" Four Letters, reprinted from *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*. Hodgetts, Birmingham.

We agree with the Rev. Dr. M'Neile in disliking nicknames, whether applied to ourselves or to our opponents. We leave to the reverend doctor and his friends to explain why *they* persist in applying the epithet Tractarian to many who never read a line of the "Tracts;" but who, finding in their Prayer-book certain rules, and a certain form of sound doctrine, think it their duty, *as Churchmen*, to observe the rules, and to hold fast the doctrine. The author of this pamphlet ably treats of the doctrines and rules of our Church; and the following extract will shew that he both has something to say and knows how to say it:—

WHO ARE THE POOR MAN'S FRIENDS?

"Somehow, the poor are beginning to suspect that the Puseyites are their best friends; that *they* are the men who have battled bravely for the rights of the poor, and their equality in God's house with the rich; who have knocked down the tall pews and curtains which shield the rich from vulgar gaze, and have dragged the poor out of dark holes and corners, and placed them in the nave and aisle, and have opened to them beautiful churches to pray in, on week days as well as Sundays. The masses have also gained a glimmering perception that Puseyite parsons are oftener found praying by sick beds and teaching in their schools, than attending fussy committees, and speechifying at public dinners, and harangueing on platforms; and that, somehow, they find so much to do at home that they do not rush off to London one week, to denounce the Pope, and the next to Liverpool, to lecture on the Millennium, leaving their parishes the while to take their chance, pretty much, as the saying is. But I think it may also be said, that the Tractarian mode of worship (*i. e* in other words, the Order prescribed in the Prayer-book) is more suited to the wants of the poor. In a recent number of the *London Journal*, the poor man's organ, it was claimed, on behalf of the poor, that sermons should be shortened, and the services made more attractive, *i. e. more choral.* And I was much struck by the speech of a Chartist lecturer, lately reported in a weekly newspaper, in which he contrasted the rich man's church with the poor man's church. In illustration of the former, he took a fashionable West-end church, with its fenced pews, and highly decorated beadle: the latter he exemplified by that notorious place, St. Barnabas, with its free seats and choral services!!

"*The Holy Communion.*" By the Rev. W. H. RIDLEY, Rector of Hambleden, Bucks. Whitaker, Pall Mall.

THE best book we have seen for country congregations. It is written in plain English, with great earnestness, and an evident desire to produce a useful book for the little ones of Christ's flock. We hope that the clergy will so welcome this volume as to induce the worthy rector to attempt a companion work suitable for young men in towns, and our well-educated mechanics.

"*The Cheshire and Lancashire Historical Collector.*" Edited by T. W. BARLOW, F.L.S. London: Kent and Co. Manchester: Burge and Co.

THE object of this publication, as we gather from the preface attached to the first volume, is to "become a receptacle for those scraps of information relating to local history" which are at present floating about, "and may, unless secured, be ere long lost to us for ever."

This systematic collection of materials for County History, past and present, cannot be too highly commended, and the well-known ability and research of the learned editor render his contributions peculiarly valuable.

So far, the work seems to have prospered, for we have also before us the first two numbers of a second volume, issued during the present year, and in a considerably enlarged form.

CHORAL CELEBRATION OF THE BURIAL SERVICE.—We are happy to be able to state that at a recent funeral at Birch Church, near Manchester, portions of the service were chanted by an efficient choir. The inability of the officiating Priest, to take his part in the plain song, prevented that completeness being given which would have rendered the solemnity much more impressive. As it was, we are glad that the ice has been broken; and the number of persons who were attracted, by the knowledge that the service would be choral, proves the interest which is taken in Church music, and how appropriate its introduction is felt to be, even in the most sorrowful moments. [Since the above was written, we learn that, at the late funeral of the Rev. Canon Sergeant, at Prestwich parish church, the Manchester Cathedral choir assisted in the service.]

Notices.

"Aylesbury," "T. F. B.," "J. B. G., (Keighley,)" and "Ouvries," received with thanks.

We are obliged to "E. L." Her surmise was correct. We shall avail ourselves of her communications.

"W. P. P., (Eccles,)" is requested to give chapter and verse. *Blind* references, such as his, are the abomination of every well-regulated literary mind.

☞ It would oblige the Committee, if newspapers containing reviews of our publication were forwarded to the Editors; and if our friends who have influence with local papers, would procure the insertion of notices.

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J. F. SHAW, believing with the *Times*, that for the one man who *opened* a book thirty years ago, fifty men now *read*, feels that no decided effort has yet been made to supply the increased demand with *really* "CREDITABLE publications, in a reasonable bulk, and at a moderate price." While he is persuaded that, in order to please, books must at once be attractive and cheap, he cannot see why they may not also be GOOD in the true sense of the word. Novels without any, or with little commendable purpose, have teemed upon the public; and because they really possessed two of the essentials to success—cheapness and attraction—have been greedily purchased. But why should *goodness*, the most important quality, be only barely or not at all mixed with the others? Why, under this popular prestige, introduce into the family circle such books as a vigilant mother would prefer not to see in a daughter's hands, or a sensible father fear to allow a son to read? May not use and entertainment be advantageously combined?

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AN ESSAY ON MANN.

Mr. Horace Mann's religious Census report affords an apt illustration of the remark that "figures and statistics may be made to prove anything." They are here made to say everything that could please a Dissenter, little that a Churchman would acknowledge to be true. We pass over the small history of Christianity,—history is not Mr. Mann's forte,—and come to the assertions, embodying the opinions of Messrs. Mann and Graham on the religious condition of England. And first, as to their phrase—"Protestant Churches." We know only of two that, in the loosest way of speaking, are termed so—the Church of England and the Kirk of Scotland. These are recognised by law as churches; all other bodies of Christians are merely sects. For a license-fee of one shilling, Mr. Mann may add another to these sects; and, if he has sufficient afflatus, Mannites may become as numerous as Wesleyans, Brownists, and Glassites.

George Fox abhorred the name of Church; and his followers have never gone beyond calling themselves a society. But Quakers, or Friends, are ranked by Mr. Mann among the churches. Wesley—the most anxious of all men to call his places by their proper names—would only allow his places of worship to be licensed as "meeting-houses;" nevertheless, the Methodist meeting-house is here styled a Wesleyan church: and amongst "*other* Christian churches," Mr. Mann consistently reckons the Mormonites, or Latter-Day Saints; whom, with every other society and denomination of baptized or unbaptized heretics and schismatics, he *lumps* together under one common designation of "*The* Christian Church."

So, Mr. Mann calls dissenting places of worship "*unendowed* Protestant Churches." Is he ignorant that their worship is as much endowed as that of the Church? Has he never heard of Lady Hewley's Charity, and of the contest between sects of Dissenters about their rights in it? of the Dissenters' Chapel Bill, which settled the right to very considerable property? The truth is, that Dissenting meeting-houses and places of education are endowed, may be endowed, and are legally protected in the enjoyment of their endowments; and Mr. Mann's statement to the contrary is likely to mislead many, especially foreigners.

Again, the statistics as to "sittings" are altogether fallacious. When we are gravely told that room in the meeting-houses exceeds that of the churches, we demur, and ask our readers to take any town they please as a test; the fact being, that in a small room, able to contain about fifty persons, a hundred sittings are returned; while a magnificent cathedral or church, able to contain a thousand worshippers, is represented by a few sittings in the nave and aisles. Area for area, (the Government measure in schools, why not in churches?) we are satisfied that the Church doubles the provision made by Dissenters.

Unfairness is also shewn in Mr. Mann's statement of what is (as it is expressed) "got out of the churches." It seems that, while the Church has a manifest advantage over Dissent in the morning and afternoon, the evening balances the scale against it; and therefore, concludes Mr. Mann, the lazy Church does not *work* its edifices so hard as the Dissenters do theirs. Is he not aware, that in country districts, and in many towns, great objections exist to evening service in churches? We believe it to be a fact, that where evening services abound, there illegitimate births have increased. Wales abounds in Dissent and evening services; and we are told that every seventh Welshman is base born, and that in the vice of unchastity Wales is even worse than the Metropolis. Mr. Mann, as the advocate of Dissent, (for his whole report bears that aspect,) is welcome to all the advantage he can derive from the comparison.

We have neither time nor space to go through this report, from which Churchmen may at least see the most powerful side of dissent. It is something to know the forces of Dissenters, and the various shades of Old and New Connexion, Reformed and Calvinistic, who, while hating each other, yet regard as their common foe the Church, and as a common object of desire, its endowments. Alas! that 6,092 livings should be the property of private persons, and that traffic in livings should

be thought as little of as the sale of calico! It is thought a nice provision for a Dissenter's daughter to marry her to a Curate, and buy a "living" for them.

Some of Mr. Mann's terms, as "Episcopal Establishments," "Protestant Churches," and the like, savour very strongly of our republican neighbours across the Atlantic. If Mr. Mann's design were to make the Church in England as free as she stands in America, we would wish him God speed; but he has availed himself of his official position to injure one of the great institutions of his country. Rightly or wrongly, for good or ill, the Church is united to the State. Mr. Mann endeavours to confound it with the sects, to falsify its position, and to misrepresent its labours. Absurd stories are passed off as histories of the Church and of the sects; and this, too, with a show of authority; for registration is now a department of the State, and a useful one in its place, though capable of being perverted to dangerous uses. While we have always thought it best to court inquiry, and to give full information, we are of opinion that those clergymen who refused it are quite justified by Mr. Mann's report. The means which he used to obtain information, when refused by the competent authority, we cannot reconcile with gentlemanly feeling. If we wished to learn anything about Mr. Horace Mann, we would appeal to himself for his morals, means, and manners, not to underlings, envious clerks, or idle ladies' maids; and we submit that a hostile churchwarden or parochial busybody was not quite the person to represent fairly either Church or Clergy.

As a specimen of the sort of use which Dissenters will make of the armoury with which Mr. Mann has provided them, we would refer to an argument lately advanced by an able and bitter enemy of the Church, the *Examiner*, in favour of the secular scheme of the National Public School Association. Out of a total population, in Manchester and Salford, Mr. Mann says that only 95,932 attended service in all the churches or meeting-houses there on the Census Sunday, out of 257,063, the proportion computed to be able to attend. Thence, the *Examiner* argues that for the quasi-heathen "balance" (to use an Americanism) of 161,131 persons, nothing more than secularism is needed, and that nothing better than secularism will go down with them. But surely the writer has yet to prove that dislike to the Church exists amongst these "outlying" poor. They may indeed be disgusted with the obvious injustice and inconsistency of *well-to-do Christianity* shutting them out of churches by its pew-rents and cushioned enclosures. They may shrink from the coldness of a puritanical service destitute of all that music and the arts can do to impress the feelings and interest the heart. But *the people* are mostly by baptism members of the Church. Which of them was not "christened at th' Ould Church"? Which of them would willingly be married or (were there a parish churchyard) buried elsewhere? It is, then, entirely to beg the question, to say that all these outlying poor would object to their children being well taught in church schools, like our old grammar schools, free and open to all; and it appears to us, therefore, most unreasonable, to ask that these children shall be denied secular and religious instruction by the State on sound Church principles, not because the children themselves, or their parents, object to it,—which they do not, and which there is not a tittle of proof to shew that they ever did or would do,—but merely because some *other* persons, enemies to the Church, choose to feel themselves aggrieved at free Church schools being established at the public expense. This might indeed touch *their* pockets, or violate *their* notions of what they term religious equality; but let them not justify their obstruction by alleging regard for the feelings or consciences of *others*; those others—the people at large—who need education, though they may not go to Church, certainly not being Dissenters, either in heart or in fact.

From Mr. Mann's report, it appears that the total income of the Church of England, in 1851, was more than £5,000,000.; an apparently large sum, but this divided amongst 14,077 churches, gives to each only £360., a sum barely sufficient for even the lower orders of the clergy, to say nothing of the two archbishops, twenty-six bishops, thirty deans, &c. &c. Of these 14,077 churches, &c. &c., there were built—before 1801, 9,667; between 1801 and 1811, 55; 1811 and 1821, 97; 1821 and 1831, 276; 1831 and 1841, 667; 1841 and 1851, 1,197; dates not mentioned, 2,118.

A LESSON FROM DREAMLAND.

CONCLUDED.

In my sleep, I seemed to wander across dreary sands, while the Ira moaned its sad burden in sympathy with my sad heart. I was still revolving in my mind the same thoughts I had had in my waking hours. Around me lay Nature's playthings—beautiful shells: half absently, I put some of them to my ear, and they murmured—"Home, home." They longed to return to the ocean, and were incomplete away from their mother. "Alas!" I said, "every thing, animate and inanimate, has a language and a yearning; only my child had neither—could understand neither." While I thus spoke, suddenly there stood before me a beautiful spirit, with a look of pitying reproof on its gentle countenance. I could not speak; and after gazing on me for a moment, the spirit began:—"Mother," it said; and the voice was like the wind's, I felt rather than heard its words; "childless mother, you judge of the unseen by the seen. You would restrict knowledge to that taught by man, forgetting the countless unseen teachers that throng this beautiful world. Before your children understand the meaning of a single word, before you have power

to influence them for a single moment—many of whose existence you are ignorant, and many more of whose existence you are careless—have held communion with their infant minds. Think you that for nothing God has ordained the seasons in their nuptic order, and night and day in their regular alternation? Think you that this vast creation of insect, bird, and beast, is only formed to nourish your hunger, or supply you with sport? Have they no inner life, unseen by you, but shared by some of the pure young spirits who are gathered home before they have mingled with your earthly cares? How many creatures shew forth their Maker's glory, teach their simple lesson, and then return to their dust? Truly with teachers as with pupils,—the first are last, and the last first."

While I marvelled at the spirit's words, and would fain have asked if my darling had been thus taught, my strange companion seemed to read my thoughts, and gently said—"If you would know some of the lessons your baby learned during his brief stay on earth, follow me, and you shall understand its teachers." I followed, and to my surprise, was led back across those dreary sands to my own fair garden. I fancied myself once again on the brow of the hill where I have so often sat, and around me lay the familiar scenery of my home. But though the place was familiar, it was not still and quiet as usual: on every side I heard voices. I looked, but saw only a multitude of creatures of all kinds and degrees. The lark, the robin, the dog, the spider, the sheep, the bee. and the swallow, were all there, and countless others; some of them were alone, others were accompanied by their mates; but all were animated by one feeling—all seemed glad and satisfied. They did not appear conscious of my presence, but they rejoiced in that of my guide: the birds paused in their song—the bee hushed its gentle hum—the sheep and the dog drew nearer, and looked up thoughtfully at the beautiful spirit; and every member of that motley assembly seemed to await his bidding. "Children," said the spirit, "what lessons did you teach that fair boy, who for months said amongst you so many loves of every day? Speak, each in your turn, and tell me how far you opened to his gaze the object of life. When last I saw him by the hill, I noticed that you, melodious lark, often rose near him, and poured forth your song with unwonted clearness on his listening ear. Tell me, what did that song teach the child?"

"Gentle spirit," answered the lark, "I told him of my nest in the field, where those whom I love abide. I showed him how often it was given to me to raise their thoughts from the corn and the fruit to the blue skies and the sun. I told him how the love of my home, and of its inhabitants, made me grow stronger in my upward flight, and rendered my song purer and clearer; and I bade him remember that there was no joy so lasting, or so deep, as that which has its centre in home, and its future in heaven."

"And I opened before him," said the bee, "the blessings of labour. I told him, that to one and all some task was allotted; and that if we would know the comfort of rest, we must earn it by constant employment. I told him that in every flower there lay some sweet treasure; and that even the commonest was dowered with material for food or labour, honey or wax. And I added, that the truly wise cared not only for outward beauty or fragrance, but sought in the depths of quiet blossoms and found abundant reward."

"And I told him of the blessings which such industry brought on those around us," said the glow-worm. "I told him how, in this dark world, a bright example was a glorious thing; that to him who early trimmed his lamp with the oil of wisdom, it was often given to cheer and to guide others; and I told him that there was no greater privilege than to be as 'a light shining in a dark place.'"

Here the dog sprang up, and his dark eye dilated with feeling as he said—"I showed him that friendship is faithful and true; that when danger threatens the beloved, it is the part of all, professing affection towards him, to attack his enemies, and to defend his sacred self. I told him how many of my people had died in defending their masters; and that more of our tribe brave cold, and even death, to rescue strangers from perishing; and I bade him remember that self-devotion is the basis of all true nobility of character."

"And I," said the swallow, "told him that friendship is constant even in absence,—that those who have once loved, never forget. I told him, that though our nest was emptied by the winter winds, yet across the river and beyond the sea there is a bright land where the sun never sets; and where those we love have but gone before, and await our coming with joy."

"And I," said the butterfly, as it spread its wings of purple and gold, "have often visited the child in different dresses, and I strove to teach him that progress is the rule of existence, and the brightest life is the last. I crawled towards him as a despised worm, and whispered that humility would one day be rewarded. I bade him farewell before my long death-slumber; but when I flew in my bright dress to tell him of the glorious waking that succeeds to trusting rest, the child heeded not my teaching, for he had already fallen into his chrysalis sleep."

Then the sheep raised its head, and its gentle voice was listened to by all with a reverend attention; and it spake of silent endurance, of injury, and patient willingness to surrender every thing rather than bring dissension into the fold.

"And I," interrupted the robin, "told him, that when dark cold days came, they would bring with them blessings and comforts in their train. I assured him that often, when the snow lay so thickly on the ground that there was no food for me or mine, strange hands brought abundance,

and voices that I had been taught to dread I found full of kindness. I told him that faith is always blessed, and that even sorrow has its sweetnesses. And I begged him to take warning from my melancholy cousins, the rooks, who are ever thinking of the past, and crying, 'Gone, gone, gone,' as if there were no joys in the present seasons. I told him that a cheerful and contented trust in all around us, always brings happiness to its owner."

Then the spider spread forth her eight hands, and said—"I am small and despised, yet I, too, have received a message which I often tried to deliver to the child. I taught him, that as no great work was accomplished without great difficulties, so a steady perseverance was always the conqueror in the end. And when the vulgar strove to remove me from the child, I longed to remind them of the prophet of old, who praised my wisdom, and acknowledged my presence in kings' palaces, where, indeed, the stretching forth of my hands has taught important lessons."

The spider had scarcely finished, when another small voice arose from the ground, and the ant spoke:—"Mighty master, my lesson has been heard and acknowledged by the wisest of men;—would that his children would learn of me to employ their youth in preparing for the troubles of age. I shewed that fair child the benefits of forethought, and reminded him of the certainty of winter succeeding the longest day, and of death closing the brightest life. Young as he was, I dimly guess that provision for his future had been made; for they tell me that there are mansions on high containing everlasting stores, to which that child had entrance."

There was a pause for a few moments among that motley tribe; and then a noble eagle thus began:—"My tiny friends have spoken much of the benefits of perseverance, forethought, and industry; others have told of friendship, and all the loving virtues which make life bright and home happy. All these I have known, and all these blessings I have deeply shared. From my eyrie on the rock, I have gazed on this fair world and rejoiced in its beauty. Like my friend the lark, I, too, have soared from my nest upwards towards the heavens. I have watched the glorious sun rise in majesty over the blue waves: and as it climbed the skies, I have followed its radiant path, and my eyes have reflected its mid-day splendour. The tops of the mountains have been my home, and the clouds themselves are my shelter. I have held converse with the moon, and have heard the music of the stars. But when I would fain have persuaded my eaglets to mount the air, I have failed to induce them to leave their eyrie. Again and again have I carried them on my wings and shown them the sun; but when I next visited the horizon, my young ones were as unwilling as ever to make any painful effort. Then have I stirred up their nest, and only when rest thus became impossible have they soared upwards. Noble spirit, this is the lesson which my Maker ordained my life to teach. It is a deep and a difficult one. That fair child needed it not himself; rather to him was granted the charge of teaching his parents, and, in destroying the home of their hearts, compel them to fly towards the sun."

When the eagle had finished his speech, the spirit turned to me, and in its wind-like voice it murmured—"Lady, to you it has been granted to hear some of the sacred things of Nature's treasury. Do you need any further evidence of the completeness of every creature, however small, and of every life, however short? You have seen how every thing that has breath praises its Lord, by fulfilling its appointed place in the scale of Creation, teaching its little lesson, and then sinking to rest. Shame on those only whose ears are so dulled by worldly sounds, that they have lost all power of hearing the eloquence of Nature! Do you, sad mother, imitate your child's example—'Consider the lilies'—'Behold the fowls of the air;'—and know, that the deeper you go into Nature, the nearer you will find yourself brought to the centre of infinite love, peace, and rest."

NORTHERN WORTHIES.—No. IV.

Dr. Laurence Chaderton.

As a seven-mile ramble is no great matter, (on *paper*,) we make no apology, gentle reader, for requesting your company on an excursion from Manchester, which has for some time past been the scene of our wanderings, to the neighbouring hamlet of Chadderton, where we shall also find "associations" pleasant and dear to us. Leaving the hum and bustle of the great commercial city behind us, we may now enjoy a pleasant walk through the gentle range of hills which rises on its eastern side, and without any dread of attacks from the "wild bores and bulles" which, according to Leland, originally pastured and bred here. What wonderful changes has time worked since the hillsides of Blakeley reëchoed the blast of the hunter's horn, as he led the chase against the grizzly inhabitants of her then solitary fastnesses!

But so it is. A few years, and we, like those who have preceded us, shall become "things of the past." We shall have "strutted away" our "little hour,"—realised as the sum of life's experience that we are "such stuff as dreams are made of." Is it this internal conviction which induces us to dwell with such deep interest over the lives of those who have already shaken off this "mortal coil," and to rake up with such earnest assiduity the most minute details connected with those who, in remoter ages, were contenders in the race of life? Do we flatter ourselves that, in the interest we are manifesting in the lives and deeds of the "departed," we are constituting a claim on society that *we*, in our turn, shall not be forgotten; and that, though removed from "mortal ken," our names shall not

be clean blotted out from the remembrance of the living? Surely it is some such feeling which awakens our sympathies where there is not the ordinary spur of human affection or interest.

The great and learned Adam Smith rejoiced to ascertain the peculiar fashion of Milton's shoe-tie, and no better illustration could be given of a most generally diffused feeling. We love to realise such men as they lived and walked among their fellows; in their eccentricities and foibles, as well as in their excellencies. We sketch the figure, it is true, in outline from fact, and then we fill up the picture to our own taste. Nay, we give it animation,—it breathes—it lives. We walk together, and "take sweet converse."

To turn, however, for a few moments, to our avowed subject. Could we, about three centuries ago, have taken our ramble in this direction, we might have encountered a youth of thoughtful and well-favoured aspect, enjoying, like ourselves, the charms of rural scenery, and pondering o'er "great resolves" for future eminence. That youth, the Squire's son, is now seeking on his paternal estate relaxation from the toil and emulation of college studies, though little dreaming of the important events which shall enter into his after life, and still less, that in 1854 its almost forgotten details willl be revived as a text whereon to hang instruction and amusement.

Lawrence Chaderton, the subject of this memoir, was the son of Thomas Chaderton, Esq., of Chaderton (now usually spelt Chadderton) Hall, and was born there in September, 1536. He was first destined for the legal profession, and partly prepared himself for it in one of the Inns of Court. Serious persuasions, however, induced him to abandon the law and adopt the church in preference, and fearing the opposition of his friends to this step, he, without consulting them, entered himself of Christ's College, in Cambridge. "His father," so it is related, "hearing that he had altered his place, studies, and religion, sent him a *poke*, with a groat therein, for him to go a begging therewith; disinheriting him of that fair estate which otherwise had descended upon him. But God, who taketh men up 'when their fathers and mothers forsake them,' provided him a comfortable subsistence, when chosen fellow of the college."

Chaderton, in addition to his fellowship, held the lectureship of St. Clement's, in Cambridge; and on the foundation of Emmanuel College, he was chosen first master. He was one of the four representatives of the Nonconformists at the Hampton Court Conference; and was subsequently nominated by James I. one of the translators of the Bible. His degree of D.D. was conferred on the occasion of a royal visit to the University. He was then getting advanced in years, for we read that "what is said of Mount Caucasus, 'that it was never seen without snow on the top,' was true of this reverend father, whom none of our fathers' generation knew in the University before he was grey-headed; yet he never used spectacles to the day of his death, being ninety-four years of age."

Some time before his death, finding that the infirmities of age incapacitated him from the due discharge of the duties of the mastership, and too honest to retain it under such circumstances, he resigned the office, and afterwards sought, in the quiet pursuits of literature and science, a solace for his declining years. He died in the year 1640, and now lies buried in the chapel of his own college.

Of his powers of preaching, Fuller records an extraordinary instance:—"It happened," he says, "that he, visiting his friends, preached in this his native country, where the word of God (as in the days of Samuel) was very precious; and concluded his sermon, which was of two hours' continuance at least, with words to this effect, 'that he would no longer trespass upon their patience.' Whereupon all the auditory cried out, (wonder not if hungry people craved more meat,) 'for God's sake, sir, go on, go on!' Hereat Mr. Chaderton was surprised into a longer discourse beyond his expectation, in satisfaction of their importunity, and (though on a sudden) performed it to their contentment and his commendation."

Further particulars relating to this truly good man may be gathered from 'Fuller,' and a still more complete biography will be found in Baines's "History of Lancashire."

His coöperation in the work of translating the Bible alone renders his name worthy of all remembrance; and the events of his own personal history are an abundant proof that no one gives up either "houses or lands" for good purposes, or from the dictates of conscience, without having them "restored fourfold" even in this present life.

OYSTERS AND PEARLS.

"Two find an oister, which they will not part;
Both will have all or none—the lawyer's art
Must end the strife: he fitts their humour well—
Eats up the fish, and gives them each a shell."
Poor Robin's Almanack, 1664.

A very equitable division truly, and, let us hope, highly satisfactory to the suitors.

Oysters have been "the pride and the boast of our dear *native* land" for nobody knows how long, since we possess little information respecting Great Britain until its conquest by the Romans, soon after which we find them sounding the praises of English oysters before all others. Nearly 2,000 years ago the best oysters, Pliny informs us, were imported to Rome from England—Sandwich, in Kent, being particularly mentioned; they were then kept in artificial beds till wanted. Afterwards, the remarkable epicure Apicius discovered the art of preserving them alive out of water, and used to send them to Trajan when engaged in the Parthian expedition. Since then they have fully maintained their reputation. One of the gates of the city of London was called the "Oyster-gate,"—"of the oysters that were there in old time commonly to be sold, and was the chiefest market for them, and for other shell-fishes," as Stowe writes in 1603.

At the present day, the oysters most esteemed in France are originally taken from English oyster-beds while young, and fed at Ostend, thence called "*huitres d' Ostende.*" Some idea may be formed of the quantities consumed in England from the fact that, on the Essex coast alone about 20,000 bushels are taken annually. The custom is, to dredge them up while small, and place them, until full grown, in artificial beds, called "parks," on the sandy sea-margin. Occasionally, to gratify caprice, they are kept for a few weeks in partially stagnant water, for the purpose of "greening" them, *i.e.* imparting that colour.

Oysters are generally considered very palatable, alive, or cooked in almost any imaginable way,—scalloped, stewed, fried, in patties, as sauce for fish or steaks, pickled, or preserved. Notwithstanding all this, one is inclined to agree with the poet who wrote these lines—

> "That man had sure a palate covered o'er
> With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
> First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
> And risk'd the living morsel down his throat."

Nor is man the only animal that considers shell-fish as a delicacy. Monkeys have been seen to place an oyster on a stone and beat it with another till the shell was broken, that they might feed on the inhabitant. On one occasion, a large bald-headed eagle, a species that measures six feet across the wings, was caught by the sudden closing of an oyster, upon which he intended to make a meal; and the shell adhering to the rock, he was held fast, in spite of his struggles, till a boat's crew came up and made him prisoner. There are also several recorded instances where mice, bent on robbing a larder, and beginning to enjoy in anticipation an oyster supper, were themselves captured by their intended prey—"catching a Tartar," in point of fact. It used formerly to be stated that lobsters were in the habit of placing pebbles between the open shells of oysters, in order to prevent their closing them while being quietly picked out; but this is not now stated as a fact, and may therefore be believed or not, as the reader pleases.

From oysters we pass by an easy transition to their product—"pearls;" the former being more useful than ornamental, and the latter more ornamental than useful.

Pearls have always ranked high in value among jewels, rising to an almost indefinite price, in proportion to their size and beauty; yet pearls are but the product of a poor shell-fish in distress. Shakspeare knew this partially when he used them for a simile,—

> "Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster."
>
> *As You Like It.*

The case is simply this:—shells in general are lined with a material more or less pearly, according to the species; and if the animal finds within its habitation a grain of sand, or other intruding substance, which it is unable to eject, an additional secretion of pearly material soon covers up the offending substance and prevents irritation, and by repeated coatings the pearl increases in dimensions. Pearls are often found to be attached to the shell itself, forming little knobs on its inner surface; they are then almost worthless, but their value rises in proportion as they are detached, large, round, and of good colour and lustre.

History tells us that Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, in the excess of her prodigality, swallowed a pearl, dissolved in vinegar, worth £80,000.; but history tells stories sometimes, and this is one, for modern experiment proves that the most powerful acids act quite slowly upon pearls, and vinegar has scarcely any effect at all.

The great naturalist, Linnæus, being aware of the manner of formation of pears as above described, took advantage of the knowledge, and by boring holes in the shells of living oysters, set them to work to make pearls for him. In this manner he obtained some tolerable specimens; and he was raised to the peerage of his native country principally on account of this discovery, though after a short time the process did not prove sufficiently profitable to continue working. We find since, that this species of manufacture was known to the Chinese long ago, like many other inventions, such as gunpowder, spectacles, and the compass, with which they were acquainted, it is impossible to say how many centuries before European intelligence also made the discovery. The Chinese plan is to obtrude strings of beads between the oyster and his shell, and get them covered with pearl in due course; sometimes they insert, in the same manner, little figures of Buddha, carved in relief, and withdraw them when pearlified—specimens have very lately arrived in England, for the first time.

Pearl fisheries being of great importance, are conducted with much order and regularity. The boats all start at the signal of a gun-fire, each manned with ten rowers and as many divers; the latter divided into two gangs, which dive and rest alternately. Each diver is provided with a sack of netting to contain the oysters, and also a cord, with a stone attached, to facilitate his descent, and another cord to signal to those in the boat when he wishes to come up. At the moment when he is about to dive, he takes between the toes of the right foot the cord with the stone, between the others the net, and seizing the signal cord in his right hand, at the same moment stops his nostrils with his left. Arriving quickly at the bottom of the water, at a depth of from eight to twenty yards, he hooks the net to his neck, and fills it with shells with his right hand: at the end of two, or sometimes four, five, or even six minutes, he makes the signal, and is instantly drawn up by the men in the boat. The same diver can repeat the operation fifty times in one day, bringing up about fifty shells each time, although the pressure of water is so great as occasionally to force a stream of blood from his nose and ears. The oysters are deposited in shallow pits on the shore, and when the animal dies the shells open, and a careful search is made for the pearls.

So great is the importance of pearl fisheries, that cities in Mexico and Peru have owed their rise and fall to that sole cause. Respecting one, especially, called New Cadiz, the writers of the seventeenth century discoursed eloquently of the riches and luxury of the inhabitants; but soon, by an indiscriminate destruction of the shell-fish, the banks became exhausted, supplies ceased, riches vanished, even the cities themselves have utterly disappeared. The very history and fate of our own country was entirely changed in consequence of oysters; for it is an admitted fact, that Cæsar was induced to invade Britain by the exaggerated accounts he had heard of the pearls found in our rivers, though as it happened he was much disappointed. These were the produce of a long, black kind of freshwater oyster, still occasionally found, but rarely producing valuable pearls. Between the years 1631 and 1634, however, a pearl fishery in the Tay was prosecuted vigorously, and produced £10,000. In 1693, a single Scotch specimen was sold for £80.; and one presented to the queen of Charles the Second is said to form part of the royal crown at the present day. Some few other shells, besides oysters, produce pearls, but seldom of value, and mostly varying in colour from grey to green, black, yellow, or pink.

When we come to consider the matter, how absurd it is to prize things according to their rarity, rather than by their utility or beauty; and please ourselves with rubbish because it is scarce. Gold and silver are not half the real value of iron, nor could serve half its useful purposes. Diamonds and gems are but rough dirty-looking stone, till cut and polished by long labour; and pearls, highly esteemed as either, are produced by the disordered state of despised shell-fish. Verily men and women are but "children of a larger growth."

POLEMICS AT BIRMINGHAM.

We have no intention of making our Magazine a Theological Review: we prefer to exhibit the results of religion in the form of example, rather than to enforce it in the form of precept and argument. But we must cope with the circumstances under which we live; and we cannot help noticing with satisfaction an attempt to deal with them boldly and fairly. The lecture* to which we invite our readers' attention, is rather a statement of facts, and an appeal to common honesty, than a discussion of doctrine. Moreover, it is so specially addressed to those for whom our own columns are intended, that we need make no apology for introducing it to those who do not yet know the author. The enemies of the truth, assisted, alas! by those who ought to be the truth's best friends, have been for so long engaged in trying to lead the people by the nose, and blindfolded, that we must try hard to get the bandage off, and persuade them to use the senses which God has given them.

Mr. Neale's lecture on Absolution and Confession was written in reply to one delivered in the Town Hall, Birmingham, by the Rev. J. C. Miller, rector of St. Martin's, in that town, in which the lecturer attempted to prove that "the Confessional in the Church of England" is what he was pleased to call a "Tractarian development;" that it is founded on a doctrine which is untrue, namely, the power of absolution by the Christian Priesthood, and which, be it remembered, if it be not true, is flat blasphemy; and thirdly, that its results are demoralising, and therefore bad. But the false logic and shallow arguments of the lecture were not its gravest faults. It abounded with errors, which, if they arose, as it is to be hoped that they did, from ignorance, are no less astonishing than if they were the results of wilful misrepresentation. To these Mr. Neale was bound to address himself, as well as to the supposed arguments.

His lecture begins with an exposure of Mr. Miller's misstatements. This was necessary to remove the false impressions which his statements might have left behind, as he had had first turn. His arguments are disposed of last—they did not require much room. First and foremost, there stands, as usual, a slanderous statement of *Roman* doctrine. The lecturer was comparing the teaching of the "Tractarian" members of the English Church, on the subject of Confession, with that of the Roman Church, and for the purpose invents a dogma for the benefit of the Roman Church the exact opposite of what is really taught. He said—"In the Romish Church there is no pardon for mortal sins not confessed;" in a word, "God can only forgive in one way, and that as a man chooses." Mr. Neale goes to one of the commonest (and one of the best, too) of Roman Catholic Catechisms, the little Catechism of Mechlin. We would first observe, that the Mechlin Press has more absolute authority in the Church on the Continent than any single Press in England, even than the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge,—the authority of this little Catechism, therefore, is of the highest. In it are the following question and answer:—

"*Q.*—Does perfect contrition produce a special effect by itself?

"*A.*—Yes; it justifies the sinner by itself, without the co-operation of absolution, or of any other sacrament."

That is, repentance is acceptable to God without absolution or any other sacrament; it even says that it produces justification,—it teaches, in a word, "God can forgive in any way He will." The fact and the falsehood need no comparison. Clearing away this mis-statement from the threshold, Mr. Neale follows Mr. Miller through his argument that the practice of confession was a novelty in the English Church; or that, at most, as he elegantly expressed it, it was "optional to every man who was a preacher." Mr. Miller appears to have bemoaned himself over the "audacity" of those who declared that confession was "but the carrying out certain passages in the Prayer-book." "Audacity, too!" cries Mr. Neale,—"the 'audacity' of men who actually dare to say that white is white! I, or any other plain, honest man, should have thought the audacity lay the other way."

We shall presently see how, in his heart of hearts, Mr. Miller really regards these passages in the Prayer-book; at present, he attempts to get over them in words which we have often heard before. He says, firstly,—"We are not to look barely at what the Prayer-book *says*, but at what the Reformers who compiled the Prayer-book *thought*." Secondly,—"We are not to build our faith on the mere expressions of the Prayer-book, but are to explain those words and expressions by the actions of the Apostles."

Mr. Neale takes the first argument in the first place, and says—"If it were drawn out in full, it would stand thus:—We are not to look at the plain bare words of the Prayer-book, but at the sense in which the Reformers held them. I deny that. But (proceeds Mr. Neale) the Reformers disapproved of confession and absolution. I deny that; and therefore we may, while we retain their formulas, disapprove of it also. And were both the other assertions true, I should deny the third, because the Reformers did not write them. If we are to take the Prayer-book in anybody's sense besides its own plain English sense, we must take it in the sense either of the Sarum Breviaries and S. Osmund, from whom it was originally compiled, or in the sense of the divines of the Savoy Conference, by whom it was finally ratified,—men, as is well known, who would now be called ultra-Tractarians. Mr. Miller may have whichever of these authorities he likes best—the Reformers happen to have nothing to do with it."

Mr. Neale goes on—"Now look at the account your lecturer gave of what the Prayer-book says:—'He would tell them that they must not build too much upon a service which was optional to every man who was a preacher, as the 67th Canon shows. Supposing a sick person were moved to make a special confession of his sins, the priest might absolve him after this sort—'I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!' (Office for the Visitation of the Sick.) That was very strong; but it was to a preacher an optional service, and it was also for special occasions.'"

In this short paragraph are two mis-statements:—"Suppose a sick person were moved to make a confession of his sins." Yes; but the word is not *suppose*, but *shall*. "How *shall* the sick person be moved?" "The priest *might* absolve him." The words are—"The priest *shall* absolve him." I will not characterise this method of quotation. The sick man, then, *shall* be moved; and if he desire it, the priest *shall* absolve. How can this be called an optional service? Optional to the sick man, if you will, but not to the priest. You might as well tell me that it was optional to priests to baptise children. The words are the same in both cases. The priest *shall* do one and the other.

Your lecturer continues:—"There was nothing in the absolution to make it out a secret service, nor anything to prevent a whole family being present during the confession and absolution." Of course there is nothing, except common consolation, common sense, and sometimes common decency. But what does this prove? Does Mr. Miller think that a public confession would make the absolution invalid? Is it possible he did not know that in primitive times confessions *were* public, and in the presence of the congregation, till the practice was found unedifying, and was prudently suppressed?

* "*Confession and Absolution.*" A Lecture written for delivery in the Town Hall, Birmingham. By the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead. London, Joseph Masters, Aldersgate-street; Birmingham, W. Hodgetts, Cannon-street; Brighton, W. J. Taylor, East-street.

The fact is too plain. The Prayer-book is point blank in favour of the system which Mr. Miller is attacking. The penitent *shall* be moved to confess—the priest *shall* absolve. "Yes," says your lecturer, "but I deny that the Reformers intended this." . . . "But the case is not so. It has been proved, over and over again, that the English Reformers held the true doctrine on Confession and Absolution as strongly as any man can do. I am not going to find you quotations on the subject, (any one who wishes may see the instances given in the works of Mr. Gresley and Mr. Newland on Confession,) because it really, to us, matters not a whit—except so far as the men themselves are concerned—whether Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest of them, believed in the Prayer-book they compiled or not."

Take, once for all, this "Head of Religion," presented to the clergy by Archbishop Parker and his Bishops:—"The true Church of Christ is that in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments administered according to the ordinances of Christ; *and in which the authority of the keys is retained.*"

The appeal to the Prayer-book, or its compilers, against confession, is of course unsuccessful. So Mr. Miller betakes himself to the second point or argument, that the doctrine, even though taught in the Prayer-book, is unwarrantable and untrue. He professes to appeal to the way in which the Apostles understood and acted upon their commission:—"We are to build our faith, not on the mere expressions of the Prayer-book, but are to explain those words and expressions by the actions of the Apostles." It happens that the appeal is entirely favourable to us; but, as Mr. Neale says, it is not honest. If the Prayer-book teaches what is wicked and untrue, how came Mr. Miller and his friends to declare their "unfeigned assent and consent" to it? It at least exposes them to the charge of dishonesty if they reserve their objections to it till after they have become its sworn ministers and teachers. Mr. Neale gives an illustration:—"I read in God's law, '*Thou shalt do no murder.*' But suppose I am desirous of killing some one, according to Mr. Miller's teaching, I should say, 'Undoubtedly these words seem strong; but I shall not look so much at their plain bare meaning as at their history.' 'The strictest moralist,' your lecturer would continue, 'would concede that God, in giving in this law, never intended it to be taken in a more binding sense than that in which His saints of old received it. But Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal. David is expressly said to have been a man of blood. Elijah slew ten priests of Baal, by the brook Kishon. Therefore it is plain that the commandment cannot mean what it says; and I shall adopt that signification which seems to me most consistent with the general training of Scripture, and especially with Scriptural examples of action.'"

He adds:—"Now I say that this is not a caricature. Once allow Mr. Miller's method of explaining away what he does not like, and morality comes to an end; in fact, if he really meant what he said, he was as completely proclaiming an indulgence to sin as ever did Tetzel in his infamous mission through Germany."

But let Mr. Miller have the full benefit of his argument. It is this:—"The fair way of interpreting our Lord's words would be to inquire what did the Apostles themselves? Did they go forth and forgive sins as Jesus Christ forgave sins? Was there one single passage in which an Apostle had said, in his own name, authoritatively and judicially, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee'?"

"Now, I confess," says Mr. Neale, "when I first read these words in the report of that Lecture, I thought there was here some mistake of the reporter. I knew the ignorance which prevails among 'Evangelical' preachers of Scripture, with the exception of some ten or twelve picked and favourite chapters. I knew the ease with which an extempore preacher falls into a mis-statement, which, in his study, would horrify him. But still, the ignorance of this assertion seemed to me too incredible; nor till I had pointed it out to Mr. Miller could I bring myself to believe that he had actually made it. I really hope that there is no one here present to whom I need point out the example of the incestuous Corinthian. 'To whom,' says St. Paul, 'I forgave anything, for your sakes forgave I it in the Person of Christ.'

"Can any human language be stronger? 'In the *Person* of Christ;' not 'in the name of Christ,' not 'by the authority of Christ,' but 'in the Person of Christ.' I, acting as His vicegerent—I, taking His place—I, invested with His power—forgave that sin. This is how the Apostle understood his commission—this is how the Church of England confers her commission—this is how I received and have my commission."

We must find room for the disposal of the next of Mr. Miller's points, as we believe it is one frequently brought forward by the Evangelical party as a triumphant, clinching argument against confession. It is moreover worth attention, as the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed it to his clergy last September. Mr. Miller's version of it is:—"Take the case of the Philippian gaoler; and was not that a case to which they would look to see how the Apostles understood their mission? Did they put him into the Confessional? How did they absolve? They said—'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

Mr. Neale, of course, exclaims—"Why, the gaoler *was not baptized!* Is it possible that your lecturer could have been so profoundly ignorant of the very first principles of theology as to think that an unbaptized man is capable of absolution any more than a corpse is capable of taking medicine? The whole College of Apostles could not have absolved him. The Catholic Church in (Ecumenical Council assembled could not have absolved him. Only the One High Priest, whose power is undelegated—only He who can forgive sins by His own merits and not another's—only He who can act without sacraments as well as with them—only the Lord Jesus Christ, and He only in His divine nature,—could at that time have said to that man, '*Thy sins are forgiven thee!*'"

Mr. Miller thus makes a feint of running away from the Prayer-book to the Bible; to the Bible, of course, Mr. Neale most willingly follows him, and refutes him, as we have seen, upon his own grounds, and out of his own mouth.

We must curtail the passage in which Mr. Miller betrays his real regard for the obnoxious parts of the Prayer-book. He is obliged to confess at last that he should like to see the form of Absolution there given "altered or modified"; first expressing his indignation at the "audacity" of those who would not like it! He continues:—"He wanted nothing altered for the satisfaction of his own conscience; he did not wish a line which was in the Prayer-book to be taken out for his own satisfaction; but he would like the stumbling-blocks removed from the way of others." Observe this: Mr. Miller is perfectly ready to say, *I absolve thee from all thy sins*, when he *means*, I do not pretend to absolve thee from any sin; but he wishes the phrase altered for the sake of more scrupulous consciences. Let no man, he says, think me a dishonest clergyman. I don't want the Prayer-book altered for myself. *I* am perfectly willing to call black white; but some of my friends have scrupulous consciences, and for their sakes, poor men! I could wish to see the words changed. So much for Mr. Miller.

Having done with him and his mistakes, and feeling "very glad to have got it over," Mr. Neale proceeds to a more general consideration of the subject, still with special reference, however, to Mr. Miller's charges. We can only endeavour to condense it. He first asks—"Why is it that the opposition, the bitterness, the fury of the world is poured out on the subject of Confession?" Do not let us deceive ourselves. 'The doctrine of Absolution is now

the great one for which we have to fight; that of Baptism is already won; that of the Holy Eucharist is, by God's great goodness, in a fair way of being won. But the battle now rages round Confession; and I should not wonder if it were such a battle as we have never yet seen in the Church of England. The Archbishop and his Evangelical allies are determined that it shall be put down; we are determined that it shall not. The Prayer-book is confessedly with us. The lawyers say that "Tractarians" are simply obeying what they are sworn to obey. Therefore, his Grace appeals to public opinion, that is, he appeals to the world against the Church; and the world, of course, gives him a favourable answer. It would be strange indeed if it did not. The question virtually asked is this:—Will you, World, allow a more formidable attack than you have ever yet known to be made on the stronghold of Satan? Will you allow souls to be rescued from his grasp who, humanly speaking, can be freed by no other means? Will you allow temperance, righteousness, and the judgment to come, to be brought home to the conscience with a power which you can little understand? Will you allow Christ's great engine against old inveterate sin to come into play against you? And the World shouts out—No! no! no! My votaries shall go on as they have done; they shall not be warned; they shall not be encouraged to confess. I will not hear of Absolution; away with remission of sins; I will brand the man who dares either to give it or defend it!

"Well; I do not wonder at the world, but I do wonder at his Grace." He adds:—"Here is a religious system of considerable earnestness; a practice which goes hard against human nature, which involves great trouble, often deep shame, careful preparation; and this system is supported by a few men who sacrifice all their worldly prospects in consequence—who are hated, reviled, traduced, ridiculed, persecuted. This on the one side: on the other—men of pleasure, men of business, men who confessedly make this world their god, men of all belief, and men of no belief, banded together against this system, avowedly relying on that worldly spirit of which Holy Scripture declared that it is not consonant with the law of God, neither indeed can be. . . . The world, in this struggle, can find no more convenient cat's-paw than what it is pleased to call the Protestant Faith,—which, by the way, is not Protestant, for Lutherans are the other way; and which is not Faith at all, for Infidels share it."

To this part of the subject belongs the consideration of Mr. Miller's objections to the tendency and results of Confession. He had heaped all manner of abuse upon the system; still more, if possible, upon those who practise it: but he could only find two ideas, even pretending to be called arguments, to bring forward definitely against it, namely, its tendency to spiritual despotism, and to indecency. To establish the first, he proposed to have recourse to a sermon of the Rev. J. M. Neale's, which happens to contain as strong a protest against the excess of priestly influence, in the shape of *direction* as opposed to confession, as is to be found, perhaps, in the writings of any single priest, of any age, who believed in the virtue of his own powers. In it, however, Mr. Miller sees the longing after "sacerdotal despotism;" and deduces from it, as from the Bible and Prayer-book, the exact opposite of the principle taught in it. Mr. Neale can, of course, only find comfort in his company, and read to his audience what he actually did say. We regret that we have not space to repeat to our readers what that was, but must refer them to the lecture itself, or to Mr. Neale's well-known Lectures on Church Difficulties, in which the passage originally occurs, and where the question is more fully discussed. We have already devoted so much space to this lecture, that we must confine ourselves to a single extract on the subject of Mr. Miller's last objection, namely, its tendency to indecency:—

"It is a painful thing to have to allude to such a subject as the impurity and indecency which is asserted by your lecturer, and by others, to be the tendency and the result of the Confessional. . . . If self-examination of conscience means anything, it must have to do with all the commandments alike. We are not to pick and choose. We are not, for example, to dwell on the sixth, and decline the seventh—to dilate on the ninth, and avoid part of the tenth. And if the science of conscience be anything, it is not confined to such breaches of God's law as may politely be mentioned. As long as men will sin in ways which cannot be thought of without horror, so long priests must follow them into those dark and tortuous abysses of crime, if, by God's grace, they may pull them out therefrom. Every science must have books to teach it; confession, therefore, has its books. Now, what do men like your lecturer do? They rush to the pages that are necessarily defiled with the most disgraceful acts of human nature; they wallow in their filth; they rake it over and examine it; they spread it abroad to public view; they collect mixed assemblies to hear about it; they advertise that on such and such days they will expose all sorts of incentives to vice; they risk the ruin of countless souls for the sake of a dishonest, polemical blow. Words fail me to describe the deep dye of this wickedness. To inject thoughts of impurity which can never afterwards be got rid of, absolutely to teach sin—to pander to the worst and most brutal instincts of man,—this is what I have known done at Brighton; this is what was done at Plymouth; this is what might, but for the good feeling of the newspaper reporters, have been done at Birmingham. . . . I disdain to dwell at any length on this subject. The spiritual and the bodily physician sometimes have, and must have, painful and loathsome tasks: all honour to them both, if they boldly and unflinchingly meet them? All shame to the men who pry into the details of what either would keep secret, and turn efforts to succour the fallen into incentives for the ruin of them that stand!"

We cannot follow the parallel, so well drawn and illustrated, between the work of the bodily and spiritual physician—the surgeon and the priest. We must pass by the touching and eloquent vindication of Mr. Prynne. We are compelled to omit the familiar sketch of the benefits of confession, as exhibited in the respective systems of two parish priests among the younger portions of their flocks. We refrain from any further comment on the mingled wickedness and folly of those who get jews, infidels, and heretics to help them; contradict the very words, and persecute the honest servants, of the God of Truth; who publish vice, deprave the pure, and make the impure more so, in mocking service of the God of Purity, and merely use the words quoted by Mr. Neale, and used by the prudent Pharisee, against the first Tractarians,—to urge those men of the world, as they love their own souls, to "refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God."

We shall conclude with one more quotation from the earlier part of the lecture, which is worthy to be the last word upon our ears, after the consideration of such a subject. It is from the pen of a Portuguese divine, and is quoted by Mr. Neale "on account of its beauty":—"Perfect confession is not that in which the sin is first confessed, and then pardoned; but that in which it is first pardoned, and then confessed. In less perfect confession, sin is first confessed, and then grace is received; in the most perfect confession, grace is first received, and then sin is confessed. Less perfect confession begins at the feet of God, and ends in His arms; the confession that is most perfect, begins in His arms, as happened to the prodigal, and ends at his feet. The reason is clear: because the most perfect confession is that in which the sinner goes to the feet of God truly

contrite and penitent for his sins. Does he go truly contrite and penitent? then he goes already in grace, he goes already pardoned, he goes already absolved."

Many readers will be thankful to carry this away with them. It is a blow to any hidden unsuspected self-righteousness, any supposed exemption from the need of confession. It shews to the soul aspiring to greater holiness, a higher path, a more perfect penitence: for, "if we say that we *have* no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

LUCK AND PERSEVERANCE; OR, THE TWO ADVENTURERS.

Chapter IV.

We must now leave for a time the family of the Franklins, and pursue the fortunes of Harry Walters. His career was, as may be supposed, a somewhat desultory one. At first he entered warmly into the details of his new life; for the change from the condition of a dependent boy to that, as it seemed to him, of an independent man, generally affords much gratification to self esteem. Soon, however, the regular routine of study became wearisome; the lecture-room was deserted, and the tutor neglected; while pleasure was eagerly sought and pursued.

Harry, as we have before said, possessed showy and sparkling talents; he had, moreover, an active memory, together with a happy knack of picking up superficial knowledge. This aptitude was often most advantageous to him; for when questioned on any subject with which he had made himself partially acquainted, his answers were usually fluent, and often cleverly hazarded; he therefore depended on his favourite maxim 'luck' to carry him through every difficulty, and would rather rely on the chance of a fortunate examination, than trouble himself to be prepared at all points by laborious application.

Harry, when he returned home during the two or three first vacations, visited his friends at the Grange; but he was changed in heart and feelings. Somehow he could not regard his former companion, Mary Franklin, gentle and innocent as she was, with the same sentiments of affection and devotion that had been offered in earlier days of purer impulses. Our young gentleman had stepped, as it were, into a new world, where every object presenting itself was invested with a roseate colouring; and when he looked back on the past scenes of childhood, the yeoman's daughter seemed somewhat too homely a goddess to receive the homage of so lofty an aspirant. A heavy cloud was now gathering over the family at the Grange; and, as falling houses are proverbially deserted by rats and renegades, Harry's visits became less and less frequent, until at length his father strictly prohibited all intercourse with the Franklins, on pain of a short allowance, and perhaps removal from the university. Our hero was not inclined to give up anything that gave him present enjoyment, for selfishness was a powerful ingredient in his character. As regards the mere parental command, it would probably have had but little weight, had not there been some penalty attached to his disobedience; as it was, he very soon, and without much effort, forgot all the love and esteem he once professed to entertain for the companion of his boyish days.

Year succeeded year, and the period approached when Harry had to pass his final examination, in order to take that degree which should be a step towards one of the learned professions. He had got through his previous trials with tolerable credit; and now he trusted as usual that good luck would stand his friend. For the coming occasion he had prepared on the most approved method of *Cramming*. Still his information was but partial; he had only grasped some of the salient outlines of knowledge, and was altogether deficient in the important details.

At length the eventful day which was to determine Harry's fate arrived; and despite his habitual carelessness, he was nervous and doubtful. The examination proceeded; the points he had neglected happened to be those most insisted on; the strong ground was taken from under his feet, the fickle goddess deserted him, and he came out of "the schools" unmistakeably "plucked." That evening Harry drowned his disappointment in copious draughts of wine, and for a time forgot his disgrace in the oblivion of intoxication.

The following morning, as he lay on his uneasy couch, his head aching from the fumes of the wine, and his brain bewildered with confused recollections of the past day, a letter was put into his hands. It was from his father, and ran thus:—

"Dear Harry,—The game is up, and before you read this, I shall have started for the free land of America, as England is likely to be somewhat too warm for a certain complaint in the *chest* with which I am threatened. You will hear enough about the story, so I need not now enter into particulars. Call on Jacob Handiman, he has some money for you; it is all I can do at present, but I will send more as soon as possible. Take care of the *tin*, and make your way in the world. I think you were born *lucky*, and will no doubt do credit to your breeding. Always remember, Society is made up of three fools to one rogue; profit by the many, and try to be a match for the few. Take this advice from your loving father, "William Walters.

"P.S.—I conclude you have by this time got your 'blushing honours thick upon you.' I shall hear through Jacob how you prosper; no one else must know my whereabout. Mum's the word."

Harry read the letter over and over again; its contents bewildered him almost as much as those posing questions of the examination in the schools had done. It was necessary, however, to act at once, and ascertain without delay the extent of the evil; he therefore rose, and proceeded as quickly as possible to pack up all his moveables, and in a few hours was on the road to C——. We shall leave him to pursue his journey, while we return a little, in point of time, and relate some of the events that led to the present state of things.

For two or three years Mr. Walters had been constantly increasing his expenditure; he indulged in the most extravagant luxuries with a lavish recklessness, and maintained an establishment and equipage far beyond his position. He had left the Old Shrubbery Lodge some time, and had taken Broadlands Hall, the patrimonial residence of Sir Lightfoot Hazard, a gentleman who, as it was supposed, might be found rusticating in some obscure French town, endeavouring to nurse up the remnants of a once princely fortune, squandered on the racecourse or at the gambling table. The affairs of the great joint-stock company for which Walters was the manager, had not been so prosperous of late, and much dissatisfaction existed among the shareholders; a committee of inquiry was therefore instituted, by which a strict examination of all the circumstances was entered into. It was discovered that the grossest peculation and jobbery had been practised; and a statement, seriously impugning the conduct and integrity of the manager, was about to be submitted to the proprietors. The astute Walters had foreseen the possible termination of his knavery, and had provided accordingly against the catastrophe.

There was a considerable sum of money lying in the banker's hands, applicable to current purposes of the undertaking; the greater part of this, by virtue of his office, he was enabled to withdraw; he moreover raised large amounts by the creation of fictitious bills of

exchange, which bills he accepted on behalf of the company, his friend Jacob Handiman personating, under various names, the supposed drawer. These bills he took into the market, and found no difficulty in converting them into cash. Having obtained possession of these funds, and at the same time being provided with a passage in a steamer for New York, he took *French leave* of home, making the best of his way to Liverpool: and on the very evening preceding the day fixed for the general meeting, when the whole matter was to be investigated, he was safely embarked, under a false name, on board the Titania, one of the swiftest packets on the line; and the next morning was merrily steaming down the channel, with a favourable wind, which still faster and faster urged the bounding vessel towards the New World.

It was on the third day after his father's departure that Harry arrived at Broadlands. He found everything in the greatest confusion; the officers of justice were in charge of the house, with all its effects, and the various dependents were in the utmost dismay. Seated in the gorgeously-furnished drawing-room, and surrounded by numerous costly articles of taste and ornament, our hero found Old Langley. It appeared that Walters had persuaded the covetous old infidel to advance a large sum on loan to the company, with a promise that the rate of interest should be far beyond anything he could get elsewhere. It was now, however, found, that the securities were informal; the money had never passed through the hands of the treasurer, but had been cunningly applied by the manager to his own purposes. On hearing this, the miserable miser, whose only god was his gold, gave way to the most violent rage, and refused to leave the house: he called down imprecations on everybody in general, and on Walters in particular. When Harry entered the room, Langley burst into a fresh torrent of abuse and vituperation. At length the young man could bear it no longer. "Mr. Langley," said he, in a determined voice, "you professed to be my father's friend; you were always his counsellor and adviser; you taught him how to raise the evil spirit, and now grumble because some of the brimstone has burned your fingers. All your ill-gotten wealth was amassed through fraud and oppression, and I am glad you are let in at last; it is right that you should be served up in your own sauce!" The old man looked aghast; he knew not what to say, and was choking with passion and astonishment. Before he could quite recover himself, the door opened to admit a police constable, who very quietly intimated to him that he must depart.

Young Walters soon found that the great house was no place for him; he was evidently looked upon with a suspicious eye, and every hour brought to light some fresh proof of his father's dishonesty and profligacy. He therefore determined at once to ascertain the state of his finances, and with this view he sought out Jacob Handiman. This individual had been an old and confidential clerk of the runaway manager, and was well initiated in all the mysteries of *cooking* accounts. Walters had found him extremely useful; for he connived at his employer's irregularities, ministered to his extravagance, and pandered to his vices. Jacob had managed to pick up a few crumbs on his own account; but he was a soft-spoken, cautious man, never making any display, or exciting much envy. On the present occasion, he was subjected to a severe cross-examination by the accountant employed to investigate the business; nothing, however, calculated to criminate himself transpired; whatever had been done, he positively stated had been so done by the express order of Walters, and it was not for the servant to question the instructions of his master. He therefore passed through the ordeal, with some little damage, it is true, to character, but his pocket was uninjured; and Jacob being, in his own estimation, somewhat of a philosopher, consoled himself with the reflection that perhaps a lame reputation might be easier to cure than a crippled fortune.

Harry received from his hands a sealed packet, which, as soon as he was alone, the young man hastily opened. It contained *one thousand pounds!* This sum our hero looked upon as an exhaustless mine of treasure: *luck* had not deserted him; the world was before his gaze, and he resolved on selecting some broad, flowery path to traverse. With this view, Harry set out for London, determined to choose for himself a ticket in the great lottery of life, and place its chances in the vast social wheel of the mighty metropolis. He entered with eagerness into all the pleasures and dissipation of town life. He was not, it is true, utterly abandoned to vice, but he wanted those sound religious weapons which can alone successfully resist temptation; neither did he possess moral courage sufficient to extricate himself from the alluring snares of sin. Nevertheless there were times when better thoughts would struggle in his heart, but the weeds continued to grow faster and faster, threatening to choke and smother those few good seeds. His extravagant and reckless pursuits soon made terrible inroads on his little fortune, which was rapidly dwindling away; yet he had enough worldly wisdom to know that most ropes have an end, and that unless he could contrive to warp on some additional length, the whole of his yarn must be shortly run out. He therefore set about considering how he might best increase the ways and means, and here he felt sure that *luck* would carry him through.

At first he tried agencies in various departments of trade, but the necessity which such an employment involved of punctuality and application was so opposed to his tastes and inclinations, and his habits altogether were so unbusinesslike, that this calling was soon abandoned. He next became connected with one of the small theatres, as manager, author, and actor; but this "spec" proved no gold field. He then got an engagemnnt as contributor to some of those weekly and monthly publications which issue from the free press in legion, professing to enlighten mankind, to regenerate society, and to feed the craving appetite of the people; but many of which periodicals too often furnish insidious poison rather than the wholesome food of knowledge, and instil pernicious theories and dark doubts in place of the bright sunshine of hope and holy confidence. These literary pursuits, together with an occasional lucky hit at cards, or a well made-up betting-book for some favourite race, supplied money for current purposes, and the future, according to Harry's system, was sure to be provided for by dame Fortune.

One day, as he sat alone in his apartments, a shabby-genteel lodging in one of the obscure courts of the metropolis, engaged on an article for the "Go-a-Head Magazine,"—a journal which undertook to prove that up to the present time everybody had been mistaken about everything.—his friend Mr. Gibbs Masher entered, threw himself into a chair, and at once commenced business.

"Walters," said he, "what think you of starting a railway?" "How do you mean?" replied Harry.

"I mean this," continued the other: "there are now lots of schemes afloat, some with and some without bottoms; the public are now all agog upon the question of locomotion. Now you are a clever fellow, and can soon cook up a taking prospectus; put me in as solicitor, Fred Pointless can do the engineering part, you will be secretary, and with Didham and Co. for bankers, the job is in a nutshell."

This was an admirable idea, and our hero fell to work immediately. In half-an-hour a most showy advertisement was prepared, by which it was clearly demonstrated that the most stupendous advantages must inevitably result to all classes of the community from the carrying out the Long Range Junction, uniting as it would the rising town of Little Pitherick with the attractive district about Bullock Smithy, with branches to the German Ocean and the Irish Channel. The project took,

and the shares were rapidly forced up to an enormous premium. Of course the promoters reserved certain privileges, of which they fully availed themselves, and there was a very tolerable amount of plunder. Many similar bubbles were blown up from similar sources, and were all more or less successful.

At length came the panic, and the subsequent crash; down tumbled all the airy nothings, and many a nominal possessor of thousands became a beggar. The cunning foresight of Harry's associates enabled them to discern that sooner or later such a catastrophe must result, and they had provided for it accordingly. Our hero, who was a real chip of the old block, profited by their precautions, and always acted warily; besides which, his usual good luck seemed never to fail him; he always bought in and sold out at the right time, and contrived to realise very large sums of money, which he secretly invested in foreign securities, wisely judging that when the crisis arrived, a temporary absence from England might be desirable. Therefore, amidst the confusion arising from the insolvency of brokers, the exposed jobbery of directors, the absconding of the committee-men, the bankruptcy of treasurers, the terror of shareholders, and the dismay of the whole herd of railway bears, bulls, and stags, whose occupation was gone, and the mutual crimination and recrimination of a vast multitude of dupes and dupers,—Harry Walters quitted his native land for a prolonged tour on the Continent, quite forgetting to leave his address.

The transactions of this period are usually classed under the head of "mania"; but there was so much method in the madness, so much cunning care of self, that no dispassionate jury could award to the plea of aberration of intellect the thousand suicidal acts then committed. Everyone knew that the delusive bubble must ere long dissolve; but everyone hoped it would dissolve in his neighbour's hand. The retribution came soon, and fell terribly, leaving another example on record of how fondly men ever pursue a vain shadow, and continue to seek after that which perisheth.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

THE STOCKPORT TURN-OUTS IN THEIR PARISH CHURCH.

On Sunday, July 24th, a Sermon was preached, at their desire, to the Operatives "on strike," in the Parish Church of Stockport, by the Rev. J. H. C. WRIGHT, M.A.

Such gathering as the minster aisle
  Hath never witnessed yet;
Never did holy morning smile
  On such a host, so met.
No lofty port or courtly air,
No silks and jewels glitter there—
The denizens of toil are they
Who seek the gate of Heaven to-day;—

These who on earth take lowest room,
  Whose days are dark with care,
Who, in life's glad, upspringing bloom
  Have very little share:
Yet they who to the Gospel light
Have freest, fullest, widest right;
For, by the appointing grace of Heaven,
To them, the poor, it first was given.

They gather in, till aisle, and nave,
  And transept overflows;
Then, o'er the swelling human wave
  The organ tones arose,
Bidding to their high harmonies
The lifted spirits upward rise;
Well for those earthbound souls if they
The glorious summons shall obey.

Then hushed, and still, alone ascends
  One reverent voice in prayer,
While the vast concourse lowly bends
  In its mute thousands there:—
Mute, saving when, from time to time,
Assenting to the words sublime,
Rises, like muttered thunder, then
The echo of the deep "Amen."

'Tis past, and solemn in his place
  The anointed herald stands,
Chosen, at their behest, to trace
  Life's tidings to those bands.
"The rich and poor together meet,
All brothers at our Maker's feet."
Words of high promise sure be they
To travellers on earth's severed way.

Oh! had they listened to the voice
  Thus pleading with them now,
And made it thence their sacred choice
  To God their hearts to bow;
How had they lasting comfort gained,
Their future cares and griefs sustained,
And their dim souls in answering glow
Had learnt their being's aim to know,—

That they, so low, so world-decried,
  Are children of a King;
That o'er them hovers, white and wide,
  A guardian angel's wing;
That did they only keep the way,—
But the pure bests of Heaven obey,—
The world has not a soul might stand
More close beside the Father's hand;—

That they are objects of His love,
  Which every being shares,
Who left His glorious throne above
  For such a lot as theirs;
Lived poor, mistaken, scorned, belied,
And as condemned felon died,
That through His blood all feuds might cease,—
Man be with man and Heaven at peace!

THE MONTH.

Notwithstanding his assurances to the Peace Society's deputation of his sympathy with them, the Czar has returned a positive refusal to the ultimatum of Great Britain and France. The generation whibh has grown up within the last forty years must, therefore, prepare themselves for those anxieties, sorrows, sacrifices, and privations which their fathers and grandfathers endured during their long war with the French nation under Buonaparte. Grown wiser by experience, we endeavour to defray the expense of the war ourselves, and commence by doubling our income-tax, instead of contracting a debt which would descend upon our children. The French Government, on the contrary, are borrowing to pay their share of the expense; and though the loan has been eagerly subscribed to in France, the remittances towards it by private individuals in this country have been large, and have, more than the declaration of war, depressed our own funds.

The progress of business in Parliament shews the absorbing interest of the war. Measures of organic change, more or less required, are put off from day to day, and from month to month; while the two Houses discuss the past and future conduct of the ministers, the extent to which warfare shall interfere with commerce, and the means by which newspaper editors have sooner than anyone else learnt what has hitherto gone on. Among the measures postponed, are the Reform and Oaths Abolition Bills, which most probably will not be proceeded with this session. The bill to open the coasting trade has passed the House of Commons without a division; but the one to change the jurisdiction in

probates of wills, has been referred by the Lords to a select committee. Among the bills introduced in the Commons, we notice one to prevent and punish any evasions of the Act passed in 1832 to abolish the Truck or "Tommy" system; the name of the Hon. E. B. Lyttelton, a consistent Churchman, whose father (now Lord Hatherton) carried the former Act, is on the back of the bill, with the names of other members from the mining districts.

The ministerial plan for the reform of the University of Oxford is before the House of Commons. It proposes many complete changes in the government and system of the University at large, the several colleges being allowed another year to amend their own statutes; but if they delay beyond the year, a Commission is to do it for them. Any changes which reduce the expense and enlarge the studies, will attract other ranks, besides the highest, to the Universities; and we may hope that the separation of class from class may thus be broken by youthful association: but to appropriate property to any purposes than those to which it has been given by our ancestors, is a dangerous work, and will be the greatest change there has been since the Reformation. Though Lord John Russell expressed his own wish to be, that colleges might be established in the University for the education of youths not members of our Church, there is no proposal in this bill to admit them into Oxford. There is probably a difference of opinion among ministers as to the propriety of doing so.

The bill entitled the Colonial Clergy Disabilities Bill, and intended to recognise the right of the clergy and laity of the Anglican Church in the Colonies to meet their bishops in Synod, has passed a second reading by a large majority,—the propriety of their so doing is thus recognised by the House of Commons. Amendments, all very different from each other in their intentions, are promised to be moved in Committee by members not less differing in their religious and political opinions. The great want in the bill is, that no provision is made for the bishops and their clergy meeting apart; the absolute necessity of which, when doctrine is to be discussed, cannot be doubted.

While charging the grand jury at Stafford, Mr. Justice Talfourd was struck with apoplexy, and almost immediately expired. He was eloquently reprobating the want of sympathy between different classes in this country; a reprobation, we fear, only too well deserved. Mr. R. Crowder, a barrister on the Western Circuit, and in Parliament for Liskeard, will succeed him. But for this awful removal, we should consider sudden the death of Dr. Denison, Bishop of Salisbury, a prelate in whom, if caution was more conspicuous than zeal, honesty and judgment were never doubted. The Rev. Walter Kerr Hamilton, M.A., who, both as the late bishop's successor at St. Peter's, in the East Oxford, and as his examining chaplain in his diocese, has merited the character of a sound Churchman, has been nominated to the vacant see. Amongst the deaths during the month must also be noticed those of the Marquis of Londonderry, a warrior of the Peninsular war; Vice-Admiral Gordon, governor of Greenwich Hospital, a distinguished veteran; Alderman Thompson, the most generally respected member of the London Corporation; and John Martin, the well-known historical painter.

There was no truth in the report prevalent some three months back that Mr. Smith O'Brien had escaped from Australia. On the contrary, he, with others of his fellow-convicts, appears faithfully to have observed their parole; in consideration of which, her Majesty has extended her clemency to them, with the single restriction, that they do not return to this country or Ireland. Lord Palmerston, when announcing this, naively observed, that it would be hard if those who had observed their parole, were not in as good a position as those who had broken it.

Reviews.

"*The Kafir, the Hottentot, and the Frontier Farmer. Passages of Missionary Life, from the Journals of the Venerable Archdeacon* MERRIMAN." Third Thousand. London: G. Bell.

WE hail with the liveliest satisfaction the publication of these graphic sketches of missionary life. They exhibit, as the Bishop of Capetown well observes in his Preface to the work, "the daily life of one of the most heroic, self-denying, and devoted of the sons of the English Church, who has learnt, if any in these days, how to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." And Merriman's interview with Umhala, the Kafir Chieftain, is one of the most characteristic passages of the journal; showing, as it does, the tact and knowledge of mankind which the Archdeacon so eminently possesses. We have only room for the commencement of the interview, and must refer our readers for the remainder to the work itself:—

"Some time before sundown, we arrived at Fort Waterloo, among the ruins of which I sat down, regarding Umhala's kraal in the distance, till I thought it time to approach. When I came up, Wilhelm at once divined which was the chief's residence, though I could not distinguish it from either of the others. Drawing up in front, I asked if the chief was in. He was; and then a long pause ensued, during which some women and children began to gather and look at the stranger. At length Umhala, a dirty, scrubby-looking savage, in an old blanket, red with clay like the rest, crawled out and stood before me. After eyeing one another for what seemed to me an age, I wondered that he did not begin to ask questions, and converse readily, as the other Kafirs had done; and not knowing how long this dignified silence was to last, I turned to Wilhelm, and bade him say who I was; that I came from the bishop whom Umhala had seen at King William's Town about a year before; that I bore a message, to ask if he was desirous to have a teacher, and if he would receive two teachers, kindly protect them, and see that they did not starve, and keep his people from robbing and injuring them. Wilhelm looked shocked at the vulgar volubility of my ideas, though condensed into one sentence, which he heard patiently to the end, and then said coolly, but in a low voice, 'No, I must not say all that; that is not Kafir law,'—a favourite phrase with him: 'Isiko Masso. The captain (chief) will ask you all that.'

"So again we stood all silent, till the chief condescended to ask, '*A vela pina?*' 'Where do you come from?' and then the ice being broken, I gradually told him all the above. He shook hands, thanked me, and welcomed me; and being somewhat tired, I sat down upon the ground. He soon followed, and we entered into further conversation. I mention the above, because I think it of consequence to deal with men after their own way; and as I had purposely thrown off the 'Inkosi,' or English gentleman, to approach as a messenger of good tidings, I think I was bound to study Kafir politeness, and not to do as I was grieved to hear that the Slambie Commissioner had done a week or two before; for he, on communicating to Umhala the report which he had heard of the Bishop sending a teacher to him, and on Umhala's displaying a great deal of apathy on the subject, had called him an ungrateful old dog, and other such epithets."

The following instance of rapid calculation will astonish anyone who has but attempted to count living animals in motion:—

"When the sun was setting, I walked up with young Mr. M. to the kraal, as his business was to count in the sheep with which he had been left in sole charge. I have often wondered at the rapidity and accuracy with which our Colonial lads will count in a "troop of sheep,"

as they run by in a continual stream through the open kraal gate. On this occasion some goats were mixed with the flock, which the herd had not been careful to separate. Mr. M. had every now and then to catch them by the horns and throw them back, shouting out occasionally some direction to the Kafir herd, the sheep all the time running past him as rapidly as they could crowd by. When at the close I asked him if all were right, he said 'Yes,' but presently added, as he shut the kraal gate, 'at least there were 1682, and there should have been 1683; but I suppose I miscounted one: the troop is too large to count at once, and I have no one to mark the hundreds, as the herd is a new servant.' Presently, on our return to the house, on passing by the flock of goats, he pointed me out among them the single missing sheep, proving the extraordinary accuracy of such a rapid count."

We conclude our extracts from this interesting little volume with a most happy solution of a religious difficulty:—

"At last, Saturday night came, and it was plain we should not be able to move the following day. Our host, with a proper delicacy, intimated that the Scotch Wesleyan would officiate for them on the morrow, while I went to my poor congregation of three in the Churchman's wagon. But after a bit I summoned courage, and took up my parable, telling them, that though a stiff Churchman, who could not forego any of my principles, I thought it was a scandal in the sight of the heathen, as well as a disgrace to ourselves, that an isolated party of Christians, close to the bush where lurked so many Kafirs, and with a host of Fingo protectors round us, should exhibit our hateful religious disunion by worshipping God in separate congregations on the morrow. I could not forego the use of those prayers which bound me in spirit to my fellow-churchmen in Africa, in England, and all over the world; but if they would all join me in our Church prayers, I would gladly give up the office of preaching, which they thought so highly of, to my Wesleyan brother; only let us form one, and not two congregations, on the morrow.

"They applauded my discourse, and to a man assented; when the Wesleyan minister, thanking me, said he would at once hand over the European congregation to me, and, as he could talk Dutch, and had a good Kafir interpreter besides, he would assemble the Fingoes and Hottentots under a bush, and conduct service with them. This was accordingly agreed to, and so the knot of a very difficult and delicate matter was amicably cut through."

The book is very pleasingly illustrated with coloured and plain engravings; and will, we doubt not, be in great demand in parochial libraries.

"*The Churchman's Library.*" London: Joseph Masters, Aldersgate-street, and New Bond-street.

"Sunday, and how to spend it."

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THESE unpretending little volumes promise to supply the want which is so widely felt, of some short popular statements to convey information to the people in a plain, straightforward style, on some of the many subjects on which they so much stand in need of information. There is every prospect of the promise being fulfilled. The name of Mr. Masters, as publisher, is a sufficient assurance that all will be done which a publisher can do, to render them readable.

"*Hymns for School Children. Compiled by a* CLERGYMAN." Oxford: Shrimpton. London: Whittaker.

WE call attention to this little volume of hymns, as calculated to be of great use in fixing the verities of the Christian faith upon the minds and *hearts* of the children in our parish schools. Children are perhaps more readily instructed, besides being pleased, by a few simple verses, than by any other mode of instruction. Hymns, too, are very popular with the poor of this country. Parents like their children to repeat their hymns at home on Sunday, quite as much for the pleasure it gives them as for the exercise of the child. This little volume, from its simplicity and piety, seems likely to be popular with both parties.

"*Tractarianism (so called by the Prejudiced and Misinformed) No Novelty.*" Masters, London. Hale and Roworth, Manchester.

THE title of this reprint sufficiently explains its character. Dean Stanley's work on "The Faith and Practice of a Christian Man," of which the volume mainly consists, needs no recommendation from us; and the Notes and Illustrations appended to it by Mr. Mandley evince industry and research, though we think some portions of them hardly suited to the gravity of the subject.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "The Church of the People."

Sir,—Seeing that you have taken up the subject of "Pews," (for which you deserve the hearty thanks of all true Churchmen,) I send you the following, (extracted from a book lately published on France, by an American, —"Parisian Sights and French Principles seen through American Spectacles," pp. 94-96,) in the hope that it may may be of some use to you. The writer says:—

"The Protestants of the United States can learn two useful lessons from the [Roman] Catholics of France,—in the arrangement of seats in the churches, and the manner of preaching. Pews are unknown. In lieu of the luxuriously cushioned stalls of the United States, with their elbow rests, and every convenience for an easy posture, which, by the way, causes more than one-half of the somnolency to be witnessed in our churches, they use the simplest kind of chairs. * * * The moral advantages of these chairs are more than at first glance would be supposed. They preserve that equality before God *within* the church, which is as active a principle of the [Roman] Catholic faith as it is dead in the Protestant. Prince and peasant, Caucasian and African, side by side, offer their orisons to their Common Father. Never, by glance or gesture, have I seen aught to disturb this idea of human brotherhood: and I have repeatedly beheld the blouse kneeling by the noble; the *femme de chambre*, with her snow-white cap and apron, brushing the satin of a duchess; and the coal-black beside the exquisite of the Boulevard. All is republicanism and harmony within the church. * * * Pews beget exclusiveness, strengthen artificial distinctions, deprive many of a place of worship, from their expensiveness, and make religion, with a popular preacher, a dear-bought luxury. Abolish them, and the equality in law becomes equality in the house of God. Those who object to the mixture, as it is termed, have the example of the highest and most refined in Europe. Whoever saw a maid go to Church with her mistress in the United States? In France it is a constant practice. A preacher who expects humility to effect an entrance into a church divided into sumptuous and exclusive compartments, the doors of which none can enter but those who count their incomes by thousands, shews himself deficient in knowledge of human nature. Such churches are moral tapans, into which Christians at large cannot enter. Replace pews by chairs, and each church can accommodate twice as many hearers as at present. There would be no sleepers. I have never seen a slumberer in a French church."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Eccles, Feb. 9th, 1854. N. P. P.

Notices.

"W. B." (Limerick)—"R. P." (Truro)—"Y."—"C. H. R."—are thanked for their communications.

"T. W. B." &c.—The extraordinary scheme of "Church Reform," alluded to by our correspondents, we need scarcely assure any *reader* of "The Church of the People," is totally opposed to the views of its Editors; but they did not feel justified in refusing an advertisement which had already appeared in the "Guardian" and other papers advocating similar principles to our own.

"B. P. R."—We are inclined to prefer the "Imperial Dictionary of the English Language, on the basis of Webster," (Blackie and Son, Edinburgh, 1850,) in 2 vols, 4to, to either of those mentioned.

CHORAL BURIAL SERVICE.—With reference to a paragraph upon this subject in our last number, we are requested to state that the large attendance at Mr. Kighley's funeral was drawn together by respect for his memory; and that the unpreparedness of the officiating priest to take his part in the service, arose from his not having been apprised in sufficient time that it was to be choral. We willingly insert this correction, but cannot, in justice to our readers, devote so large a space as would be necessary, to the insertion of the communications which have reached us on the subject.

We are again most reluctantly compelled to postpone the articles of several valued contributors until next month.

Erratum.—The close of the article on Eversley Vestry Meeting, in our last number, was rendered unintelligible by the omission of the following sentence previous to the last paragraph:—"The rector's manly and sensible remarks had their effect. The church was re-built, and in due time consecrated."

The Rev. Canon Sergeant was interred at Eccles (not Prestwich).

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N.B.—Grants to the amount of £10,000. have been made by the National Society to Schools in Manchester.

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George Bell, 186, Fleet-street.

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PROCEEDINGS OF CHURCH UNIONS.

AT a MEETING of the CHESTER & MANCHESTER CHURCH UNION, held at the Palatine Hotel, Manchester, on Thursday, March 9th, 1854,

It was Resolved,—

1.—"That this meeting desires to express its heartfelt thankfulness to Almighty God for the steady progress the promotion of synodical action in the English Church has made, especially at the last Session of Convocation of the province of Canterbury."

2.—"That this meeting is of opinion that it would be further conducive to this end, if the Proctors of the Convocation of York would follow the example of their brethren of Canterbury; and if they should not succeed in moving the present Synod to business, by reason of archiepiscopal opposition, to take steps, by protest or otherwise, as to them seems expedient, to make their case known to the Church, and thereby obtain the sympathy, if not the assistance, of the clergy and laymen of the province."

3.—"That this meeting desires to express its obligations to the Government for the introduction of a bill into Parliament declaring that there are no disabilities which prevent the colonial clergy from meeting in Synod."

4.—"That this meeting is of opinion that the present system of levying church-rates is unsatisfactory; and while it would express its thanks to the Government for proposing to amend the law, it would at the same time express its conviction, that if nonconformists are to be relieved from the obligation of paying church-rates, they ought to forfeit their right of voting at the vestry on Church questions, and of filling any office in the Church; and that the Church ought not to be compelled to minister to their spiritual necessities."

The following petition against the Bishop of London's bill for legalising pew-rents, has been prepared by the Union:—

"To the Right Honorable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled.

"The petition of the undersigned members of the Church of England humbly sheweth,—

"That your petitioners have heard with dismay that the Lord Bishop of London has introduced a bill into your Honorable House for legalising the appropriation of pews and the payment of pew rents in certain parish churches in England.

"That your petitioners deem that, inasmuch as all parish churches are the common property of the parishioners, who pay rates for the support, and have a right to be present and to take part in the services of those churches, the pews ought to be free and unappropriated.

"Whereupon your petitioners humbly pray your Right Honorable House to withhold your assent to the said bill.

"And your petitioners will ever pray."

London: G. BELL, 186, Fleet-street. Manchester: T. DINHAM & Co. 7, Corporation-street, (to whom all communications for the Editors of "The Church of the People" are to be addressed,) and all Booksellers. —Printed by CAVE and SEVER, Palatine Buildings, Manchester.

The Church of the People

Under the Superintendence of a Committee.

No. VII.] MAY, 1854. [Price 1½d.

THE LEGEND OF KIRKHAM ABBEY.

When the twelfth century was in its infancy—for our earliest Henry was then in the twenty-first year of his reign—there dwelt on the eastern bank of the Derwent, about fourteen miles from ancient York, an old knight, named Walter Espec, a descendant of one of those soldiers who conquered England under King William the Norman. Old Sir Walter and his dame Adeline had lived for some time on the lands given to them by their sovereign; and had one only son, a boy of seventeen years of age, who took great delight in the pleasures of the chase. Many a time, when his youthful companions were occupied with their studies, or engaged in martial exercises—for the use of the sword was in those days an early acquirement—would young Walter steal off, and mounted on a horse from his father's stables, ride away over the surrounding country. Certainly, there was much in the scenery around thus to tempt the youth astray. Nature had created it a little picture of beauty, such as is so frequently met with in our island home; and as the young man galloped along in the woods and fields, his eye rested everywhere on scenes of sylvan loveliness. On one side, the river rolled tranquilly down from the moorlands, its surface only ruffled by an occasional waterfall, over which it would playfully throw itself, and then bound forward, covered with fairy bubbles dancing in the sun;—on the other side, green hills were stretching upward, crowned from their summits down to the banks of the river with forest trees, interspersed occasionally by glades covered with all wild flowers. A rude bridge of timber thrown across the river served as a means of passage for the peasantry; and about forty yards from the bridge stood a stone cross—for crosses were common in the land in those days, and were generally erected by the feudal lord that foot-sore travellers might kneel and repeat their "Paters," or tell their beads, in the absence of churches, which were scarce and at great distances. Behind this cross, on the river's bank, was an open space of several acres, covered in the richest profusion with violets, anemonies, primroses, hyacinths, and many other wild flowers.

Here especially did young Walter love to be, and he would beguile the time for hours by fishing; or, seated on a grassy bank, would listen to the fair-headed peasants recounting the legends of their Saxon forefathers.

This kind of life, however, was not to continue. The golden tints of autumn had given place to the sterner majesty of winter. Christmas had come and gone, and the year of grace 1121 had been ushered in with all the severities so common in those days, when one morning Walter Espec the younger left home to take his accustomed ride. The air was clear and frosty; snow covered the ground, and glistened on the branches of the trees; the young man rode many miles that day, and returning towards Firby, he approached his favourite place, unconscious of impending danger. The snow was hard and frozen; and as young Walter hastened on, his horse's feet slipped, and the youth was thrown with great force against a projecting angle at the base of the stone cross. Here he was found, at dusk, by some peasants returning from their daily work; they conveyed him to his home, and that night Sir Walter and his lady wept over the cold remains of their only son.

* * * *

Three miles west-north-west of Driffield, at Garton-on-the-Wolds, there stood an old church, dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel. The church was situated on an eminence pleasantly surrounded with woods and plantations, and at a short distance from the rectory. Since then, many generations have lived and died; and great changes have taken place around. Naves and chancels have been built and destroyed, and rebuilt again; but the tower of the old church still remains, and the round arched door at its western end sufficiently proves its Norman origin.

William de Espec was at that time the rector of Garton, and was distinguished for his zeal in the service of the church. He was the brother of young Walter's grandfather, and the uncle of the old knight. Sir Walter, almost overwhelmed with grief at the death of his son, knew not on whom

to bestow his vast possessions. In this undecided state, he applied for counsel to the uncle we have just mentioned, who advised him to give his estate to God, by founding and endowing a monastery; for the religious houses were then springing up rapidly, and formed the foundation on which the church in after ages built her empire of wealth and grandeur. The advice given by the priest was accepted by Sir Walter and his wife, who accordingly, on the 22nd day of February, A. D. 1122, founded, on the spot their son had loved so well, a priory for monks of the canons of St. Austin, and a church, dedicated to the honour of the Holy Trinity, endowed with seven other churches, which were appropriated thereto,—"the profits of which, together with the rents and other possessions in Yorkshire and Northumberland, amounted to eleven hundred marks." Then the priory began to flourish, and for many long years was the pride of the country round. The poor and the houseless found a ready asylum within its walls; and the sick and desolate ones of the neighbourhood were tended and solaced by its cowled priests. The rich nurtured it, and the poor blessed it; and day by day, after the morning mass, its walls resounded with the hearty hymn of thanksgiving and praise, "Te Deum Laudamus."

* * * *

Year followed year. The bright beams of many a summer's sun had played upon the walls of the monastery, and the winds and storms of many winters had cast their shadows there. It was winter again: snow covered the ground, dark clouds hung over the adjacent hills, and the river, now swollen to a torrent, rushed wildly over the fall, white and foaming in its fury. A gloom hung over the faces of the monks, for the deep tones of the priory bell were calling them together to vespers, probably for the last time. That morning the prior had received warning from a friend that a storm was pending over his house. The insane wrath of the king had vented itself on many of the monasteries, and the monks of Kirkham feared it would also fall on them. The evil day came at last. On the 8th of December, 1539, the Royal Commissioners entered Kirkham Priory. Their stay was short, for in a few hours they rode away, carrying with them a roll of parchment. Sounds of wailing followed them, for soon after, the old monks were driven forth to seek a home where best they could, and the priory passed into other hands. Among the deeds of surrender lodged in the Augmentation Office during the thirtieth year of the reign of Henry VIII. is one signed by "John Kildwyke ye Pryowr" and seventeen canons; the legend on their capitular seal being—

"Sig. Sanct. Trin. de Chirram."

For a long time, the people of Kirkham used to tell their children of the sainted priests of the old monastery. Sometimes grey-headed old men in cowls or cassocks would appear in the neighbourhood, and were sure to receive a hearty welcome; but those visits gradually became less frequent, and in a few years ceased altogether. Another generation sprang up, and then the old monks were forgotten; the moss and the ivy took root on the crumbling walls, which gradually melted away under the heavy hand of time;—but to this day, the passenger on the York and Scarborough Railway may see the ruins of

KIRKHAM PRIORY.

RAILWAYS AND THE POOR.

ON the most important railway in England, an aged artillery officer, sixty-seven years of age, has met with an untimely end. An inspector named Saunders attempted to put a drunken man into the same carriage with Colonel Gordon, and on being properly resisted by him, assaulted the grey-headed man, who was found dead in the carriage shortly afterwards. We might cry shame on such brutality, did we not feel that Companies are responsible for the men they employ, and did we not know, too, that almost any treatment is deemed good enough for a man who travels third class, or "parliamentary" as it is termed. No one knew the deceased, or of course he would not have been so used. His crime was, that although a gentleman, he travelled third class; and railway companies cannot afford anything but brutality to those who cannot afford first, or at least second, class fare.

We should like to know why a railway is protected by fines, and numberless constructive crimes are framed by Act of Parliament to punish offenders against its laws, without society is to derive some benefit from these regulations. The poor form the main passenger traffic: poor clergymen, poor lawyers, as well as poor labourers, often frequent the third class; why are they to be subjected to the intrusion of drunken persons? Why, too, must delicate women be poisoned with tobacco smoke, simply because they are poor? To be poor is a crime, in a railway company's eyes, punishable with every annoyance of dirty conveyances, drunken passengers, and rough inspectors. Fortunately for the public, a gentleman has been illused by mistake for a poor man.

In no country that we are acquainted with, or have travelled in, do public companies so disregard all the rights and comforts of the poor as in England. We pass over America, where the comfort of the many is the paramount object to make a thing pay. If we go to France, we find low-fare carriages starting at reasonable hours, and comfort and civility for every class. Not so in England: a third-class passenger may be a helpless woman, with an infant in arms, and perhaps two other little ones, one a little older than the other, but equal in helplessness; she has no means to fee a porter for civility; she must drag bundles and children, and fare as she may. Of the guards, it

is only fair to say, we have found them uniformly civil.—It is the cause of the poor we advocate; and it is because this gentleman has been in the place of and under the character of a poor man, that he has met with his death. We have no right to question the acquittal of Saunders; the coroner's jury did their duty nobly in sending him for trial; and in this, as in so many other cases of railway "accidents" and colliery explosions, where the parties appearing to be responsible escape all punishment, we are bound to suppose that the judge and petty jury have done theirs. We certainly hope case, and the death of an aged gentlemen, may still be the means of protecting the poor traveller in his poverty from insult, injury, and oppression.

GUIZOT.

Mons. Guizot, who for many years during the reign of Louis Philippe held important offices in the Government of France, has become familiar to English readers by his interest in and knowledge of our Government, as well as by his literary labours. Among his works which are best known are his "History of Civilisation" and his "Life of Monk."

He is (for we write of one who still lives) the son of a gentleman who, under the name of François Girand, was brought to the scaffold without a trial at Nimes, on the 5th of April, 1794. M. Guizot was a lawyer, and only twenty-seven years of age when he was put to death—there is little doubt because his talents rendered him hateful to the Revolutionists.

About eight years previously, he had married Elizabeth Sophia Bourcel, daughter of the Protestant clergyman who had suffered much annoyance for his religious opinions. After her husband's death, Mad. Guizot went to Geneva, where her son made great progress in mathematics, and where he wrote his first essay.

In 1805, the young Guizot went to Paris to study jurisprudence, and while so employed, he also wrote for the newspapers. In 1809, he published a Dictionary of Synonymes, still a standard work in France. While writing for the public journals, an act of generosity was the means of an introduction to his wife. Madlle. de Menlan had injured her health by her literary labours. M. Guizot knew her signature; supplied articles in her name, for which she was paid; and on her discovering who it was that had so delicately assisted her, an intimacy began, which ended in a happy marriage.

M. Guizot was always the representative of moderate liberal opinions, and therefore generally in opposition during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. While out of office, he delivered his famous lectures on Modern History at the Sorbonne, and the largest hall was crowded. M. Guizot has lived in trying times; and it was on the accession of Louis Philippe that he began his more prominent career as a statesman. The people were fresh from a successful revolution, yet he had the courage to vote in the minority in 1831 in favour of an hereditary peerage. In 1833, when Minister of Public Instruction, he carried a bill in favour of popular education. He settled the Turkish question of 1840, which threatened to embroil France and England, and bring on an European war. He then became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and so continued until 1847, when, on the retirement of Marshal Soult, he became Prime Minister.

We now must notice the greatest blot on M. Guizot's character—the Spanish marriages, which shocked the feelings of all men of right feelings both in France and England. In the Turkish question, France had received a check. To repair this on the first opportunity, and to propitiate the King,—always anxious to support his own slippery title to royalty, by alliances with foreign potentates,—M. Guizot became a party to the Spanish princesses marrying,—the elder, a prince notorious in character; the younger, the Duke de Montponsier. European sovereigns were amazed and disgusted at a policy which for a moment appeared to secure to Louis Philippe's children another throne, and to his son a rich wife.

Of all this, M. Guizot was probably the instrument rather than the contriver. The success of the Spanish policy produced a coolness between England and France. Lord Palmerston, the then Minister, endeavoured to check the progress of French influence in Italy. M. Rossi, sent by M. Guizot, was all powerful, and influenced the councils of the supreme pontiff; and men hailed the day when they saw a liberal Pope. For a time his portraits were spread over Europe; he was received with acclamations, and looked on as the social regenerator of Italy.

M. Rossi fell beneath the dagger of the assassin; and with him fell every hope of rational freedom for Italy.

In 1848, symptoms of political troubles were evident over the whole Continent. In an evil hour, Louis Philippe was persuaded by a few radical leaders—the most prominent of whom was Odillon Barrot—to exchange the councils of M. Guizot for those of his rival M. Thiers. Imbecility marked every step of the new councillors; and in a few days one of the most beautiful of regal palaces was sacked, the throne burnt, and the king and his family exiles from France.

Among those most hated by the mob, because most feared, was M. Guizot; and in the trying hours of revolution we find him as brave, as he had been firm in his civil administration. He was urged to leave Paris immediately; but while he took refuge in the house of the Duke de Broglie, his chief care was for his family. He did not forget his political duties,—"I must be present," he said, "at the sitting of the chambers." When

told that they would cease to exist, his whole feelings turned to his family,—"Oh, my poor mother! Oh, my poor children!" was his cry. In a few hours all regal government ceased—the Chambers no longer sat—M. Guizot was proscribed; and although his children were safely hid, it was not until after four days that his daughters escaped, reaching London on the 1st of March. His own escape was more difficult. Disguised as a servant, he reached Belgium, not without difficulty, as his supposed master would not let "John" carry his bag.

At length all met safely in London on the 15th of March, but the agitation of mind was too great for Mad. Guizot, who died on the 31st of March, much afflicted at all that she had seen, but consoled by her son's attentions and her faith.

M. Guizot resided for some time at Brompton. He has, since the more settled times of the Republic and the Empire, returned to France, where he enjoys a peaceful old age in those literary pursuits which have solaced the declining years of many great men.

M. Guizot is a sincere protestant, and in France a willing supporter of all those institutions which promote the Christian welfare of our kind.

POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO CHURCH PRINCIPLES EXAMINED.

(Continued from page 72.)

Now the periods when those things which we wish to restore fell into disuse are not those to which Churchmen or Christians can look with respect, or safely quote as examples. Passing over the obstacles interposed to the quiet settlement of our Church, by the controversies of the sixteenth and the rebellion of the seventeenth centuries, we may pronounce the last century the iron age of religion. A cold deism of Continental importation was the fashion among the upper classes, and grovelling ignorance the characteristic of the lower; while the divines of the time took miserably low ground in their defences of the faith, and seemed content rather to keep what they had than to gain what they had not. Then was disrespect of the Church sealed. Men shut their eyes and ears to her unearthly rebukes and solemn order. Coldness in the heart begat slovenliness in the sanctuary; and from a corrupt court and venal government society took its tone. Convocation silenced for claiming its right to rebuke "damnable heresy"—holidays disregarded, rubrics neglected, services crushed together into the smallest time—churches consigned to whitewash and mildew—man in pews and pulpits made much of—God's altar and poor, nothing—the kingdom of heaven and Christ its Head only regarded as a department of government, with Parliament its executive, and clergy its moral police;—these were some results of the decay of Church principles; and to this day we suffer their accompanying evils—an inefficient machinery and an alienated population. If much of the Prayer-book did then become obsolete, and has continued so until late years, instead of conceiving for one moment our assent to the fact warranted, we say, Shame to the age which made it and to the age which justifies it! Neither the actors nor motives demand our allegiance, but our deepest humiliation and sternest disclaimers. If any be disposed to think otherwise, we ask them to reflect how suicidal is this permission on their part to let the ancient order of things pass away. Let them well remember that the evil spirit evoked during the last century was not content with disusing rubrics, but ridiculed holiest truths as well, and that only because "Church" was obsolete, so was Christianity.* Now which of our fiery Protestants would dream of reviling Wesley or Whitfield, for insisting on repentance and faith, public worship, the fear of God, judgment to come, on the ground that such were obsolete customs, which the enlightenment of human progress rendered unnecessary, as was argued then by men who for like reasons despise the Church now? History preaches to us the hollowness of such cries, by showing the successive reactions of truth from their temporary influence, so that present depression is no argument against her. When, after the Council of Ariminum (A.D. 360,) St. Jerome said "The whole world groans, marvelling to find itself Arian," no Christian considered Athanasius a meddler, or orthodoxy an absurdity, because opposed to the fashion at court. In like manner, Christianity, Scriptural and primitive, was obsolete in the sixteenth century; nevertheless, the Reformation is honoured. Sacrilege and rebellion had thrown old-fashioned reverence and loyalty into the shade under our Protectorate; but they had their asserters still, who were justified in the end. English morality was obsolete in the reign of Charles II., and French in that of Louis XIV.; but fanaticism is not imputed to Leighton or Massillon for breasting the polluted stream. If truth, so often overborne, yet has rallied, we feel safely sheltered beneath such noble sanction, and welcome a reproach which is the harbinger of a triumph. The tactics of modern unbelief afford us certain indications that apostolic order constitutes the outworks of Evangelical truth,—that an attack on ritual, as human, logically involves an attack on Revelation granted to be divine, and involves it in fact wherever men think freely. Accordingly we conclude, that so far as Church rules are despised or disused, doctrine is deprived of its armour; in plain words, the only way to prove attachment to the Bible is resolutely to guard the Church.

And now, the three principal objections to the revival of Church Principles having been examined to the extent allowed by our present limits, we quit without apology our defensive position, and assume a more aggressive attitude. On certain occasions there is great force in what is technically called the "argumentum ad verecundiam," or, appeal to a man's sense of shame. We use this weapon to the large majority of our opponents, in order to remind them that strict churchmanship was the practice of all our honoured standard divines. Now common sense surely seems to enjoin knowledge of subjects on which we choose to dogmatise. A man utterly ignorant of law who should criticise Blackstone, or of chemistry who scoffed at Dalton, or of steam, who cried down Watt or Arkwright, would meet with a reception in society which we need not further specify. What is there in the province of theology which authorises such treatment, and gives ignorance a license which it vainly seeks elsewhere? The giants of the Reformation, and of the subsequent era—the men of deep thought and ceaseless toil—whose vast erudition and blameless lives raised those bulwarks of testimony and example around our Zion which are her ornament and praise, are simply ignored by talkers of our day, lay-dictators, to whom a Church is a concern to make money by, and a clergyman a hireling to serve the autocracy of his 'hearers' in a

* "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject for inquiry; but that it is now, at length, discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age,"—(last century)—"this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remains but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world."—*Advt. to* BUTLER'S *Analogy.*

Prayer-book made to order. While no one trade or science is acquired without years of laborious preparation, and a man would be thought mad who, when scarcely enrolled as a student, should put on the airs of a professor, lo! the sublimest of all sciences is quietly shelved as an exception, and the deep questions of Religion and Church are thought soluble in a moment by popular clamour.* Strange and mournful fact! yet surely a fact it is, that if the judicious Hooker, the saintly Herbert, the prudent Barrow,—if Whitgift, Andrewes, Overall, Taylor, Hall—not to mention Ridley and Latimer, could rise again and enunciate their notions of duty to the Church of God established among us, they forsooth would be hooted as Jesuits, or shown up as "Tractarians." Such a passage as the following would be paraded, if detected in a Tract for the Times, as treason to Protestantism; yet it is found in that immortal defence of our Church, which every one of her priests is presupposed to have studied, the *Ecclesiastical Polity*:† "Unto laws made and received by a whole Church, they which live within the bosom of that Church must not think it a matter indifferent either to yield or not to yield obedience. Is it a small matter to despise the Church of God? 'My son, keep thy father's commandment,' saith Solomon, 'and forget not thy mother's instruction; bind them both always about thine heart.' It doth not stand with the duty which we owe to our Heavenly Father, that to the ordinances of our mother the Church we should shew ourselves disobedient. Let us not say we keep the commandments of the one when we break the law of the other: for unless we observe both, we obey neither." If this express sound Churchmanship, it is clear to what quarter we are to look for it now. However, like the Jews of later times, our age is content with honouring ancient names, rejecting meanwhile the truths connected with them. Men garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, but despise their teaching. Learning in a clergyman has become ground of suspicion in the eyes of the popular religion, and ignorance, except always in 'Popery,' is gloried in as the mother of devotion. On no ground but that of an inward inspiration beyond Scripture is such conduct justifiable; a truth so keenly felt by our opponents, that pretensions to something of the kind are occasionally advanced, whether by Irving, who clokes his wild heresies under the gift of tongues, or by clergymen who gain from spirits the information, *inter alia*, that the Church of Rome is Babylon.‡

Before we close, we cannot help offering one notable recommendation on behalf of Church principles, their independence of party and of opinion. Dissenting bodies, by their own confession, are voluntary associations; and their public teachers, though listened to from habit or convenience, profess to exercise no authority, or if they do, are speedily called to order.§ They adopt names of men to express their differences, and break into fragments according as the vagaries of individualism may direct. To this state Puritanism has sought to reduce the Church, and seemed not unlikely to succeed, until men arose to manifest the existence in her of those elements which made the experiment impossible, as well as the inconsistency of her sons who tried it. For the Church is as much a divine institution as the Bible is a divine book, and her order as binding on all her congregations as the truths of the Gospel. Hence we, who bow our wills to her guidance, protest against party titles derived from men or publications. We call ourselves English Churchmen, Catholic Christians, representatives of the Prayer-book; and until you prove us unfaithful to this authority, we deny your right to invent nicknames, which the ignorant think must mean something monstrous, on the principle—"Everything unknown is marvellous;" and which the gross multitude eagerly snatches at as food for its impious ribaldry. Decry us as illiberal, exclusive, bigoted, or anything of like import, and we hail the echoes of a charge launched against Christianity in all ages, which indeed it must bear at the hands of worldliness and pride, if it be a message from God, which man is not to criticise, but to obey. Only state the charge openly,—quote us fairly,—hear us patiently,—and we fear not the result.

But we have good hope that what has been advanced here may tend, by God's blessing, to remove those prejudices against us which are not yet confirmed by habit or pampered by indulgence. If a judge or jury would only listen to the counsel for the prosecution, for fear that the spectators, by hearing the prisoner's defence, might doubt concerning his guilt, the sooner our national reputation for justice ended its boasting the better. Thus, as long as men blindly receive a preacher's or a party's *dictum*, hear of us and read of us in the journals, books, or speeches of our enemies, and never in our own; as long as they shut their ears, and cry us down when we open our mouths in our defence, how can they see truth but through a distorted medium!* Candid reflection, and belief that we mean well, and are not ministers of Satan, is all that we ask,—our arguments rest on their own merits. Church questions, fairly weighed by the light of Scripture and antiquity, must, we are persuaded, either drive the student of them to our ground, or to cold latitudinarianism, which explains all Revelation away. Search and see whether this be not so, and if yea, then we claim your countenance as well as your conviction, and ask you, "if ye know these things," to be "happy in doing them."†

REAL CHURCH-ABUSES.

Archdeacon Allen lately called attention, in a letter to the *Times*, to an unhallowed tax upon Church builders, in the shape of official and professional charges. The bill paid to the solicitor and secretary of the Church Commission, by a relative of the writer, in regard to St. Jude's, Southsea, amounted to £30. 4s. 4d.; his own lawyer's bill amounted to £10.; and when to these sums we add the registrar's bill for consecration, £29. 16s. 5d., making a total of £70. 0s. 9d., we have a heavy penalty on the charitable work of church building. They who have read the articles of the *Times* on the Ecclesiastical Commission and its mismanagement, its parsimony to poor clergymen, and its gross extravagance towards bishops in the purchase and erection of bishops' houses, will not wonder at the *trifle* alluded to above, however greatly they may

* For their own sakes, those in authority should take heed how they pander to this appetite; inasmuch as the same *vox populi* which now quotes them so gladly in its onslaught on church practices in such places as Manchester or Bristol, may presently discover that palaces and stalls suit the "simplicity of the Gospel" at least as little as daily service or chanted psalms; and may call on those who head the anti-Roman movement to prove their honesty by first removing "Babylonish trappings" from themselves.

† Book III. chap. ix. 3.

‡ Vide pamphlets on "Table Turning" and "Spirit Rapping," by the Rev. Mr. Godfrey, of Wortley, near Leeds, and the Rev. Mr. Gillson, of Bath. Seeleys, 1853.

§ Two "Manchester Congregationalists" have recently arraigned the growth of a priestly spirit in their ministers, recommending exercise of gifts and doctrinal latitude as antidotes.

* We recommend all advocates of Church principles to strengthen their position by reading the arguments of their opponents; and the least we can claim at the hands of the latter is a return of the compliment. But shall we receive it? No; rather the hackneyed warning to their followers, 'not to taste poison, to try their power of endurance,'—as if this did not conveniently take for granted the very question at issue, viz., What is poison? On the solution of which question, since neither party can work miracles, and both appeal to Scripture, we have as good a right to be heard as they.

† As a cheap and popular vindication of Church principles, the Rev. Henry Newland's "Lectures on Tractarianism" may be recommended.

marvel that Church reformers are still to be taken in by communistic schemes for State interference with the Church and its affairs.—"Another reform, demanded by the interests of candidates for the ministry, is the abolition of the enormous ordination fees now exacted by bishops' secretaries. The solicitor who acts in this capacity supplies every clergyman ordained with a small piece of parchment, sealed with the bishop's seal, and called a 'letter of orders.' Before the end of his first twelvemonth, the young curate must pay from £7. to £10., (*i. e.*, about a tenth of his year's salary,) for a couple of these documents, including his license. A single London solicitor is secretary to twenty-three bishops, and receives these fees from about five hundred clergymen annually; that is, he derives £4,000. or £5,000. a-year from this tax upon poverty. These charges admit of no justification." (*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1854, page 119.) The State, and not our fettered and powerless Church, is responsible for the crying evils to which we have alluded. These are some of the *real* abuses with which your noisy Church reformers never think of meddling.

DEAF AS A POST.

"Deaf as a post, sir," said old Robert Jackson to the new vicar, who was paying his first visit at the cottage of Robert's son-in-law, and found the old man alone at home, smoking his after-dinner pipe in the chimney corner. The pipe had been rapidly thrust into the oven on the stranger's appearance; but whether, after the example of the ostrich, to hide the head whilst the body (in the shape of a room full of smoke) was still to be seen, or whether with the respectful intention of cutting off the supply while the visitor was present, seemed uncertain. Certain, however, it is, that the vicar had begged the old man to resume his moderate indulgence; and having won his heart by so unexpected a request, had proceeded to inquire why he had not yet seen him among the attendants at divine service.

"I'm too hard of hearing to get any good by going now-a-days; deaf as a post, sir: but time was when I took a pleasure in it."

The vicar drew a chair close to the old man, and in spite of an occasional irritation in his throat from the fumes of tobacco, he raised his voice so as to be clearly heard, and carefully delaying his remarks on this imperfect reasoning, asked how such a calamity had befallen him. "I set it down to out-door work, sir, in all weathers, when I worked on the roads; scanty clothing, and twenty-five winters of stone-breaking and rut-mending; and the doctor is partly of my mind." The old man ran on with his story, and the vicar encouraged the outpourings of his trials, in order to drop into his wounds the balm of spiritual comfort here and there, as opportunity offered, by directing his attention to that higher Cause, under whom the lot of bodily labour and its attendant trials had been assigned to him. At last, the old man was brought to a stand still: he had told his own and his children's history, and half of his father's to boot; and as no man's history is without its own deep interest and many points of instruction to a thoughtful and Christian hearer, so the vicar had been really warmed by it to feel more sympathy for Robert, both in body and soul, than a shorter visit could have kindled. In his turn, therefore, he took up the conversation, and thus went back to the old man's plea for not attending the Church Services:—

Vicar.—If it were not for your deafness, then, you really think you would come to Church?

Robert.—Ay, and sure I should, and be glad of such a help to pass my time pleasantly: for I can't read; they didn't keep schools in my day as they do now.

V.—And you know that God saw fit you should be deaf, Robert? (Robert assented.) Then surely God did not mean to cut you off from the congregation of his people?

R.—Why, as for the matter of that, sir, I can say my prayers at home; and our William reads a chapter to me and the children most Sunday nights.

V.—If you not only can pray, but really and regularly *do* pray at home, I'm glad of it, Robert; and I am glad, too, to hear that your son reads God's Word aloud for you all to hear it. Pray every morning, when you rise, that you may be kept without sin during the day; and every night, when you go to bed, to be forgiven the sins which you have committed; and pray in the name of Jesus, and on your knees, as a humble sinner. And tell William that I shall be most glad to give him a little book of family prayers, suited to the circumstances of working men, simple, short, and scriptural, which he may read every evening after supper, and before you all kneel to say your private devotions.

Robert thanked him civilly, but without seeming to value the vicar's offer much; just as might be expected from the excuse he had offered for not going to Church.

V.—But to go back to what I said about God's not intending your deafness to cut you off from the congregation, you'll not take it amiss if I tell you why I think you should still go to the Church Services? (Robert was silent, so the vicar continued.) If I wanted to know how to mend roads, I should gladly listen to *your* advice; (Robert looked brighter;) and by the same rule, when the road to heaven is the subject, you will perhaps listen to mine?

R.—That stands to reason.

V.—Well, then, I was going to say, that if praying and reading at home were the whole road to heaven for those whose limbs can also carry them to the public worship of Almighty God, we may be sure that he would not have ordered us to "assemble ourselves together," as One Body.

R.—May be I don't understand your meaning, sir?

V.—I mean that God ordains nothing in vain; and He does ordain that high and low should honour Him together, besides honouring him by themselves at home. He has made us all "members one of another," and has told us to worship Him as One Body, with one mouth glorifying him. And we read in the Acts of the Apostles, and in the Epistles, how the first Christians always did this, and how they ate the same bread and drank the same cup together in the Lord's supper, to unite them with Jesus and with one another, when they had confessed their sins, and prayed for God's grace and heard His Holy Word.

R.—But I *can't* hear His Word nor yet all the prayers; though, to be sure, I could make out a good *bit* of the prayers with the help of memory. But what of that?

V.—Why, a good deal, Robert; for you would have fellowship with your brethren in those *bits*. But that is not all; for God, who ordained these public services, ordained certain benefits to be got by them, which, if we wilfully neglect them, cannot be got in our private prayers; or He would have ordained the private prayers *alone*. And in like manner, He ordained the Lord's Supper for *many together*, and not for every one by himself.

R.—That's for certain; but I can't hear the sermon, and I can't hear what the parson reads when the Lord's Supper comes on.

V.—But you can think over the chapter you last heard your son William read during the reading of the lessons and the preaching of the sermon at church; and you may reflect, that though the deaf people could not hear Christ's voice calling them when he was on earth, yet when they came to Him, believing that He could heal them, and desiring to be healed, they went away hearing.

R.—That was different.

V.—And yet the same; for it shews, that if you would go to Christ's public service to worship Him, with faith

in His promise, that He will be present where two or three are met together in His name, He could and would give you many spiritual blessings, even as He gave bodily cures to those of whom we read in the Gospels.

R.—Well, I never saw it that way before.

V.—God be thanked if you see it so now, and will act upon it; for you may be certain, Robert, that it is a sort of unbelief and a snare of the devil, that makes deaf people think they can get no good at church. If men never or seldom worship with the congregation, they become selfish, uncharitable, and conceited; they lose sight of the brotherhood, and of their own place as one of many; but if they frequent church services, and pray in common, their hearts will be drawn out towards their brethren, and their brethren's hearts towards them. "It is good for them to be there;" for of the house of prayer we may say, as Jacob said of the place where he saw the angelic vision, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven;" and God Himself and His angels meet us at church. Deaf persons can offer up their own hearts to God, even when they can't fall in with the prayers offered up by the clergyman and other worshippers; and so their hearts will be enlarged, and God, who searcheth the heart, will fill the hungry with spiritual nourishment. Moreover, the "bread that came down from heaven"—the "body and blood of Christ"—will be administered to *them* as well as to others, if they believe and repent, and are thankful for His death. And thus, my brother, though "as deaf as a post," you may be united with the saints of God in public and in private; for we are all one Body and one Bread, like a thousand grains of corn ground into one loaf of bread; and that Body and that Bread is Christ. May His Holy Spirit open your heart to attend to these things. Good bye.

WIGS.

"Times change, and we change also," remarks the old Latin writer, with a brevity and accuracy that admit of no dispute. Fashion changes still oftener. A whole library of books and prints of costume, in its ever varying fantasies, might be readily collected; many a satire has been written upon its absurdities, many a sermon preached against its vanities. Once, men of fashion were taunted for effeminacy in dress; then ladies were found fault with for imitating masculine attire; now, *Punch* represents a "man-about-town" fainting in the arms of a policeman upon casually meeting a postman in moustaches: and *Punch* himself hides his baldness in a wig—that emblem of by-gone days to which our grandfathers still cling, (or which still clings to our grandfathers,) destroying the venerable appearance of a bald head. Indeed, it is not so many years since the fashion prevailed of wearing wigs for ornament, and a very old fashion, too.

The derivation of the word "wig" at first sight rather perplexes, being nothing less than the French word "perruque." Late in the sixteenth century, the word was written "perwicke," in sound not greatly differing from the original; then it came to "perewake," then "periwig," and now abbreviated into "wig." This is stated on the authority of the great Dr. Johnson; though it must be confessed to bear some resemblance to the witty derivation of "pickled cucumber" from "King Jeremiah"; thus,—King Jeremiah—Jeremiah-king—Jerry-king—jerkin—ghirkin—pickled-cucumber!

Having thus decided the origin of the name, one would wish to trace the origin of the substance, but find that it precedes all record. The ancient Egyptians, two or three thousand years ago, are represented in sculpture and painting as wearing fine, long, black wigs, almost covering the shoulders and falling down over the breast, and composed of rows and rows of delicate little curls; at least it is to be hoped these really were wigs, for if not, the unfortunate people never could have gone to sleep for fear of deranging their curls, unless propped up with their necks in a kind of Chinese pillory: indeed, it is proved that they were wigs sometimes if not always, by the actual discovery of the horse hair wig of one of the Pharaohs, by Dr. Lepsius, in an Egyptian tomb, and which we have ourselves seen in the unrivalled museum of Egyptian antiquities at Berlin.

At least as many centuries ago, were very similar wigs worn by the inhabitants of Nineveh and Babylon; they are constantly represented in the Assyrian sculptures discovered by Dr. Layard, many of which now rest in the British Museum, while engravings of hundreds more may be seen in his works upon the subject.

Whether the ancient Jews delighted in wigs does not appear on record, though an ingenious barber and wig-maker drew a contrary inference from the fate of Absolom: he had a sign-board put up over his shop, with a painting of the catastrophe, and underneath it was stated, that if he had worn a wig his life had not been lost. Nor does it appear whether wigs were worn in still earlier days, when men reckoned their age by the century instead of the score; but one would think they must have been greatly needed, for we can only by the help of a very vigorous imagination form a distinct idea of how very bald indeed one would become by the time of one's nine-hundredth birthday.

On approaching mediæval times, the silence observed leads us fairly to conclude that these, as well as most other shams, were ignored; a presumption may also be drawn from the fact, among others, that at Constantinople (formerly called Byzantium) the Emperor Theophilus, about the year of our Lord 829, being himself bald, ordered all his subjects to wear their hair cropped, on pain of the bastinado; while, if such things as wigs were known, he might of course have had one to suit his fancy and supply the natural deficiency.

In England, they do not appear to have been at all worn until after the restoration of King Charles II., when they soon became fashionable. An affected revival of classical architecture took place about the same period, and the union of the two, as seen in monumental statues, is decidedly funny, English gentlemen of the seventeenth or eighteenth century being represented in the costume of ancient Romans, with the addition of handsome full-bottomed wigs. Archbishop Tillotson, who died in 1694, was the first of our clergy represented in a wig, and that a mere substitute for the natural head of hair. He himself, in one of his sermons, speaks of the fashion of wearing hair, and says he can remember "when ministers generally, whatsoever the text was, did either find or make occasion to reprove the great sin of long hair; and if they saw any one in the congregation guilty in that kind, they would point him out particularly, and *let fly at him* with great zeal."

The end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, dreary in so many respects, may be distinguished as the golden age of wigs—they not only flourished, but were the leading feature of the age. Kings, bishops, statesmen, gentlemen, and tailors, all wore and prided themselves upon their wigs. Turn, for instance, to the Diary of Mr. Pepys, a courtier and man-about-town, who lived when they were in the full height of fashion, and observe with what satisfaction he notes down the particulars of each interview with his perukemaker, and his pleasure in remarking what a sensation he created by walking up the church when attired in a splendid new peruque.

"Every dog will have its day,"—and so, after wigs had long reigned supreme over the heads of the people, their owners began to find them inconvenient and cumbrous, and not particularly ornamental, (just as we are beginning to consider the case with hats at the present time,) and then began the innovation of tying-up the

longer part into a queue or tail, familiarly called a pig-tail, though without reason, since it was perfectly stiff and straight, while porcine terminations derive all their dignity and beauty from the graceful manner in which they curl. But people soon discovered that their own hair (we mean natural, not acquired by purchase or otherwise) might be tied in the same manner; and wigs, except to cover baldness, were utterly abolished: their last strongholds were the theatre, the pulpit, and the law. In the former, it was, until recent days, considered disrespectful for players to act before the king in any other head-dress than full-bottomed wigs, no matter at what period or in what country the scene was laid. In the church, the present Bishop of London was the first bishop who had the moral courage to abandon the custom, and risk his popularity by such a daring innovation: the result proves, that what appears novel may be really but the revival of a better custom of former days; and may, when use has worn off its singularity, only occasion surprise that any should have opposed the alteration. The law is little given to (voluntary) change: there, one fixed costume has survived the mutations of time; there still flourish grey horse-hair wigs,—some large, some small, some luxuriantly covering the shoulders, some neatly tied in triple tails; there let them rest, so long as they present the congenial idea of

"Wisdom in a Wig."

HOW TO STAY THE CHOLERA.

We observed in a former article that two opposite opinions are entertained, by equally good and sincere people, on the question how the cholera is to be stayed. There are those who, viewing epidemic diseases as special judgments from heaven, think that the remedy for them when threatened, or already amongst us, is prayer for the pardon of our national or individual sins. Others again, believing that such diseases arise from causes which it is in the power of man to remove, think that it is both absurd and profane to ask the Almighty to deliver us from evils which we can by our own exertions escape from. As was said, neither of these opinions is quite right, nor altogether wrong. The advocates of each of them have a certain amount of truth on their side, but not the whole truth, simply because they take a one-sided view of a question which has two sides. The facts, apparently contradictory, with which our observation of epidemic diseases makes us acquainted, can only be reconciled by supposing that the causes of those diseases are of a two-fold nature; and this is the present belief of those who have most deeply studied the subject.

These causes are said to be either *predisposing* or *exciting*. The predisposing causes are those which render people liable to the attacks of such diseases; the exciting causes are those which, in persons so predisposed or liable, directly produce the disease. Both these kinds of causes are necessary. No amount of predisposition will alone give rise to the cholera. There must also be the cholera poison; just as gunpowder, however ready it may be to explode when the spark is applied, still will not explode without the spark. Now of these two classes of causes, the predisposing, those which give the liability to the disease, are alone under our control. It is they which it is the object of what are called "sanitary reforms" to remove.

The exciting causes are beyond our influence; we do not even know their nature. We arrive at the knowledge of their existence by reasoning from observed facts, just as we conclude that there are such forces in nature as gravitation and electricity. These mysterious agencies are sent among us for, we cannot doubt it, wise and good purposes by Him who rules alike in the moral and the natural world. We may, however, conjecture what some of those purposes are. Viewing epidemic diseases as expressions of the anger of God, we may venture to guess what the particular sins are which they are intended to punish. This we will now endeavour to prove. That the sins to be punished are national and not individual offences appears pretty plainly from the general and sweeping character of the judgments in question. They involve at once in the same destruction, by the same means, whole masses of the population. But farther, they attack the inhabitants of cities and towns only, or in some rare instances those of large villages. Of the places even where the epidemic appears, large portions escape; and those portions which do not escape, in which the plague most rages, all have a common character. Now, what is that character? What are those neighbourhoods, and what are their inhabitants?

Of the neighbourhoods themselves, it may be said generally, that they are the most unhealthy portions of the towns in which they are found. They are those in which the largest number of deaths, in proportion to the whole population, annually occur; in which infant-life in particular is sacrificed to an enormous extent, more than half the children born dying before they reach their fifth year. The reason of this is, that there is both absolutely more disease than in healthy neighbourhoods; and because all diseases in the neighbourhoods in question put on a more malignant character. Such, for example, as measles and hooping-cough, which, under favourable circumstances, are mild and rarely fatal, there often become exceedingly severe and destructive to life. Those of the inhabitants who do not die in childhood, but grow up to be men and women, can most rarely be said to enjoy really good health. They are stunted in stature, pale and emaciated. Suffering as many of them do, from various chronic ailments, life may with them be truly said to be "one long disease," and they die early. It is a rare thing to find one who has reached three score years and ten.

It may be said, that much of what we are now speaking of is owing to the personal habits of the people, and especially to their intemperance. There is some truth in this; but by far the largest portion of the bad health to which we are directing the attention of our readers, is not the consequence of any faults committed by the sufferers themselves. They cannot escape from it. We compel them to live in situations in which the first necessaries of life, viz., pure air and pure water, are beyond their reach. The air especially of these neighbourhoods is impure; and how is it made impure? In the first place, it is loaded with the foul gases and vapours given off from the bodies of so many people living in a space much too small for them. These neighbourhoods are overcrowded: the houses are too closely placed together; the rooms are too small, and there are too many by far living in those small rooms. The air is further made impure by the effluvia arising from the contents of privies and cesspools, and of open drains and gutters; all of which a proper system of sewerage would at once carry away. It would *not* carry away the filth thrown into the streets, and courts, and entries, which the almost incredible carelessness and indolence of some of the people prevent them from putting into the receptacles provided for it.

The air thus made foul and unhealthy is allowed to become stagnant by the want of proper ventilation. The houses are often built back to back, so that there can be no thorough-draught. The streets are narrow and winding. There are often close courts, with only one entrance; and in many such localities cellar dwellings abound. We have said, that the water supplied to these neighbourhoods is often impure: it has been proved in many instances to contain decaying animal matter. The people using it have been drinking the discharges from their own bodies. The water, even if not bad, is often deficient in quantity; rarely is there a supply sufficient for the perfect cleanliness of person and of clothing, so essential

to health, consequently uncleanness of both too often prevails. The houses, moreover, are too often neither clean nor tidy; and there is an utter want of domestic comfort.

Such being the condition of the bodies of by far too large a proportion of our fellow-citizens, what is the state of their minds? Are they intelligent, contented, moral, religious? Far, far from it. They are either very ignorant, or the knowledge which they possess only leads them astray. Contented they are not, or why trades-unions and strikes? Of their moral and religious state, we would speak with all possible gentleness. We know that among our brethren who live by daily labour, there are many beautiful examples of every christian virtue; but these are the exceptions. Their prevailing character is immorality and irreligion. They most rarely—a very large proportion *never*—go to church; and too many frequent habitually the beer-house and the gin-shop, or the depraving and demoralising places of amusement now open for the young of both sexes.

Such is the state of the neighbourhoods in which epidemic diseases find the greater number of their victims. Can any one, after reading it, feel the slightest doubt as to the providential purpose which such inflictions are intended to serve? We allow a large proportion of the inhabitants of our towns to live and die in a worse condition, both bodily and spiritual, than that of savages. Their abodes are such as no man of ordinary prudence or humanity would keep his beast in. To arouse us to a sense of our duty to our poorer brethren, a disease is sent amongst us which, fixing first upon the worst of those abodes, spreads thence as from a centre, sometimes into districts of a very different character, and inhabited by a different class of people. We are verily guilty concerning our brother; and if some of us are beginning to be conscious of our guilt, and are making efforts at amendment, it is because we have been awakened to a sense of our long-neglected duty by judgments such as that now again hanging over us.

We are now perhaps in a position to answer the question, "how to stay the cholera." As we cannot hope by any human means to prevent the approach of a poison conveyed by the air which we breathe, we should limit our exertions to things within our reach. As we have ascertained the existence of predisposing causes, in the absence of which the aerial poison is almost harmless, we must endeavour to remove those causes. Happily they are now well known, and are proved to be removable. But are we to stop here? Certainly not. While labouring with all our might to put an end to that state of things which makes ourselves and our fellow-citizens liable to the action of the poison, we are to implore Him, who sends that poison amongst us as surely as He sent the fiery serpents into the camp of the Israelites, to spare us yet awhile, to withhold the arrows of his wrath until at least we have had time to adopt such precautions as may make us safe from them. This, as we have seen, is quite possible. If the inhabitants of a town have removed those causes which predispose to any epidemic, —if, in other words, they have done all in their power to improve that condition, moral as well as physical, of their poorer brethren, which has provoked the anger of God, they may expect that, although the special poison of the pestilence may come among them, it will be as harmless as the silvery lightning of a summer evening, or the flashes of the aurora borealis. They will not feel alarm because they believe that they have learnt and put in practice the lesson which the particular dispensation of Providence was intended to teach them.

And while those who, by the favour of Providence, have been raised above the condition which we have been describing, are endeavouring thus to do their duty, can the sufferers themselves do nothing? They have frequently shown what, by combination, they could effect. We have long had trades-unions formed to protect the interests of the working man, and to enable him to control the labour market,—why should we not have HEALTH UNIONS formed to promote his bodily and spiritual well-being? We have had strikes and turn-outs for higher wages,—why should not the inhabitants of whole streets turn out against the owners of tenements in which no human being ought to be condemned to exist? When once aroused to a sense of his condition, the working man will find that he can in many ways do much for its amendment. As an individual he can do much. The predisposing causes of the cholera are in part general, like foul air and unwholesome exhalations, and in part also personal or individual. These personal causes the working man can avoid, even if he cannot help living in an unhealthy neighbourhood. He can keep his person and clothing as clean as his occupation will allow; he can abstain from unsound and improper food; and he can stay away from the beer-house and the gin-shop. Excessive and panic fear is a powerful predisposing cause. The best remedy for this, we need scarcely say, is a humble trust in the mercies of God, with regular and devout attendance on the services of the church. Let those who have the most reason for alarm, whenever they have opportunity, join with their neighbours in public and common prayer that the threatened infliction may be suspended, until at least we are better prepared to meet it.

CHURCH WORSHIP.

WE have already noticed, much too briefly for their great merit, the new series of tracts "The Churchman's Library," which we hope to review more at length as they come out. The third tract, entitled as above, although perhaps the most forcible of the three, can least fairly be represented by extracts. Its arguments are founded on the fact which few will dare to ignore, and none can contemplate without sorrow and misgivings, namely, the widespread alienation of the poor and unlearned from the Church of Christ in this country. It shews how the Church herself is alone answerable for affording, by her defective administration, so numerous and so reasonable grounds of secession, and points out, one by one, with a clearness we have rarely seen equalled, the separate points and circumstances which have mainly contributed to estrange the uneducated and half-educated children of the Church of England from their true mother. Its main point is to urge the substitution of an intelligible ritual, a restored music, a heartfelt devotion, and an honest energy, as the expression of a sincere faith,—in the public services of the Church,—for the unbroken sameness, the lost music, the stupid carelessness and inattention, which, alas! are too frequently all that we can gather from the postures and behaviour of our poorer brethren in the Lord, in our great proprietary churches, where we have so grievously wronged them; ay, and from the demeanour of the richer and better educated members of our congregations, too, who might have been expected at all events to shew some regard,—outwardly at least,—for the positive orders of the Church which took so much care for *their* comfort, and shewed so much consideration for their respectability. We need hardly say how earnestly we wish, with the writer of this tract, that our poorer brethren, whose friends we especially desire to be, might be taught to pray and to sing praises with greater reality and pleasure, in the public offices of our dear Mother Church. We cannot follow the writer through all the points on which he argues so earnestly and so conclusively against the prejudices of his fellow Churchmen, on the subject of a more devotional style of public service, in the form of what is commonly called *Choral Service*. We merely give, as a sample, his treatment of the subject of the singing or chanting of the Psalms of David:—

"With regard to the propriety of the thing, there is not the smallest room for difference of opinion on this matter, when it is fairly and candidly looked at. If, indeed, one could persuade oneself that the Psalms were *not Psalms;* if it could be made to appear that they are not, what their very name implies them to be, compositions written for the simple purpose of being sung; nay more, if the Holy Spirit had not moved the blessed Psalmist to write these divine songs, that not only himself, but all God's faithful people who should come after him, might be able to sing the praises of God in the very words and accents which his unerring Spirit had put into their mouths, then we might perhaps believe that there could be some possible grounds for questioning the propriety of chanting the Psalter. But surely, with the true facts of the case so clearly before our eyes, it is nothing less than absolute impeachment of Infinite Wisdom Itself, even to think of entertaining such a question."

We do not hope to give more than an idea of the matter of this tract, which, we ought to add, is compiled to some extent from the preface to a "Psalter," published some time ago by Mr. Masters; but from whatever quarter it is derived, its matter is most valuable, and its present form most convenient. We will give its concluding words:—

"If the question with which we are here concerned be one as to the right method, or otherwise, of celebrating the worship of Almighty God, and if, in the particulars which we have been considering, we must *necessarily* do this *either* in the *right* or in the *wrong* way, or at any rate, *either* on a *better* or on a *worse* principle, it surely can be no matter of indifference (to those at least who think they can discern the better way, and who believe that that way is *fairly practicable* to them,) whether or not they should follow it. It must be a matter of the deepest moment, indeed, both as regards their duty to God, and also as regards the responsibility under which they lie, (especially if they be clergymen,) towards their Christian brethren; for they are clearly bound, as far as it is within their power, to afford to their brethren also the opportunity of worshipping Almighty God in what they believe to be the best and most acceptable manner, and of offering up a reasonable service."

Whilst upon this subject, we would direct attention to some very judicious observations in favour of choral services in an interesting lecture lately delivered by the Rev. Augustus Campbell, a rector of Liverpool, (published by Messrs. Deighton and Laughton,) which we shall take another opportunity of noticing.

ECCLESIOLOGY.

We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity lately afforded by the centenary number of our racy contemporary, *The Ecclesiologist*, to wish it continued success.

"We have lived," say the conductors, with just pride, "to see our great principles achieve a triumph wider, deeper, and, we believe, more permanent than has been won in any other field of revival. * * At the present moment there is not a church erected in Islington or Cheltenham, nay, there is scarcely a meeting-house in Manchester which is not far purer in many details, and which aims at, and generally attains, a more ecclesiastical spirit than the very best of the churches which were built by the very first architects fifteen years ago."

This statement we can fully bear out. Indeed some of our recent most discreditable erections and extensions have been of churches. *We* have not, indeed, to deplore such enormities as the mountain of pulpit, concealing the communion-table, with the preacher bestriding an *equuleus*, surmounted by a *nimbus* of gas jets,—which the *Ecclesiologist*, with its usual good-humoured satire, lately described in connection with a fashionable church in another large town in the North. But there is still a good deal to be ashamed of. We have galleried and chancelless preaching-houses of the dining-room type, disgraced by that disregard of the equality of worshippers in the house of God, exhibited in the hateful contrast between *paid-for* and *free* seats—a contrast upon which, some people seem to consider, hinge "our Protestant Institutions." We have till lately known baptisms to be performed from a tin funnel. Arm chairs, and other aids to comfortable devotion, are not unknown. One church which heretofore presented the aspect of a solemn first-pointed structure, is now disfigured by the addition of huge sprawling transepts, which suggest the idea that the building has taken to itself wings to fly away in disgust at its own very singular appearance. We might enumerate other such ecclesiastical enormities, but regard for the well-meaning individuals responsible for them induces us to forbear.

That such things are now becoming the exceptions in churches rather than the rule, is almost wholly owing to the trenchant exposures and untiring energy of the editor of *The Ecclesiologist* and his coadjutors; and we therefore pay no more than our share of the debt due to them, by asking Churchmen to aid them by supporting the periodical.

THE POTATO—SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

I met the other day with a curious story concerning the word "potato;" it was this:—Some English sailors having landed on the east coast of South America, near the river Orinoco, and having fallen in with the potato, asked the Carib Indians, who dwelt on the banks of that river, what was the name of the root; of course they asked in English, as all Englishmen will do, and expected from the natives an English answer; but they, not understanding what was said, answered in their own language, "Pattatu," which means, "What do you say?" John Bull, with his native simplicity, imagining they had answered his question, called the plant 'Potato,' a corruption of "Pattatu;" so that the real meaning of 'Potatoe' is the "What-d'ye-call-it plant." I believe the name of it among the Indians is 'Pappa.'

This slight story recalled to my mind the narrative (related in Exodus xvii. 13—15) of the giving of manna to the Israelites in the wilderness. "And in the morning the dew lay round about the host; and when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna: for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat." Now the word "manna" means in Hebrew, "What is this?" And thus the Israelites not knowing what this round grain, which fell, was, nor being able to see whence it came, called it "manna,"—"What is this?" Moses told them it was "bread which the Lord gave them." It was "bread from heaven" which fell visibly, so that they must confess God to have been the giver of it.

We should, however, remember that all our bread and the comforts we enjoy, come only from God, "from whom all blessings flow;" that the corn, which God's rain watereth, is as much bread from heaven as ever was manna.

BOOKS.—Strange that by means of a little chemical mixture, lamp-black and so-forth, on a tissue of old rags, the thoughts of a man should thus be preserved for all men. For what can seem a less suitable vehicle for a thought,—consider it, a thought!—than smoke, dirt, and worn filaments of flax?

WORKING AND THINKING.—He who tries to connect his daily task, however mean, with the highest thoughts he can apprehend, thereby secures the rightfulness of his work, and is raising his existence to its utmost good.

Poetry.

THE HAPPINESS OF FLOWERS.

Have ye no pleasure at your crimson heart,
  Oh! richest roses, from that radiant glow?
Does not each incensed breathing still impart
  An ecstasy that your whole beings know?

Hath not the lily, in her regal white,
  With chalice lifted to the sun and dew,
A life made beautiful with new delight,
  That runs and sparkles all her summer through?

Have ye not bliss, oh! forms of passing grace,
  In the sweet aspects that around you shine?
Know ye the loveliness of Nature's face?—
  The joy of morn—the evening's calm decline?

To bend o'er flashing waters—to spring up
  At the wild bidding of the sportive wind—
To wreathe with diamond dew each nectar cup—
  To smile through gleaming rain with brows resigned;—

To watch the coming out of every star,
  The sunny shadows through the waving trees;
To hear the songs of birds through forests far,
  The winds, with voices like the rising seas;—

Joy ye in these? I love to think ye do;—
  That even as ye beautify and bless
Our paths, your bounteous gifts return to you,
  And ye are lustrous from your happiness!

CHILDHOOD'S GRIEFS.

Who deems a little merry child,
However joyous, gay, or wild,
Does not know sorrow—feels not grief
Which seems well nigh beyond relief?
I say, that every season's share
Of joy and woe is equal here;
There's bliss and ill in every state,
And the child's little grief is great;
As great as loss of wealth or power
Is to the man, when dark clouds lower.
The broken toy, or plaything lost,
Has many a tear to childhood cost;
Bitter, perhaps, as those the man
May shed o'er some defeated plan.
Yet last they not—a sunny sky
Succeeds before their course is dry,
And the small sorrow sinks to rest,
Forgotten in the infant's breast;
While the deep cares of manhood trace
Their curves of sorrow on his face,
Marking, with many a furrow'd line,
The broken hopes that life entwine.
The infant's grief can come and go,
And leave no mark of pain or woe;
While every blast that manhood feels,
The bowing of his frame reveals:
Its petty trials teach the child,
With influences firm but mild,
And fit its frame to bear the woe
Which all must suffer here below;
By gradual force they steel the heart
To hold with patience sorrow's part,—
To treasure more, and more esteem
Each fleeting good and happy beam,
The morning dawn and sunshine bright,
Because they follow sorrow's night.

THE MONTH.

Parliament has had a fortnight's holiday for Easter, and the Nation a day of humiliation for the war into which it considers itself to have been forced. The public have in general shewn a wish to adapt their arrangements to the nature of the day's observance; but many never seem to understand the difference between a holiday and a fast. The popular ignorance in this respect was most evident on Good Friday. In London especially the streets had on that day the appearance of a holiday given for a race or for some other public recreation.

Previous to the two Houses rising for Easter, the Lords passed the Testamentary Jurisdiction Bill, as the bill to amend the law of probate and administration is called. The President of the Board of Trade introduced a bill to lessen the evils of competition among Railway Companies. Lord John Russell withdrew the Parliamentary Reform and the Removal and Settlement (Poor Law) Bills; and the Commons sat one night in Committee on the Colonial Clergy Disabilities; an amendment, proposed by a Presbyterian, to authorise the interference, in the Church's Synods, of any Dissenting sects in the colonies who may choose to use the Church's form of prayer, was most properly rejected. It was well to see the names of many members of radical opinions among those who voted against it.

Among the measures deferred over the holidays is a bill by the Marquis of Blandford, for the better management of the revenues of Bishops and Chapters. Considering that a Crown-appointed Committee, of which Lord Blandford is a member, is now sitting on this very subject, it is strange his lordship should not await this committee's report, before proposing his own plan.

As in the time of the third crusade, and the reign of our lion-hearted Richard, an English army has marched through France, and embarked in alliance with a French one for the East. Then, as now, the French were first to depart; but circumstances have vastly changed. The Western Powers then feared aggression from the Mahommedans, and went to combat,—not as now, to protect them.

Though at the time of writing no active collision has been reported either from the Black Sea or the Baltic, two events have occurred which in different ways shew the difficulties of war. In consequence of the insurrection in those provinces of his empire which border on the kingdom of Greece, the Sultan has considered it necessary, for his own safety, to order the Greeks to quit Constantinople, and some thousands of Christians will feel all the miseries of exile and poverty. Our Chancellor of the Exchequer is about to fund six millions of Exchequer bills for six years. It is fair to Mr. Gladstone to state, that our permanent debt was reduced by this amount when these Exchequer bills were first issued.

We were misled last month when we stated Admiral Gordon to have died. The aged officer who died suddenly in a railway carriage, (in consequence, the coroner's jury believed, of the insulting behaviour of the officials,) was Colonel Gordon, a brother of the governor of Greenwich Hospital.

Reviews.

"*Pine Forests and Hacmatack Clearings.*" By Colonel Sleigh. Bentley, London.

A few years back, books upon America were as plentiful as "Descriptions of Russia" and "Military Plans of the Black Sea" have recently become. It seems, however, that the incidents of American travel are not yet exhausted. The book before us is a clever and readable addition to our stock of facts about a country which, wonderful as its progress has been hitherto, is likely, ere long, to fill a still larger page in the social and political

history of the world. Colonel Sleigh resided in, and has chiefly treated of our British Colonial possessions; but he also gives us some amusing sketches of what he saw and heard in the United States. Our "Temperance friends" (as the phrase is) will, we fear, consider themselves somewhat aggrieved by the following sketch of

TETOTALISM IN AMERICA.

"There is a very considerable body in the Lower Provinces, classed as a Lodge, called the 'Sons of Temperance.' The heads of this fraternity number some highly respectable names; but the majority of the 'Sons,' under the cloak of temperance, are as hypocritical a set of knaves as it has ever been our misfortune to meet. They display the principle of Total Abstinence with ridiculous ostentation; the forms of their meetings resemble Masonic Lodges:—pass-words, badges, aprons, and emblems attack the ear and attract the eye with surprising frequency. We can confidently assert, we never encountered a 'Son of Temperance' who was not one of the greatest drunkards in the community. Secret, or rather private tippling, is carried on to an awful extent: we have frequently seen a 'Son' depart to a Lodge-meeting, in a state of elevation which might elicit the applause, or excite the envy, of the habitual drunkard, In the country districts liquor is imbibed to a fearful extent. We believe that the 'Sons' have carried out their principles so far as to induce the Legislature of New Brunswick to countenance an Act prohibiting the sale of ale, wine, or spirits, in the province, under any pretext whatsoever. This is taking a leaf from the 'Maine Liquor Law,' one of the most arbitrary and unjust measures ever introduced amongst a community. In the United States, where every one lives at a *table-d'hôte*, it is a very rare occurrence to see any one taking wine or malt liquor. Indeed, if a stranger has a decanter ordered, he becomes at once an object of peculiar observation to every one at the table; and take the opinion of the faces, and the result would be a general condemnation of such a propensity. He is a most unpopular 'member of the family,' as permanent boarders are designated. The feeling or expression of disgust is not peculiar to the fair sex: their hirsute neighbours equally join in the silent condemnation. The result would be an impression on a traveller's mind, that the American population, as seen at an hotel table, is the most temperate in the world. This favourable opinion only lasts until a visit has been made to the bar of the hotel after dinner. Then will the astonished tourist, in quest of the remarkable, be surprised to meet all the long-faced gentry, who so solemnly drank their ice-water a few moments before at the *table-d'hôte*, surrounding the bar-keeper, imbibing through the reed, sherry-cobblers, brandy-smash, mint-julep, cocktail, gin-sling, and other intoxicating beverages, to a dangerous extent. The temperance principle is all outward show; it is even so with the 'Sons of Temperance.' We are not surprised when we hear of any measure equally as absurd as the 'Maine Liquor Law' passing the Houses of Assembly of the Lower Provinces; the constituent members, as we have before explained, by no means representing by a majority the educated or respectable classes. To these senators, their pay as members is the chief inducement to accept legislative honours."

We confess we cannot quite see the force of what appears to be the gallant Colonel's argument, that the total prohibition of the sale of ardent spirits is a proof of fondness for drinking them. An impression seems rapidly gaining ground, that the vice of spirit-drinking is so serious a public evil, as to warrant the application of almost any remedy that could be shewn to be effectual. The following hints to English travellers may be useful to some of our countrymen who limit their journeyings to this side the Atlantic:—

"English people are generally a reserved race: they journey, and commune with their own thoughts, whatever they may be, instead of conversing with their fellow-travellers in a coach, railway-train, or steam-boat. In the old country, hauteur is often assumed, from an idea that it conveys with it dignity and importance. To be brusque and short in your reply, is to be a man of great mark and likelihood; to be particularly sullen and disagreeable in your deportment, is supposed to convey to vulgar minds an impression of aristocratic exclusiveness. Answer a person in England particularly civilly, and, I fear I must say, you are at once regarded by the lower classes as of no account. Be tart, snappish, and imperious, and the hat is touched, and you rise in estimation. These ideas firmly impressed upon the mind of the English traveller, when he arrives on the other side of the Atlantic, and finds himself in the United States, on 'foreign' ground, the national thermometer falls to a freezing-point:—the Englishman feels he is abroad, among Americans; and that himself and his nation are the better of the two. This idea may be all very patriotic, and very well in its way; but it operates unfavourably on the spirit of inquiry, by contracting the disposition to be pleased with all one sees, and it opens rather widely the green-eyed spirit of jealousy. Our traveller starts on his tour; he is addressed civilly by some American—gives a curt and brusque retort; 'Yankee dander' is up, and, probably, he learns a few home truths, seasonably administered. Americans are at once jotted down in his journal, 'impertinent,' 'brutes,' 'democrats,' &c., and on this theme a chapter is written. I can most seriously affirm, that I never once received from an American a rude reply; my inquiries, to whomsoever addressed, from the President to the engine-driver, were invariably answered with politeness, and an anxiety to give every information. * * * But once assume the haughty airs of the Old Country, and you get, what you richly deserve, some sharp retort, conveying probably some unwelcome truths, touching 'aristocrats,' &c. The politeness of the Americans to ladies is beyond all praise. A lady can travel all over the Union, and never once be insulted. If she is alone, it is taken for granted that she is obliged to travel without a protector: she may be going to join or rejoin her friends in a distant State; or business may require her presence: they know not, and ask not why she chances to be alone. It appears to me to mark very strongly and favourably the manliness and chivalry of a people,—this treatment of the weaker sex with courtesy and politeness."

Could not the publishers have suggested a more understandable title? Hacmatack, it seems, is merely a prevalent species of Indian tree, which of course has to be "cleared," in order to enable Canadian settlers to sow their seeds, and to build farm-houses.

"*On the Reverence due to Holy Places.*" By J. H. MARKLAND, D.C.L., &c., Author of "Remarks on English Churches." Murray.

THERE is no layman in the English Church at the present day, who reminds us so much of the good Robert Nelson, author of the "Fasts and Festivals," as does the writer of this charming little book. A rare understanding of the nature and position of the Anglican communion, and a reverential spirit and a filial affection towards every thing truly belonging to it, equally characterise both writers. And as Robert Nelson's book should be in every Churchman's home, be he rich or be he poor; so we venture to think that this little treatise, though on a somewhat different subject, should meet with a hospitality as kindly and extensive. There is certainly no school library which should be without it. Sponsors or parents, wishing to make a present to their young friends or children, should think of it. Not, indeed, that it is by any means a child's book,—for it will instruct and interest all ages;—but we should like young people to have reverential thoughts instilled into them from the beginning, and this will take their fancy, because it is not dry. There are many things in it which will amuse in their way, as well as instruct. We conceive it is one

of those books which will never die out; and, we will add, that its cheapness brings it within the reach of all.

"*Canon Stowell and the Rev. W. Gaskell. A Supplement to Mr. Stowell's Letter to Mr. Budgett.*" By a Clergyman. Manchester: Hale and Roworth. 1854.

THE subject of this pamphlet is shortly stated. Mr. Stowell and Mr. Gaskell enter into a discussion about the Divinity of Christ. Both refer to "the Bible and the Bible only." Consequently, since Mr. Gaskell thinks himself as competent a judge of the meaning of Scripture as Mr. Stowell, he refuses to accept the latter's interpretations, and considers them erroneous and worthless. The Clergyman who is the author of the "Supplement" quoted above, supplies what was wanting on Mr. Stowell's part. He appeals to antiquity, and proves that the Divinity of our Lord was decided affirmatively 1500 years ago by a general Council. If individuals have a right to interpret Scripture, *à fortiori*, Councils have the same right: and when we find a doctrine has been authoritatively held from the earliest times, it is tantamount to a certainty that such doctrine is true. A dissenter, though he may not accept this view, can see the force of the position: while Mr. Stowell's argument was worse than useless. It is only by appealing to the voice of the Church, from the earliest times to the present, that we can argue at all intelligibly, with Romanists or any other sect of schismatics.

"*Catechism on the Liturgy of the Church of England.*" By FREDERICK LEIGH COLVILE, M.A., Vicar of Leek Wooton. Ninth edition, revised and enlarged. Henry T. Cooke, Warwick; F. and J. Rivington, London.

A USEFUL little tract, explaining, as its title indicates, the meaning of the different portions of the Prayer Book. We should think it would be found very useful by the teachers in our Sunday-schools.

"*A Few Words Respecting the Church of England; being Plain Reading for Plain People.*" By the same Author. Cook; Rivingtons.

Is very good, and well put together. The antiquity of the English branch of the Church Catholic is proved; as also her claims upon the adherence of all Englishmen who wish to avoid the sin of schism.

WE have received the following publications, which the pressure upon our columns prevents our noticing more in detail:—"*The Young Drummer; or, The Affectionate Son.*" A tale of the Russian Campaign. Second edition, improved.—"*The Duty of Public Worship Proved; with Directions for a Devout Behaviour therein.*" By FRANCIS FOX, M.A. [A plain catechism, written more than a hundred years ago, but containing many things worthy of being attended to, never more than at present. Well does the author reprobate "the lazy, slovenly, and indecent posture of sitting down at Church in time of prayer," universal in too many of the so-called Evangelical congregations.]—"*The Baptismal Vow: a Word of Remembrance to the Confirmed.*" Third edition.—"*We are Able;*" *S. James an Example to the Young.* [A sermon preached in the Parish Church of Leeds, on St. James's day, 1847.] All the above are printed and published by Harrison of Leeds; Rivingtons, London; and Parker, Oxford.—The Rev. H. LOMAS, B.A., has published a brief vindication of Church principles, entitled, "*An Exhortation to Stability;*" A sermon preached in the Church of St. Luke the Evangelist, Leeds, on occasion of his resignation of the incumbency. (Rivingtons.) — Mr. Harrison, of Leeds, has printed a second edition of "*Devotions for Passion Tide.*"—"*The Poor Churchman's Calendar of Feasts and Fasts;*" with the motto from George Herbert, "Man is God's image, but a poor man is Christ's stamp to boot;" and a new edition of "*Pastoral Advice to Young People preparing for Confirmation,*" by Dr. HOOK, (Rivingtons,) require no recommendation from us.—We must postpone our notices of the new edition of "*Simple Sketches from Church History, for Young Persons,*" by Mrs. J. TOOGOOD, (Hughes,) and the Rev. W. SINCLAIR'S Tale, "*The Dying Soldier,*" (Hatchard and Co.,) till next month.—We cannot recommend "*Family Prayers,*" by the last-named author. To speak as he does of the Holy Communion, as that "in partaking of which we commemorate the death and sacrifice" of Christ,—and as nothing more, is contrary to the Church's doctrine, and mischievously lowering in idea. What less than this could the Unitarian say of the ceremony in which *he* joins once a month?—In three pamphlets, (Lidstone, Plymouth; and Masters, London,) entitled, the "*Accession Service,*" and "*A Letter on the Royal Supremacy,*" (parts I. and II.,) the Rev. THEOPHILUS JONES, Curate of Bideford, has given at some length, and with considerable learning and acumen, his reasons for omitting the "Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving" ordered, not by the Church, but by the Queen's ministers, to be used in Churches on the 20th June.

Miscellanea.

DE WITT'S MAXIM.—To do one thing at a time,—to think, to speak of, or attend to nothing else till the one thing was fairly done with.

PROPER CHURCH SERVICE.—A living and life-inspiring service would allow of the diminution of the numerous, and therefore mechanical and unfruitful, sermons now enacted; so that, in this respect, the clergy will gain an essential relief.—*Hirscher.*

EPISCOPAL AUTHORITY.—The purely monarchical direction of a diocese runs in a direction so opposite to all the characteristics of the age, that such a thing, or at least its perpetuation, side by side with the constitutional and popular vitality of the State, appears possible in no other way than by the apostacy of the entire intelligence of the community, or by the prevalence of religious indifference the most complete.—*Von Hirscher's New Reformation.*

ORIGIN OF BAZAARS.—The King of Otaheite, though a despot, was a reformer. He discovered that the eating of bread-fruit was a barbarous custom, which would infallibly prevent his people from being a great nation. He determined to introduce French rolls. A party rebelled; the despot was energetic; some were executed; the rest ejected. The vagabonds arrived in England. As they had been banished in opposition to French rolls, they were declared to be a British interest. They professed their admiration of civil and religious liberty, and also of a subscription. When they had drunk a great deal of punch, and spent all their money, they discovered that they had nothing to eat, and would infallibly have been starved, had not an Hibernian marchioness, who had never been in Ireland, been exceedingly shocked that men should die of hunger,—and so, being one of the bustlers, she got up a fancy sale, and a Sandwich Isle bazaar.—*D'Israeli.*

Notices.

We shall be obliged by W. P. P.'s promised contributions.

W. B. will oblige us by communicating his name and address, and fuller particulars upon the subject of his letter.

We have received, and have again to ask our friends' pardon for unavoidably postponing, several communications.

Subscribers who do not receive their numbers regularly, will be pleased to apprise us of the fact.

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Advertisements.

LINCOLNSHIRE AND NOTTINGHAMSHIRE CHURCH UNION.

At a Meeting of the Committee of this Union, held at Newark on the 4th of April, it was Resolved,—

1.—That this Committee desires to express its hearty approval of the Colonial Clergy Disabilities Bill brought into the House of Commons during the present Session; and hopes that it may pass in the state in which it has been introduced.

2.—That this Committee has felt much gratified at the almost unanimous rejection of the "Stoke Newington Church Bill;" and it earnestly trusts that all measures of a similar nature and tendency may meet with a similar fate.

SOCIETY FOR THE REVIVAL OF CONVOCATION.

The Annual General Meeting will be held, in pursuance of Rule VII., on TUESDAY, the 9th of MAY, at the SUSSEX HOTEL, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

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The Church of the People

AND THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

No. VIII] JUNE, 1854. [PRICE 2d.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

WE have the pleasure to announce, first and foremost, in this our number for this pleasant month of June, that THE CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE has received an accession of strength by the union with it of THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE. And as the readers of both publications have had continuously placed before them the truth, advantages, and blessings of unity in everything connected with the *one* Holy Church of Christ, they will no doubt, be as much pleased as ourselves at any approach towards that point to which every member of the Church should ever labour to arrive; and will therefore be glad that the two publications which were started on precisely the same principles, and to assist in the accomplishment of precisely the same object have become united, in order that unitedly, much better than separately, they may the more effectively labour in the cause of God's Church and truth. The purpose with which each publication was alike started was the *popularizing* of the great Scriptural and distinctive principles of the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ amongst the people of Old England. And as their principles and objects, and even their methods of proceeding were the same; it seemed to the projectors of both a matter of some little regret that they were not acting in perfect unity, as well as in unison of feeling and object. Indeed we believe that so little self interest was mixed up with the commencement of either periodical, that if the projectors of either had been fully aware of the intentions and designs of the projectors of the other, the union which has now happily been effected would have taken place before the commencement of either of them. But ignorant of the intentions of each other, until after their respective plans were matured and partially in operation, both publications were launched about the same time, THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE taking the lead merely by a month or so. And having gone on separately for several months a union of the two was suggested, and after some little consideration, it was in the most disinterested manner on all sides, fully determined on, and is now carried into execution, as our present number fully indicates.

The principles and objects of both publications, as hitherto expressed, will continue to guide the united publication, for the future to be called—"*The Church of the People and the People's Magazine.*" The united publication will therefore henceforth contain the cream as it were of the two; and will we trust be worthy of the earnest support of every faithful and true member of our holy Church. The Editor fixed upon for the united publication is a Clergyman whose heart and soul is in the work, and who has already done some service to the cause of God's Church and truth; and the promoters trust that all who feel any desire for the spread of sound and good principles, will second his efforts by widely distributing the publication to which these remarks are appended, and to which we are earnestly devoted.

We really do not wish to refer to Dissenters on any subject whatsoever, but surely we shall stand fully excused if we do refer to their proceedings in reference to their periodical publications, and call upon Churchmen to follow their example in this respect, and use their utmost endeavours to promote the circulation of those really church publications, which, to say the least of it, are most earnest in their desires to serve the cause and interests of the Church of God here in England. Popish and Protestant Dissenters are most active in circulating all sorts of publications against the Church of Christ amongst us, and surely having truth on our side, we ought to be far more anxious and zealous in our endeavours to circulate it amongst our neighbours and fellow-countrymen than our enemies are in circulating their errors. The activity of Dissenters does indeed put to shame the comparative inactivity of Churchmen, who have really truth and righteousness by the hand. These dilatory feelings of Churchmen are happily fast passing away, but yet there is a great deal still wanting in the way of activity and zeal, to render the Church of Christ

what she ought to be, and what every true Churchman ought to wish to see her, really and truly *the Church of the People.*

Let then our readers take a lesson from our enemies, and be only as active in defence of God's truth, as these are in propagating palpable error and falsehood, and we shall have nothing to fear. Let indeed the friends of the Church and good order make it a matter of direct and personal business to promote the circulation of what are and ought to be the principles and practices of "The Church of the People," and we shall have a circulation that will rejoice the hearts of all her good and true members.

Some apology is due to the subscribers to the *Church of the People* for the slight increase of price. But they will, we trust, cheerfully assent to a change which was found necessary in order to secure the promoters from loss, and for which some compensation will be made in the advantages attending the new arrangement.

LETTERS ON THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Letter I.

"Let all things be done decently and in order." 1 Cor. xiv. 40.

I think it will be granted by all reflecting men that order is the first law of nature, that all things emanate from God, who has determined certain fixed principles by which the world is physically, politically, and morally governed. If we contemplate the natural world, we find this unalterable law pervading every department, from the glorious firmament on high, to the lowest depths of the earth; and in like manner if we examine into the science of politics, even in the rudest periods of history, we observe the same first principle of order, which, whenever subverted, is immediately followed by anarchy and ruin. Now if God has taken such care of this lower world, and provided laws for its physical, political, and social government, is it probable that He would have allowed its moral government, that is, the duty of man to his God and fellow creature, to take its chance, without also providing some laws by which His worship might be properly conducted and regulated? I cannot but think that if men would seriously consider this all-important question, they could not come to any other conclusion, than that as God is a God of order, harmony, and consistency, He could not possibly have devised laws for the preservation of the world, and at the same time left religion to be conducted according to the caprices of men. This will appear more evident if we briefly consider the history of religion, from the beginning of the world till now.

1. When God created man in His own likeness, he was holy, pure, and good, not having as yet been contaminated by the devil, and was consequently permitted to worship and even to converse with God face to face. Here we observe that no particular law or mode of worship was necessary, at least none is recorded in Holy Writ, because man being holy and innocent, there was no bar against his approaching the Lord, as one man does another.

2. But after the Fall the case was altered. Man by eating the forbidden fruit lost his innocence, forfeited his inestimable privileges, and was expelled from paradise, an outcast and an alien, into a wild uninhabited world, with however one ray of hope imparted to him of pardon and reconciliation, by means of the Seed of the Woman, which, in the fulness of time, should come to bruise the serpent's head, and to redeem him and his descendants from perdition. Now by what means could Adam and his posterity approach God, and obtain pardon and peace? We read in the Holy Scriptures that Abel, (Genesis iv. 4.) Noah, (Genesis viii. 20.) Abraham, (Genesis xii. 7, 8, xiii. 18, xxii. 13.) and the patriarchs offered up burnt sacrifices to God, which He deigned to accept, and, in consideration of these, to grant them remission of their sins, and such temporal blessings as they desired. This was the Patriarchal system of worship, that is, that the heads of families and tribes acted as priest as well as chief, and the law of conducting their worship, which they had received from God, was, that they should offer the firstlings of their flocks as a burnt sacrifice as is clearly implied by the rejection of Cain's offering, and the acceptance of Abel's.

3. As mankind increased and spread over the earth, religion as was natural, declined, and the original worship of God, as derived from their first parent, became corrupted, so much so, that men began to adore images of wood and stone, and by degrees forgat the existence of the Lord, and the law of his worship. God perceiving this state of things, determined to call to Himself one of the sons of men, who should become the father of a great nation, in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed. This was Abraham, whom God selected for the twofold purpose of preserving true religion in the world, and of providing a means by which that promised Seed should be raised up. Now after the departure of the Israelites (the descendants of this man) from the land of Egypt, and their arrival at Mount Sinai, God delivered unto Moses His servant the law, which consisted of the Ten Commandments, and the future manner of conducting His worship. (Exodus xx. to xxxi:) Till this time the patriarchal system had prevailed, but now God designed to abolish this, and to establish a regular consecrated Priesthood. Accordingly He selected the tribe of Levi to be His Priests, and consecrated Aaron and his descendants to the office of the High Priesthood. (Exodus xxviii.) The Lord then arranged the order of the sacrifices, and sundry rites

and ceremonies, which I need not now enquire into, it being sufficient for my purpose to shew that God did establish a regular priesthood, with certain duties to perform, which were designed to last for ever.

4. We have now considered the Patriarchal and Levitical systems of worship, both of which were in their turn, ordained by God, the former having been done away with on the establishment of the latter. We now come to enquire into that third system, which was inaugurated by Christ on the eve of His Passion, when He constituted His Apostles "Kings and Priests," commanding them to preach His Gospel to all nations. It has been held, and is held by many, that when Christ came He abolished the whole Priesthood, and left it to men to approach God in the way they should deem right, provided they believed on His name. Now we have just been considering the state of the world during that period, when the Patriarchal form of religion was prevailing. We remarked how the knowledge of the true God became gradually obscured, how sacrifices which had been ordained to be offered to God, were offered to images of wood and stone, which no doubt were originally intended to represent an ideal likeness of the Deity, but gradually as that image vanished from the hearts of men, and their minds were drawn down to earth, they became the images of their own earthy imagination, so that the last beam from heaven became lost in the dense darkness of heathenism. What was the cause of this state of things apart from the natural tendency of moral corruption? Was it not because there was then no regularly ordained Priesthood, to whom might have been committed the oracles of God, and by whom the sacrifices might have been properly offered? I think a reflecting mind would acknowledge the justice of this answer. Now does not this equally apply to the Gospel dispensation, for if after its establishment, Christ had not ordained any means by which his Gospel should be preached, would not that light which had arisen have been soon obscured, would not the knowledge of the true God and of His Son have been soon forgotten, and His worship adulterated, as in the former period? There are some who would reply, that the two cases are not parallel, for in the patriarchal period there were no Scriptures, but in that of the Christian there are, which *of themselves* are sufficient to make men wise unto salvation. Doubtless there is a difference between the two systems in that respect, but when the Levitical priesthood was established, there were inspired Scriptures, which were gradually developed till the time of Malachi, therefore if the existence of Scriptures renders a priesthood at this time unnecessary, it also militates against that of Aaron.

But they say that the Levitical priesthood was necessary for preserving true religion in the midst of a benighted world, and to offer sacrifices typical of that one only proper sacrifice made by Christ Himself when on earth. True, but is the world anywise changed, is it not equally necessary that there should be a priesthood duly ordained by God for the purpose, not only of preserving true religion in the world, but also of preaching the Gospel *to all* the world, and to offer that spiritual sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ, which he ordained for the purpose of "shewing forth His death *till* He come," so that the object and reason for establishing a religious polity in the former period, equally applies now, the one to pre-shew, and the other to shew forth the Lord's death, to represent sacrificially the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

It is manifest then that as God has so ordered this lower world, that all things should be conducted according to just laws, so also in things pertaining to religion hath he established certain immutable principles, by means of which true religion should be preserved in the world, and His worship conducted according to His will.

I propose, in a series of letters, to enquire into the polity of the Christian Church, her form of government, canon of faith, rites and ceremonies, &c., which I hope may be of some use to those who care for the things pertaining to Christ, but who do not duly consider Him in His character as High Priest and Intercessor.

THE PARISH.

We all have a parish to which we belong, and it may be interesting to inquire into the origin and meaning of the name and the system on which it stands. The Encyclopædia Britannica describes a "Parish" as being "the precinct of a parochial church, or a circuit of ground inhabited by a people who belong to one church, and are under the particular charge of its minister." And this minister is called by the same authority, "a parson, *persona ecclesiæ*, or one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called parson from the Latin word *persona*, because by his person the church, (which in one sense is an invisible body but in another sense a visible one, viz., the whole Christian people of the parish,) is represented; and he is in himself 'a body corporate' (as Judge Blackstone says), in order to protect and defend the rights of the church by a perpetual succession. He is sometimes called *rector* or *governor* of the Church; but the appellation of parson is the most legal, most beneficial, and most honourable title that a parish priest can enjoy. A parson has (or should have) during his incumbency the freehold in himself of the parsonage house, the glebe, the tithes, and other dues." Before the Reformation, where deans and chapters and monasteries were patrons of churches, they generally took the tithes and deputed some clergyman to do the duty, who was called a vicar or *deputy*, paying him a small salary, hence the origin

of the present title of "vicar" of a parish. "Vicars," though still deprived of tithes, (owing to their having been first illegally alienated by sanction of the Pope and afterwards by Henry VIIIth,) yet, inasmuch as they are now "*incumbents*," have the same claim to the title of "rector" or "parson" as those who hold the full tithes of a Parish Church.

The word parish comes from the Latin *parochia*, the Greek, *paroikia*—habitation; compounded of *para*—near, and *oikos*—house. The name was anciently given to the whole territory of a bishop, and signified "neighbourhood," because the early Christians, (who by the apostolical order could not have a church without bishops,) not daring to assemble openly in cities, were forced to meet secretly in neighbouring houses.

In the ancient church when the Christian religion came to be acknowledged by kings and governments, there was one large edifice in each city for the people to assemble in for public worship, and this they called "parochia," or "parish," and to this day the parish church in France is often called, "La Paroisse"—"The Parish." In the early ages of Christianity in England dioceses were called parishes, and every man was obliged by the rules of the church to pay tithes or the tenth part of his income to support the church, which tithes were paid to the bishop, whose duty it was to distribute them among the clergy, in proportion to their duties, and for other pious and charitable purposes according to his own discretion, but he was responsible to the Convocation or General Representative Assembly of the National Church.* The boundaries of separate parishes were first ascertained by those of a manor or manors. The lords of manors, as Christianity spread, began to build churches on their own domains in order to accommodate their tenants and labourers, and then the tithes were also dedicated to the endowment of each parish church, for the maintenance of a sufficient ministry of all ranks, for reparation of the fabric, and relief of the poor, so that according to the ancient and true parochial system, the tithes, or tenth part of the value of all kind of property, being paid to the full, there would be no need of poor-rates under ordinary circumstances. But when, from love of money, the rich and powerful robbed God and the parishes of their rights, these grievous taxes were put on. Parishes, whose churches remained in private patronage, numbering about 6000 in England and Wales, have generally retained their tithes, though sadly encroached upon by modern legislation; while, as before mentioned, those who fell to the lot of certain ecclesiastical or other corporations, numbering more than 4000, have lost the whole or the greater part, though we trust that the time is not far distant when these parishes will claim and regain their own, and that all the tithes will be brought back to "the storehouse of God," (see Malachi iii. 8, &c.,) to be devoted* to the pious and charitable purposes for which they were originally given. However, this object can never be obtained unless the parishioners, whose tithes are alienated, bestir themselves and boldly claim their right, according to a statute which is still law, passed in 15th of Richard II., c. 6, on account of parishes suffering by the neglect of impropriators, by which it was enacted that "in all impropriations the bishop shall ordain a competent sum for the endowment and support of the church and for distribution among the poor parishioners annually."

We see, then, that the church and its tithes are part and parcel of every parish, and we may say where there is no Church there can be no parish, and where the tithes are alienated, the parishioners and their church are deprived of their most ancient, sacred, and lawful resource and right. As "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," the law of the land has made God's minister the chief person in every parish in its constitution, for he is the *ex-officio* chairman of the vestry of the parish. The vestry is the ancient assembly for consulting on and settling the affairs of a parish; it may be called the "Parish Parliament," and is a component part of our constitution. Modern legislation, with its central boards and commissions, has in a most unconstitutional way tried to silence the voice and nullify the action of these assemblies, the integrity of which is necessary for our liberty, and is the greatest security for respect to the law and allegiance to the sovereign.

These assemblies are called vestries, from the places where they have usually met; their character is at once sacred and political, as all public institutions in a Christian state should be, from its laws being founded on God's word.

Bingham, in his learned work on the "Antiquities of the Christian Church," speaks of the vestry—1st. As the "*diaconicum*," because all things here deposited were under the care of the deacons—it was a

* This Assembly, which is a necessary ingredient of our Constitution and National Church, was most arbitrarily dismissed in 1717 by King George I., because it opposed him in the appointment of an improper Bishop. Since then our sovereigns have never allowed it to meet, so that many Bishops have been appointed from worldly-political motives to the great scandal of religion; and the Church, *i.e.*, the whole body of souls in the nation having no voice, and imperfect discipline—has been a prey to covetousness, lukewarmness, false doctrine, heresy, and schism for more than a hundred years. And it appears that our present Archbishops, blind to this awful state of things, still oppose its restoration. But, thank God, we have an enlightened and liberal sovereign, who has declared her will that the Church shall be free to act of herself, and a general feeling has sprung up, that laity and clergy should work together for the good of the Church, so that we may expect in a short time to have a Representative Assembly or Convocation competent, under God, to restore the rights of the Church, and establish decency, order, and efficiency throughout our parishes.

* An Association called the "Tithe Redemption Trust" is now organized for this purpose at No. 1, Adam-street, Adelphi, London, with a branch at Liverpool.

building "*without the church.*" 2nd, *Secretarium*, because the consistory or tribunal of the church was here kept; the secretum or secretarium being a name known for the court of the civil magistrate. The building was large enough to receive an assembly of parishioners. Those of the cathedral cities were constituted so as to receive a provincial or general council.

The minister, churchwardens, and overseers form a standing committee of the vestry. By this body all the internal concerns of the parish, including relief of the poor, might be managed. All occupiers of land or houses, residing in a parish, can vote in vestry; it can meet at all times of the year, as occasion requires, and after due notice. Recent legislation has greatly impaired this ancient parochial system, and made the overseers into little better than tax-gatherers, besides involving the most monstrous expense of nearly THREE MILLIONS a year for the payment of government inspectors and other officers. Doubtless, from the increase of population and change of circumstances, alterations and amendments were required in the details and working of the constitution and regulations of vestries, and the management of the poor; and these might have been made with the greatest ease, preserving the right of parochial self-management and saving a vast expense to the country.

It is not too late to recover the good "old way." By the happy constitution of our country, bad laws can be repealed. In every parish there are many who are the electors of members of the Legislature; let them call on their representatives to retrace this vicious legislation; let the "work"-houses be made what they were originally intended to be, or sold for the benefit of the parishioners; let every church be furnished with a proper vestry-room, and be allowed to manage its own affairs and relieve its own poor.

As to the modifications which may be required in our old parochial system to suit the times we hope to speak on some future occasion.

THE WORKHOUSE—AN ASYLUM OR A PRISON.

If there be one subject more than another which should occupy attention in *The Church of the People*, it is the welfare of the poor, and especially those classes of the poor who are most shut out from other symyathy, and are least able to help themselves. We mean the inmates of workhouses, and those, who in the language of Boards of Guardians and relieving officers, are known by the name of "paupers." Pauper is a Latin word, meaning "a poor man," and is in itself an honourable term, as marking the earthly lot and condition of our Blessed Saviour; but as used by the poor-law it has become in English (though we believe in no other language in the world) a term of offence and degradation. We are not however going to discuss the present poor-law, but only the manner in which some of its provisions are enforced by Boards of Guardians. The present poor-law is admitted, and was designed to be, more stringent than any previously known in England. When therefore, in a notoriously harsh law, we find cases where a discretionary power is confided to local bodies, and some relaxation of its general provisions permitted, we do look to find in those who administer the law a kindly feeling, and substantial marks of Christian sympathy towards those who have especial claim to assistance and relief. It is one of the principles of the New Poor Law not to allow *able-bodied* persons *out-door* relief, as long as there is unoccupied room in the workhouse. It is often no doubt difficult to discover whether the applicant has been really unable to obtain work, or prefers the idleness of the workhouse to the labour of the sickle or the loom. We are not arguing against the use and necessity of some test to discriminate between the deserving and undeserving poor; but it will be obvious that the test in question, unless some relaxation of it be allowed, tends to destroy the honest independance of the poor man, by shutting him up within the walls of the workhouse, and degrading him in his own estimation, and that of others, to the rank of a criminal. But Guardians have full discretionary powers, with regard to those classes of the poor whose poverty is a known and indisputable fact, namely, the aged and infirm. The Board have the power to give these applicants *out-door* or *in-door* relief, as may best suit the necessities of the case, or the views of the Guardians; and if old people are admitted into the house, it rests with the Guardians what restrictions are imposed upon them, or what liberty is allowed. With them is the power of increasing or diminishing within certain limits, the allowance and quality of the food—of making their "wards" either at least as comfortable as the houses they have left, or dungeons in all but the name. On the Guardians will also depend the degree of kindness exhibited by their officers to the poor. Inferiors take their tone from their superiors. Harshness in *their* language and regulations becomes brutality in their subordinates, while a kindness of deportment, and an affectionate interest in the welfare of the poor, begets a kindred feeling in the official. It cannot be urged as regards the aged inmates of workhouses, that they have sought parish aid under false pretences, and because they are idle, and *will not* work. The Guardians need not fear that they are holding out encouragement to the lazy by relieving them; for what work are men who have seen seventy, eighty, possibly ninety years, able to do? We all know that at such an age "their strength is but labour and sorrow." Unable to elude the keen eye of the Relieving Officer, or the searching questions of the Guardians, there is no

fear that any Christian kindness or courtesy shown towards them will be abused. Their inability, from feebleness of body, to support themselves makes them necessarily dependent upon the funds set apart by the law for their maintenance. Willing or unwilling, they must become "*Paupers*," they have no other alternative consistent with the natural desire, and the religious duty of preserving that life which God has given them. Probably the very persons who administer the Law, the Guardians, have lived and supported their families in comfort or luxury by the strength and sinews—the youth and best days of the decayed labourer. Surely then, if ever there was a case to justify a humane treatment of the poor, it is where poverty results not from moral failing, or unwillingness to work; but from a dispensation of Providence, which has changed the strength and vigour of manhood to the feebleness and decrepitude of old age.

When we come to inquire into the actual treatment of these poor old people we are struck with astonishment and grief, to find that the relaxations which a notoriously severe law intended to permit, are too often denied by the still harsher administration of the Weekly Relief Board.

The most favourable ward for aged people in most Country Workhouses is called No. 1 Ward, and consists of a large room, tenanted by fifteen or twenty persons. This room opens into a yard, surrounded by high brick walls—so high indeed as to exclude from the eyes of the wretched inmates even a glimpse of the fair country beyond. Now how many hours during the day, think you, Christian reader, are these poor inmates allowed to spend in comparative freedom outside their prison-house? Frequently *one*. *One* particular hour during the twenty-four is fixed upon by the board, (say from nine to ten a.m.) during which these unfortunates have permission to walk in the adjacent garden,—a garden in all probability so shut in by the lofty hedges which surround it, as to present little change of aspect from the gloominess of the ward which they have just left. All this time, it must also be borne in mind that all intercourse with friend or relative is strictly forbidden. If the weather be unfavourable, the "pauper" must for that day expect no fresh air or brighter scene, than that afforded him in the yard or day-room.

To do justice however to the system we must state that besides this "daily recreation" in which it is forbidden to speak to any one outside, on *one* day in *three* or *four* weeks, the aged inmates are permitted to visit their families or friends for a limited number of hours. For that brief time they may shake off, if they can, the associations of the workhouse, and the sense of degradation which crushes their spirits, in the society of those who are endeared to them by the holiest ties. And these people, whose moral nature is lowered by the treatment they receive, and who have been debarred for three or four weeks the kind offices of their friends, and the free exercise of their faculties, are expected to use their liberty with discretion, and to restrain their natural appetites, during these brief opportunities of intercourse with the world. But too much confinement has unfitted them for even partial liberty. Too often they return to "the house" in a state of intoxication; their conduct is reported by the Master at the next Board, and the unfortunate culprits are punished by a diminution of their food, and an imposition of work—and the deprivation of their "day out" for the next three or six months. This is no ideal sketch. Its truth will be readily recognized, though all its details may not be found in each individual workhouse. Would that the right feeling of all classes could be awakened to wipe off the disgrace of such a state of things from the country which tolerates it. We are persuaded that the ratepayers themselves would wish to see their Union-house not a mere "test," but an asylum for the aged—a home for the homeless and the orphan.

There are, it is true, and we are glad to record them, instances of a more humane treatment. Amongst these we would particularly mention that portion of the Norwich workhouse which is called the Infirmary—and which is capable of accommodating 150 of the aged poor of the city. They are here supplied with a liberal dietary, and receive the kind attention of a Master and Matron sincerely anxious to administer to their comfort. A Chaplain and Surgeon are attached to the institution. The Guardians during the last few years have erected a suitable cruciform chapel, fitted up with open benches, in which the service of the Church is celebrated on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Though the attendance on Sundays, at some place of worship, is compulsory; it has we believe never been necessary to enforce it. Some eighty or one hundred of these old people every Lord'sday appear at the ministrations in their own chapel. On week days the attendance though not so large is considerable. But what we wish to bring prominently forward is the fact that the old people of this infirmary know no restrictions upon their freedom between sunrise and sunset, and even beyond these limits in the winter months. Rarely is any advantage taken of the generous liberty thus afforded; a first offence is followed by a reprimand, succeeding ones by deprivation of liberty for a period and subjection to the hardships and degradation of the Workhouse. We rejoice that the city of Norwich possesses so humane an institution, and only wish that we could extend our congratulations to other manufacturing towns. We sincerely hope that the Guardians of other Unions will take example from the conduct of those of the old city of Norwich and make trial of a plan which has hitherto worked so well; and we wish that Guardians of the poor generally, would exhibit a little more kindness of spirit and a little more sympathy towards

those with whom they have been connected all their life long—who have worked for them on the same farm or in the same mill—have gone up together to the same church—have knelt at the same altar—have participated in the same sacraments and other means of grace—and together will stand one day before the awful presence of their common "Master in Heaven," and we trust, also hear his gracious words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

PETER PURTON.

AN HISTORICAL TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

CHAPTER I.

In the first quarter of the present century the subject of this history entered this lower world of ours, within the precincts of a genteel, pretty little market town, in one of the outskirt counties of England. His parents were poor, hardworking, honest people; and in point of state and circumstances of life were about upon a level with each other, and so they had in that respect little to complain of, or to boast about against one another. His father having a trade at his finger's ends had perhaps somewhat the advantage of his mother, whose youthful days had been chiefly occupied in work connected with farming pursuits. But as should always be the case with people when once they are married, and thus become one, no difference of circumstances, or conceit of that kind, ever caused the slightest difference of temper or feeling between this worthy couple.

But both were immediately descended from families who had been much better off in times past; and Peter often heard them talk on a winter's evening, when he was allowed to sit up after all the other children were gone to bed, about events and circumstances connected with their forefathers, which enabled him to understand that his ancestors were pretty well to do in the world. In fact his mother's father in the earlier part of his time occupied in a small village, about five miles from Peter's birthplace, a very considerable farm which had been left in his possession by his father; but by conduct highly blameable in a religious and moral point of view, as well as in a monetary sense, he lost his farm, and by one step after another, had at last reduced himself to a position little better than that of a common day-labourer. He was a man of good stature, strongly built, and of strong mind, and good understanding; but of a very violent overbearing temper, especially when put out with anything that displeased him. His wife therefore had no very easy time of it, and particularly after they had become reduced in the world. And Peter Purton's mother being the youngest of the family had never known anything of the better days of her parents; and was brought up in comparative poverty and wretchedness—wretchedness not so much on account of their poverty, as of the hot temper of her father, and his ill-treatment of her mother and herself and a sister a little older than she was. This ill-usage had the effect of driving Peter's mother out to field work to obtain a living independently of her father; and being a courageous bold-spirited young woman, and withal very active and industrious, she readily found employment all the year round, on a farm not much above a stone's throw from her father's house. And it will be naturally supposed that under such circumstances, she was nothing loth to listen to the overtures of a handsome young man, much about her own age, to become the wife of his heart, and the mistress of his home. She was herself of middle stature, well-proportioned, and of a good countenance, set off by a pair of intelligent looking dark brown eyes, a good match for those of her husband. So that it was remarked that they were as good looking, well-conducted, and respectable a couple for their station in life, as their clean and pleasant little town had ever produced.

But while they were so equally matched in age, stature, and personal appearance, there was a marked difference in their mental powers and capacities; and perhaps a greater difference in the way in which their peculiar powers, dispositions, and inclinations were put forth to those around them. Young Mrs. Purton was a most active, industrious, clean, and careful woman, and possessed a good understanding and sound judgment, affectionate and tenderhearted, strong in her likes and dislikes, determined, fearless, and bold as a lion; as some of her deeds of daring, which we shall hereafter relate, will fully prove. She was indeed always looked upon by all who knew her as a woman remarkable for her anxious industry, and her masculine undauntedness and heroism.

In nearly all these particular qualities of mind and disposition she differed widely from her husband. While she was restless, eager, and careful, he was quiet, easy, careless, and cool, seldom to be drawn out of his evenness of temper and movements. And in proportion as you tried to excite him in any case of emergency, in a similar degree would he meet you with the most provoking coolness and apparent indifference; and if he discovered that your temper was waxing warm, it would be his delight to ply you with aggravating sarcasms and playful wit, until, if you were foolish enough, he had worked you up into a violent towering passion. And then he would heartily laugh at you, and by the same wit and sarcasm make you ashamed at your own folly and weakness, in being so angry at his nonsense, as he called it. If the parties were strangers, and his wife were present, she used constantly to tell them to pay no regard to him—to take no notice of his nonsense, and to let him alone; and sometimes she would rebuke him for having so much of his "downright aggravation," as she called it; but she would

in all probability catch it in return, by being told that she was sillier than they were, for *she* really ought to have known better than to take any notice of him.

What made his wit and sarcasms so telling, was that there was generally a mixture of truth with them all. They were usually grounded directly or indirectly upon some real or reported folly or failing in word or deed of the party whom he might be probing. His "downright aggravation" not unfrequently arose through his asking first of all a question or two, containing or implying a good deal of truth; and then he would proceed to ask some of the most outrageous questions, that, as his wife would often say, they were "enough to aggravate a saint." And even she, accustomed as she was to his playful banter, could not always keep her temper under it. But no couple could on the whole live more happily together, than did the aggravating Mr. Purton and "his Mary," as he used to call her. He was never out of temper with anybody, always goodnatured, and ready to give or lend anything that he had, if he really wanted it himself. In this respect, indeed, he was always considered to be, and really was much more generous than prudent; inasmuch as selfish people not unfrequently took advantage of his open-hearted kindness. And his wife often felt it necessary to interpose her influence, and sometimes to countermand his offers, consents, and permissions—to one and another. She looked upon this quite as a matter of duty to herself and her husband and family. The result therefore was that if any person wanted to borrow or beg anything, they knew to which of the two to apply, taking good care to keep beyond ear-shot of the better half. For notwithstanding his "aggravating" sayings and funny speeches, he was a general favourite with all who knew him.

It seemed necessary thus to give a brief outline of the characteristics of this worthy couple, because it may throw considerable light upon the course and character of the hero of this tale, who was their eldest son, and who notwithstanding his thus humble origin, afterwards rose in the world to a position and influence of great importance, and was looked up to for his good principles, and his powerful method of propounding and defending them, by noble and learned and reverend men of all ranks and degrees. And as every tale has a moral, good, bad, or indifferent, so the moral of our tale will be, by showing how Peter Purton from being a poor boy, rose to great eminence, under the free and excellent constitution of old England, to induce other poor boys or poor young men to try to follow his example. If half the time that is wasted, and the labour that is thrown away, and the breath that is spent in murmuring against those who are better off, and in finding fault with their own poor condition, and with the government and laws and great folks of the country, were diligently employed by many poor boys and young men, aye and older men too, in trying to better their condition they would do themselves infinitely more good than reading revolutionary rubbish, or running here and there after this radical spouter, or those preaching demagogues whose main object is to deceive the people and serve themselves. The history of Peter Purton will show that under our English Constitution a poor man may by diligence and perseverance and good conduct and with the blessing of God raise himself to consideration and eminence in the world notwithstanding all the obstacles that he may think or may be told he will find in his way.

In our next chapter we shall begin with Peter's birth, and thereafter proceed to show step by step how he went on through a multitude of various events, and curious coincidences, till he got to be a noted man.

SKETCH OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"PRODIGIOUS!"—Yes, that is the word—not "handsome," not beautiful, but "prodigious." This was the impression made upon us when we were last week on a visit to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; but we are at a loss how to describe it. But let us walk up the hill and survey this wonderful building. For the general idea and a kind of comparison we will take the Exhibition of 1851. But the materials of the former marvel have been here worked up, along with a few more acres of glass and a few more miles of iron columns into something far surpassing anything that we saw in Hyde Park. What was the great transept of that building here forms a north transept, the centre one being 178 feet in height, or 70 feet higher than those by which it is flanked. It has grown as much in proportion as the pines and Australian shrubs which graced its predecessor, and which with some thousands of other plants will meet our eyes as we enter the southern division of the vast area.

A strange fancy possessed me as I looked at the fairy-like mass from a distance at which I could cover it with my hand. It seemed as if one could dash one's fist through the flimsy structure and level the whole at a blow. No other building would have suggested such a notion. The idea struck my Yorkshire friend, and he immediately doubled his "neave" as if to make the trial. This gentleman was a physician, and therefore an advocate on the score of health for the place being opened on a Sunday—but of this at some future time. For amid this and like musings we have at length reached the top of the hill, and are making our way into the centre of the huge building. This is the point at which we should be supposed to cry, "Prodigious!" but it was not so. There is such a beautiful harmony in the several

parts of the vast edifice, that the impression which the whole at first sight produces is less of wonder than of pleasure. The great lightness of the construction, the wonderful effect of the surrounding and over-arching transparency, the symmetry and varied uniformity of the whole combine to produce what we suppose Mr. Albert Smith's "footman" meant by "a new sensation." Indeed, we think that it would be possible to travel over the whole world, and still have one "sensation" left for the moment when one stands for the first time under the centre of the middle transept of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. What that *sensation* will be when the whole is filled with contributions from every quarter and corner of the globe—store such as was never gathered under one roof before—we will not attempt to describe. Even with a comparatively empty building,—and the impression conveyed just now, is one of emptiness,—it is worth travelling many leagues to experience all that we did on our first glance at this new wonder of civilization in its second and enlarged edition. For we must not forget that this is only a result of the successful experiment of 1851, although differing from it both in kind and degree.

But we have promised to give some account of what we saw. Well, as we entered, the workmen were at dinner; we were amused to see the jumble between æstheticism and matter of fact which was presented in the sight of John Bull dining under the shadow of a colossal head of Hera, whilst nymphs and heroes and the whole court of Olympus looked on in tutelary majesty. Verily, Necessity is an older dame than Art, and these votaries are paying her a heartier tribute than they care to bestow upon her fair daughter.

But what is this? Ah, my stout young friend sprawling on the floor—yes, with his leg fast in a chasm of this weird cave—a narrow escape from a broken neck. It will teach you, my friend, a more practical lesson than Hercules yonder. Mind you stand still to look at him next time.

But here are "the Architectural Courts, which occupy the entire ground floor north of the central transept. Here architecture from the earliest period of which history has any record down to the seventeenth century is illustrated in the series of courts devoted to the different national styles and ages." These courts are in a forward state, the workmen being very busily engaged in painting them. We particularly remarked the Alhambra, with its graceful pillars of alabaster and rich diaper-work walls—a triumph of imitative art.

By the way, we ought to have said that one of the Greek legends caught our eye in passing. It is worth translating for the behoof of this commercial age and in bold English runs thus—"The contest of the Greeks is about virtue, not money." The inscription, by-the-bye, wanted a letter. However, that is no business of ours. We suppose there will be a sale of Greek Lexicons and Grammars in the building.

But what are these huge sitting figures in the north transept, approached by an avenue of sphinxes? They are two colossal statues from the neighbourhood of the Nile—Thebes, if we remember aright—with their heads almost touching the top of what was, remember, the central transept of the old building. Here are palms of various species growing at intervals—and here, by the way, we may mention that "the whole nave, the transepts and the divisions on either side between the several courts will be adorned with the animals, birds, plants, and trees of every clime, interspersed with the fountains and other works of art."

The refreshment rooms will be of a novel character—being two courts, one of which is to be a restoration from Pompeii, the other a portion of the Alhambra.

But it is time to be mounting to the gallery. This was happily empty or we should be lost in the attempt to describe it. Walking round it we had a view over the balustrade down into the several courts round the nave. This was the only view indeed that we could obtain of their interior arrangements, as they were most of them closed to strangers.*

The Nineveh Court was very interesting. We were not pleased with the colouring of the sculptures on the walls. They looked infinitely more delicate and imposing in the first stage, viz., the figures white upon a blue ground. We caught a view of the frieze of the Parthenon as we skirted the Greek compartment: it was very lovely. But, lo! in the midst of all this enchantment, for such it was, there appeared a policeman traversing the silent and deserted Roman *atrium*. Shade of Mæcenas! a policeman!

And now for our Note-Book: "Painter at work upon a lovely group of flowers in a panel in I forget which of the courts—a pipe in his mouth—the doctor at our elbow whispering, 'See the power of tobacco in aid of the imagination.'"

But onward—till the coolness of the air and a delightful fragrance arrests us at the part of the gallery overhanging a space filled with the choicest flowering shrubs. And look! yonder is King Charles, a reproduction of the statue at Charing Cross. And now we are in the ethnological department, in which it is intended to represent in a series of groups the different varieties of the human race with all their accessories of dress, implements of agriculture, hunting, war, &c., their dwellings and habits of life. We saw everything in the rough; we must be pardoned, therefore, for describing it roughly. Strange indeed was the medley which met our eyes as we passed at a slow saunter along the balustrade, looking down—

* We must not omit to acknowledge the extreme courtesy of the Proprietors of the Crystal Palace, in allowing us to penetrate wherever the work would not have been actually impeded by the intrusion.

(Note-Book again)—here upon a couple of white bears making their way over a pile of roots and logs —the rudimental groundwork of what will probably by the 10th of June be a frozen region, white with perpetual snow; then a group of Indians; then more bears, black this time, one of them climbing the stump of a tree; then another group, charroni(?) or some such tribe, of a very ghastly countenance, the lip drawn down over the chin being the hideous characteristic of this people; then tigers in different attitudes; then a roll of paper for the walls of this court; then a huge mass of moss-grown logs, forming the ascent to a sort of grotto, with an eagle perched proudly on its lonely summit—the white deal painfully suggestive of carpenter's work. Now then some of those delicate creatures that haunt the Alpine solitudes—antelopes; and above them a plank bestrode by half a dozen plasterers.

But here we are at the south end of the nave, whence we obtain a view of the whole length of this mighty workshop, above 1800 feet in length and 400 feet in breadth; but as every one will see it soon, we pass on, and are attracted by a highly ornamented cabinet to find ourselves gazing curiously through the glass doors at a pair of Wellingtons and an artizan's waistcoat,—then again as we turn the south-east corner, and look down again we see log-enclosures and black men, and a couple of tigers fighting on the boards, and a rhinoceros, and then pots of heath and other flowers; and then an elk or some such noble brute covered up with a white sheet; and then a conclave of lions, side by side with a mixed company, consisting of goats, buffaloes, deer, jaguars, cheetahs, long-horned roes, antelopes; again workmen in aprons, gods and goddesses, and statesmen and heroes, all in plaster, and workmen again, with the variation this time of beards, handling brushes and trowels and chisels right deftly; and thus traversing the gallery we come again upon the grand central transept, and here for a climb up the spiral staircase to the gallery, five stories high, which crosses the end of the transept and skirts it north and south like the triforium in a large church—an awful height, almost too much for the doctor's head as well as our own.

Descending safely to the lowest gallery again, we pass out upon a balcony commanding a view of the terraced gardens, and the basin of the thousand fountains, and the country around—a most extensive prospect bounded by the hills eastward and by the advanced wing of the building and the screen of trees in the Palace grounds to the north. And so round the gallery again, passing in our way the Byzantine, Mediæval, Renaissance, Italian, and Pontifician Courts on our left hand and on our right the empty deal tables for the exhibitors by which the Company expects to realize £50,000.

And now, having made the entire circuit of the building, let us descend to the gardens, "What is that framework on the ground yonder?" "It is the Rosarium, sir, and is to contain exclusively specimens of all the known varities of the rose." The slope beneath it will hold 20,000 people. The height of the fountain is to be 200 feet. Round it on pedestals are placed statues in white marble. One's only fear for them is that they are too near London to preserve their dazzling whiteness without an occasional scrubbing. A "washing-day" for these very august personages will be a shock to classical sensitiveness. However, this is no business of ours, and they look very clean now. One of them, a shepherd with his dog, was still in his case, waiting to be unpacked and set up.

The gardens even now do great credit to the good taste and skill of Sir Joseph Paxton. The space in front of the Palace, for a width of 400 feet, is laid out in terraces and slopes of grass, on the plan of the Italian Garden. Then succeeds the English Garden.

But we are in a hurry to see those wonderful *antediluvians*, of whom we have heard so much. We turn our steps, therefore, in a south-easterly direction, and scrambling over the rough ground now in process of being levelled, suddenly come in view of *the lake*, or what will be the lake when the water is turned on. And here a strange scene presented itself. We seemed to be all at once stumbling upon a *fabulous* region. So monstrous were the forms of animal life that lay sprawling on the margin of the *Geological Island* at our feet—here a monster, half-seal half-serpent; there a winged lizard—here a huge toad, some four feet long, in the act of making its spring; there one slowly emerging from the imaginary water. They are all admirably executed, and so well painted that I could scarcely believe that one monster, more like a fish of the present day than his neighbours, was not a real specimen brought thither for a model as to form and colour.

"The waters of the lake will ebb and flow, with the rise and fall of the great lake of the thousand fountains, to the depth of five feet, so that lizard, crocodileau, iguanodon, and every other amphibious monstrosity will from time to time appear on the land, partly submerged, as if swimming in, or wholly covered by the watery deep." Then we come to the mighty iguanodon himself, in the interior of which twelve scientific adventurers dined a few months ago.

It was very strange to find ourselves stumbling over huge horns and heads and snouts and tails and other such like belongings of a world of animal life, long, long since extinct, and now known to us only in its fossil remains, amounting in some instances to no more than a tooth or a snout or spine.

But we must close our rude sketch abruptly. One last look from the lower shore of the lake, whence the view of the Crystal Palace and the terraced gardens with a rustic bridge in the middle distance is very striking. However, we will not anticipate the future. Every one will soon stand where we stood and then there will be much more to look

at. We only reserve to ourselves the privilege of "spinning out" the story, when our grandchildren come to ask us how in the old days the Great Palace grew.

We wanted to have discussed some points that are now being mooted in the public papers respecting the *morale* of this wonderful scheme. These we must reserve to a future opportunity. We trust, however, that the reiterated suggestion of supplying Church-room in the immediate neighbourhood of the Exhibition, for the benefit both of the *employés* and visitors, will meet with due consideration. Even if the Palace be not opened on a Sunday, as it ought never to be, there will be crowds of people collected on that day to look at it outside.

SOME THOUGHTS UPON CHIVALRY.

I HAVE just been listening to an old Scottish song. How these old songs do stir one! Not that we are discontented with the quiet fireside and the peaceful state of society in this nineteenth century of ours. God be thanked for the blessing! But there is a chord within us which answers to those stray notes of the world-wide music of chivalry. Let the key-note but be struck, and our hearts leap up within us at the sound. We feel that we could buckle on our forefather's broadsword, and go forth with a burning heart to the achievement of some deed of gallantry. I know scarcely a stronger or happier feeling than that which I describe. Now, is it one to be condemned as unreal, romantic, all very fine in theory but of no worth in fact; or is it a symptom of that energy in the soul of man from which all noble deeds spring? I think it is the latter. For consider, whether it be not akin to that principle which prompts the deed of charity to the poor, when there are no outward circumstances to throw suspicion on the motives of the agent? Is it not allied also to the glow of sympathy with which we hear of acts of disinterested courage and generosity, and long for an opportunity of doing the like? Assuredly it is.

Chivalry is the grander poetry of achievement. She gathers up into her chronicles whatever is noble and good and beautiful in the battle-field of life. She marks the course of the self-denying labourer through his day of toil, and traces an illuminated border round the larger pictures of his great life-struggle with poverty and temptation. And how many a sunny picture of home-happiness meets us here as we turn over the pages! how deep here and there are the shadows! Educated people need at times awakening from their dreams of fancy, and bringing down into the dusty walks of life. They need to be told that they have an inheritance in the greatness of their ancestors if they will but be up and doing with the same spirit as they. Their forefathers had to fight—they have to work. The true knights of old went about relieving the oppressed—"The poor shall never cease out of the land." The belted knight would break a lance with any foeman for the lady of his choice, or any poor friendless damsel by the way—our vocation is the knighthood of loving home-deeds. Our sires of old, indeed, were kind fathers and devoted husbands. We have happier firesides than they. Shame upon us if we lack their gentleness and love, whilst we can show nothing in place of their rough courage and dauntless spirit in the fray! Think how many of us are alike unworthy to wear the golden spurs of knighthood, or be dubbed with the title of true gentleness.

Oh! ye hard-working, honest spirits of the nineteenth century, look not with scorn upon those battered bucklers and helmets of the fifteenth. They hid, beneath their iron-girding, hearts as honest and true as yours. Well would it be for us if we all had the same world-wide spirit of chivalry.

CHURCH INSTITUTES.

THE Church progress which during the last thirty years has developed itself in this kingdom, has reached Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where a movement has lately been made and heartily responded to for the establishment of a Church Institute, with the view "to promote kindly intercourse among Churchmen," and to impart knowledge, "but in due subordination to Christianity." The society seems already to be in a flourishing condition. By the zeal and energy of its promoters about two hundred and fifty members have been obtained, a large number of books procured for the library, and classes in Latin, German, French, Mathematics, and other departments of instruction, set on foot. The objects of the society are ably described in the inaugural address delivered by the Vicar of Newcastle, the Rev. Clem. Moody, M.A., which has lately been published. "On all sides," says he, "we observe a spirit of inquiry pervading the masses of the people. Religion, with all its shades of doctrine and variety of discipline; and civil government, in all its forms and subordinate arrangements, are subjects of discussion no longer confined for the most part to men of learning and science, but they are taking deep hold of the minds of the humblest as well as the upper and middle classes of society, and are debated with as much keenness by the unlettered mechanic as by the man of education." The poorer members of our Church have few opportunities of self-improvement to supply this want. It is a chief object of the Newcastle Institute to provide an excellent library, reading, lecture, and news-room, where artisans, particularly the more youthful among them, may quietly and with comfort read the literature of the day; where a refuge may be found from the crowded home or the debasing ale house: all these advantages in the present instance being provided

by the moderate subscription of five shillings per annum. The Church Institute embraces what the Mechanics' Institution, perhaps wisely, does not aim at. Christianity is to be the ruling principle; theological works are not to be excluded; to its lectures and monthly papers are given the stamp of religion. On this subject the Vicar thus speaks: "But if they [the Mechanics' Institute] have prohibited religion as a topic of conversation, we hail the admission of Christianity as that which gives form and character and vitality to us. If we can consistently add to our library the Book of Common Prayer, the Homilies, the Canons of the Church of England, and the standard works of our eminent clergymen and laymen on theology and civil government; if to our institution the Bible is not a sealed book, it is because we are members of one and the same religious community—having the same creeds, the same form of worship and ecclesiastical government, the same sacraments—acknowledging 'God's word written' to be our highest authority and in all matters of faith the ultimate appeal."

The Church Institute affords an admirable focus for the parochial schoolmasters; a common centre where, released from their daily toil, they may study and converse together. It is its peculiar province to bring the clergy more in connection with that class whom they do not meet in their social intercourse. To provide the means of harmless recreation several members have subscribed together and presented the Institute with chessmen, draughts, and boards. We trust that the Institute thus auspiciously begun will continue to prosper, and if the wealthier Churchmen will but do their duty, we have no doubt that the laudable exertions of its promoters will be crowned with complete success.

We wish we could report as favourably of the Institute commenced about the same period in Manchester, where we regret to learn that a discreditable apathy exists in the promotion of distinctively Church objects. Although the Bishop and the Dean of Manchester, and a number of the most estimable Clergy of all parties in that city, have expressed their approval of the Church Institute, the number of members is by no means commensurate with the population or with the promises of support given to its originators. These are not times for an exclusive attention to money-making, or for an Epicurean indifference to the principles which men profess to hold sacred. We trust that our Manchester friends will excuse the hint, and imitate the example set them from the north.

THE MONTH.

On the first of the month the Preston operatives, after a strike of eight months' duration, determined no longer to continue the struggle. The consolation their leaders gave them was, that the strike had prevented further reduction in wages. It may have been so; but we should have been glad if some more positive solution of the wages question had resulted from so long and expensive a contest. As less labour and less commodity of all kinds can now be purchased for the same money than could have been eight months back, and still less than could have been eight months before that, to return to work at the same wages is in fact to submit to a reduction. Messrs. Eckersley's assent last January to give half the increase demanded, shows (unless Messrs. Eckersleys are reckless speculators) that profits will bear to give an higher price for labour; but the leaders of the strike, when they claimed that profits created by labour belonged to labour, took untenable ground, and the combination of masters has beaten them.

There has been almost daily news of skirmishes on the Danube. The Russians have evacuated Lesser Wallachia, and concentrated their forces further down the river; partly to appease Austria by withdrawing from her frontier, partly if possible to take Silistria before the Allies come up, and prevent an attack on their own flanks. In the Black Sea the fleet have destroyed the fortifications at Odessa; a mild punishment for the outrage committed from that town, when its fort fired on a flag of truce in a boat which had been sent to bring off the English Consul. The allied fleets have moved towards Sebastopol, the Czar's chief citadel on that sea.

To secure the Ottoman Porte against attacks from Greece, a French army has determined to occupy that country, and the expulsion of the Greeks from the Turkish dominions is being strictly enforced. Leave was obtained by General Baraguay d'Hilliers, the French Ambassador, for such Greeks to remain as, having left their own Church, belong to that of Rome; and when the Porte hesitated to grant it he threatened to leave Constantinople. This reminds people that the claim made in 1852 by the Emperor of the French to be Protector of the Holy Places in Palestine was the first disturbance in the East. However, it is due to our ally, the Emperor Napoleon, to say, that he immediately sent a more discreet Ambassador.

After doubling the Income-tax, three millions and a half were still wanted for the expenses at war this year. Mr. Gladstone has been firm in his determination to pay all and borrow none, and increases the duties on spirits, sugar, and malt. To the two first taxes no objection can be made. If people will drink spirits, the revenue will be increased; if they do not all the better for them. During the last war the duty on sugar was thirty shillings per hundredweight, a constant reduction has been going on, which was to have stopped this year at a little less than twelve; the same sugar will now pay sixteen. But malt, which furnishes our wholesome national liquor, ought not at present to have been more heavily taxed. So heavy has the duty been upon it, that its consumption is not more now than it was

thirty years ago, though our population has so much increased. That people have not become more temperate is proved by the fact, that during the same period they have drunk more spirits.

That Mr. Gladstone's principle of paying not borrowing, will be the best for the nation, cannot be doubted; but the capitalists of the City, who had expected to have made the same profit from loans to Government during the present war that their father did in the last, are much disappointed and very bitter against him.

As we are commencing a new war we continue to lose the heroes of our last: the one dead this month is the Marquis of Anglesey, who commanded the rear-guard in the retreat to Corunna, and lost a leg at Waterloo. His Field Marshal's Baton is to be given to Lord Combermere, the eldest surviving of Wellington's Captains.

Still more, we regret, the Right Rev. and Hon. Bishop Bagot of Bath and Wells. He was not a brilliant man, but he showed on many occasions a firmness and consistency which we have looked for in vain in Bishops of more splendid abilities.

The House of Commons have consented to consider a measure to abolish Church Rates, and have thrown out the Oaths Bill by four votes. Many plausible arguments might be urged for both changes; but the Church should not give up any of her present privileges, unless some improvements in her political position result.

In the shipwreck of the Erculano in the Mediterranean, Mr. Halsey, member for Herefordshire, was drowned with his wife and several others of the family. He was in opposition to the Ministry, and the member elected in his room is of the same politics, Mr. Puller, a Whig in politics, a Churchman in religious principle and practice, being defeated by forty votes.

Her Majesty's birth-day was kept on Saturday the 20th ult. As the 24th day usually so kept, is this year the eve of the Ascension, and the two intervening days Rogation days, which are also days of abstinence, we are glad it was so arranged, though whether the change arose from proper respect for the Church's directions, or from the mere convenience of the Court, we cannot say.

The Bishop of Oxford has preached on three successive Sundays, during the past month, at several of the poor men's Churches in London, to crowded and attentive congregations on behalf of their Church or their Parish Schools, as the case might be. On Sunday, April the 7th, the Bishop preached at St. Matthias's, Stoke Newington; on Sunday, the 14th, at St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, Regent's Park; and on Sunday, the 21st, at Christ Church, Hoxton. Large offertories were collected at each of these Churches for the respective objects. There are daily choral services at each of the Churches, of the most real and congregational description, conducted by very efficient voluntary choirs. St. Mary Magdalene's Church in particular is emphatically a "free" Church. It was built and endowed at the sole cost of the Rev. E. Stuart, now first incumbent, for the express purpose of providing a "free and unappropriated" house of prayer for the inhabitants of the district, and we never saw this most desirable result so completely attained in any other English Church. We hope shortly to introduce our readers to one or two of the simple engaging sermons of this most zealous and successful parish priest.

During the month, too, a most painful correspondence has passed between the Lord Bishop of Chester and a Committee which had been formed for promoting the erection and endowment of a large Church in Liverpool with entirely free and unappropriated sittings, and a large staff of clergy for the due celebration of all the Church's offices, daily, weekly, and otherwise. Large sums of money had been raised, and the project was far advanced. But the Bishop mistrusts the projectors, and withholds his sanction. Without it, it is of course useless to proceed, and so for the present a teeming district, with 25,000 souls, is to be left without Church or Pastor, till the Bishop has overcome his repugnance to working clergy, daily prayers, and the frequent oblation of the holy eucharist. Painful as is this suspicion and opposition, it is pleasing to notice the Bishop's kind and considerate tone, and the dutiful expressions and conduct of the Committee, even to the resignation of a clerical member of it, whom the Bishop had frowned upon. But this state of things cannot last. We *still* hope that the Bishop may be induced to alter his mind, and the scheme carried out with his sanction and support, as common sense and common Christianity would suggest. But if the Committee *must* appeal to the *higher authority* of the law, we hope they will do it unflinchingly. Churchmen will undoubtedly assist them to set aside this exercise of more than Pope-like authority. We regret their consenting to raise an additional income for the clergy from the rents of half the sittings. We hope, as they have got nothing by their concession, that they will yet make all the sittings free, as they should be.

The Offertory a Necessity.—The people of Liverpool have this year refused a Church Rate for the ordinary expenses of the Parish Churches, organists, singers, &c. The consequence is that the Rev. Augustus Campbell, the junior Rector, has at length ventured to yield to the pressure of untoward circumstances, and has actually permitted, nay, with an unusual stretch of boldness, has justified the the Offertory, as a Scriptural and Church-of-England practice. It is wonderful how easy a *duty* becomes, when it is backed by a *financial necessity*. Long had the good people of St. Nicholas's congregation desired to make a weekly offertory of their substance upon the altar as a matter of *principle;* but the

very mention of the subject served only to excite vehement denunciations from the Rector against what is called Tractarianism; and warnings against what was said to look like an approach to those slippery paths that lead to Rome. But now necessity seems to have won for the Church what both Bible and Prayer Book and Church principles have always shewn to be right, but have long been calling for in vain.

NOTICES TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents must all of them be kind enough to send us their names and addresses with their communications. If they wish their names to be printed with their communications, they had better add them to their articles; but if not they must yet be given to us privately, as they may most confidentially be, if desired.

Several communications which have been received must stand over for want of room.

The best way in which the Rev. G. R. M. can serve us is by purchasing monthly a dozen or more copies of *The Church of the People*, and giving them away.

The way to obtain *The Church of the People* is to order your town or country bookseller to procure it for you every month regularly. The *stamped* edition, which will go *free* by post, can also be had through any bookseller, or of the Publishers, or of the Editors, by enclosing a Post-office order or postage stamps for one or more numbers.

We will reply to the Rev. M. A. privately soon.

We have authority for stating that the Series of *Tracts for the People*, announced and commenced in *The People's Magazine*, will shortly be published in *The Church of the People*, or be announced in our columns.

The People's Magazine, bound up in cloth boards, and comprising 264 pages 8vo, may now be had for Three Shillings the Volume; and the Title Page and Contents will also be sent post free to those who wish to bind up their numbers, if they will enclose two postage stamps to the editor, 52, Paternoster-row, London.

We shall probably adopt the suggestion of G. as to Church Intelligence.

Guillaume.—The verses have merit, but are not sufficiently correct for publication.

Carolus.—The words are misprints. For "huptic," page 83, read "mystic," and for "tapans," page 94, read "Japans."

W. P. P. is thanked. We fear his biography is not sufficiently popular or full of incident to interest our readers. It shall be left at the publisher's for him to revise if he think fit.

Letters for insertion, books for review, and all other communications are to be addressed to "The Editor of *The Church of the People*, 52, Paternoster-row, London."

Advertisements.

BANK OF DEPOSIT, No. 3, PALL-MALL EAST; and 7, ST. MARTIN'S-PLACE, TRAFALGAR-SQUARE, LONDON.—Established May, 1844.

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AT a GENERAL MEETING of the CHESTER and MANCHESTER CHURCH UNION, held MAY 11th, 1854, the following Resolutions were passed:—

1. That it is the opinion of this meeting that the manner in which the Forms of Prayer for particular occasions are transmitted to the Clergy is unsatisfactory and irregular, and deserves the consideration of the Church.

2. That this Union desires to express its thankfulness to Almighty God for the relief afforded to the consciences of Churchmen by the Bishop of Exeter's able vindication of the Catholic Faith in his recent Pastoral Letter to his Clergy.

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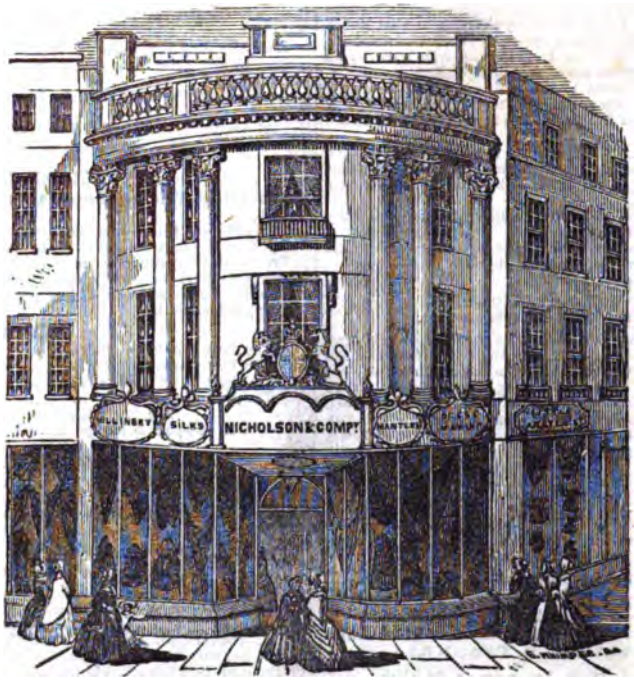

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The Church of the People

Under the Superintendence of a Committee.

No. 1, New Series.] MARCH, 1856. [Price 2d.

No. xxix.

TO OUR READERS.

We have given our most careful consideration to several valuable suggestions from old friends and supporters, whose judgment and zeal on our behalf, entitle them to our grateful respect. Whilst still preserving our character as a distinctively religious and church periodical, our pages will, in future, embrace subjects of more general and varied interest. Especially, we desire to draw the attention of Churchmen to well-considered plans for the advancement of the social and moral condition of the working classes. Believing, as we do, that our Parish Priests are the persons both officially most interested in, and practically best informed on such topics, we shall be most grateful to the clergy generally, for any suggestions arising out of their own experience; and especially for accounts of the formation and progress of guilds, benefit clubs, parochial and lending libraries, choirs, schools, and the like. In this department, we hope to secure the able assistance of friends connected with a profession, second only to the clerical calling in importance, and before it, perhaps, in practical wisdom—we hope to receive suggestions from medical men who have already interested themselves in sanitary and other measures, and whose professional abilities are only equalled by their zeal for the Church. We shall continue to notice the controversies and religious movements of the day, and in doing so, whilst we pursue that fearlessness of spirit and plainness of speech which has hitherto characterised the *Church of the People*, we shall endeavour to speak the truth in love. By this course, it is our belief that we shall conciliate our opponents, when, by its opposite one, we should only irritate them. We hope to give notices, from time to time, of such passing events as may be generally interesting to Churchmen, together with occasional reviews, and extracts from the current literature. We shall insert narrations and incidents of parochial experience, biographies, and, occasionally, tales and allegories. In short, it is our aim to become more popular, both in style and matter, so as to find our way, more than we have hitherto done, into the reading room and cheap repository, into the working man's home, and into the parlour of the tradesman; and to take the place of the cheap newspapers and works of immoral and vicious tendencies, with which, unhappily, the country is deluged. Possessing, as we do, a *locus standi* in the metropolis of the great manufacturing districts—the wants of whose population we deem ourselves specially designed to meet—we believe that a very little exertion on the part of our subscribers will place us in a position equal to our aims and scope. If our friends will stand by us, no exertions shall be wanted on our part to become what our name implies—*the Church of the People.*

"I GO WHERE I THINK I CAN GET GOOD."

"I go where I think I can get good," a man, whom I know, would often say to me. He had no objection to an occasional attendance at church, especially where the preacher was one to his mind. Indeed, he rather liked it. It was his opinion that there really were some true Christians amongst the ministers of the establishment, and he always maintained it. Not that he had any prejudice in favour of the minister and the church, to whom it might have seemed, that, living where he did, the Providence of God had more peculiarly attached him. Oh, no, not at all! There happened to be several churches within tolerable reach of his house; and, as he said, "he went where he thought he could get good." "Some ministers," he would say, "preach what suits some people, and some what suits others; everybody must look after his own soul: it's all one, whom a man hears, so long as he hears what does him good; that, sir, is the great thing."

He had also tried the Independent meeting-house, and that of the Particular Baptists. Latterly, however, he had been more constant to

the Primitive Methodists; excepting upon those days when occasions of unusual excitement drew him elsewhere and anywhere.

Knowing, as I did, that this self-willed kind of religion could scarcely be acceptable to God, and having certain convictions of my own about the necessity of "continuing stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship," and the mode of doing so, I often talked to the man, and reasoned with him. I cannot recollect all that we said together, but, in substance, I spoke to him as follows.

You go, my friend, I used to say, where "you think that you can get good." I am sure you do; I do not suppose that you go where you think that you can get harm. But how can you reasonably suppose that you are yourself a sufficient judge of what does you good? How can you reasonably suppose that you are any sufficient judge at all? Let me, for one moment, consider a place of worship in the light in which alone *you* seem to regard it, namely, as a place for getting good, and that, too, of a particular kind—good from hearing with the ears—from hearing a minister pray prayers, and read the Scriptures, and, above all, you would say, preach sermons. Let me consider a place of worship, as a place where men are taught by a teacher. Now, who ever heard of a scholar selecting his own lessons? And yet, in this matter of religion, if you choose your own teacher, you are really choosing what is the best and most suitable for you to learn; because *all* religious teachers profess to teach one thing, namely, the way of salvation; it is the variety in the lessons, by which they teach it, which makes the difference.

Again; you go where you think you can get good, and, in saying so, you confess that you need for your soul a good which you have not got. That is, you confess that you are a fallen creature very far gone from the righteousness of God, unable, of yourself, to reach heaven, and spiritually sick. Now, however a man in perfect health may be able to trust the instincts of his own appetite, as to what is good for him to eat and drink, I am sure that he cannot do so, who, to any extent, has impaired his natural powers by improper indulgences, or who, from any cause, is enfeebled by disease. His true taste is, more or less, corrupted. He enjoys many things which are really harmful to him, and is even under the idea that they do him good. Anyhow, he is not a proper judge of what his diet ought to be. But you allow that your soul is not in a healthy state. You allow that your soul is, more or less, weakened by disease. How, then, can you be in a fit condition to judge by the very instincts of your nature, if I may so speak, of what does your soul good? I have no doubt that you go where you *think* that you can get good; but it does not follow that you really *do* get good, and, certainly, your own tastes and feelings cannot be a true or sufficient test.

Again; the instructions which you receive from your teacher—that is, the good which you conceive that you get—all relate to high and holy things. Your teacher proposes to give you lessons concerning the nature of God, the love of Christ, the operations of the Holy Spirit, the manner of gaining the favour and goodwill of God, of growing in His grace, of following the blessed steps of your Saviour's life, of escaping the future punishment of unrepentant sinners, and of dying with a well-grounded hope of a happy resurrection. He discourses concerning angels, and devils, and a world invisible to the eyes of the body, and the relations of the human soul to the Great Father of Spirits, whom no man hath seen, nor can see at any time. These are wonderful matters for a man to speak about to his fellows. The knowledge of them cannot be acquired by mere cleverness or industry. They are far different from the subjects of merely human learning. ("Canst thou by searching find out God?") Now, every teacher *must* either come in his own name, or profess to have been sent. But if a religious teacher came *in his own name*, to give you lessons and instructions upon such subjects as I have described, you would feel it at once to be impossible that he should be worthy of the slightest attention; and you would have more sense than to suppose that you could get any good out of him on such matters. But, if he professed to be *sent by God*, a wise man would wish to know something of the grounds upon which he claimed his authority. For instance, he would wish to know what satisfactory *authority* the teachers among the various denominations of dissent can show themselves to possess, as men sent by God to teach people the way of salvation. And this inquiry ought surely, in some measure, to have been made, before you wilfully and blindly placed yourself as a disciple at their feet, solely because you thought that you could get good from them. But beyond this, my friend, you ought to have put to yourself the question, as to what is your reason for believing that your self-chosen teacher, supposing him to have been indeed sent by God, is sent by God to *you*. For we cannot imagine that God would allow each man to pick and choose the messenger whom He should send to him. A sovereign always selects the persons whom he sends upon his embassies: the choice is not made by those to whom the ambassador is sent.

Nor can you say "that God has sent this or that minister to you, *because* you think that he does you good." For, as I said, you cannot be a sufficient judge of what really does you good; and, then, if you were, how could you ascertain this, until you

had previously placed yourself under his ministry? And you can scarcely believe that God would send teachers for the instruction of a number of sinful and ignorant men, and, at the same time, leave it to each sinful and ignorant man to try these teachers, one by one, and criticise their teaching, and thus, in course of time, discover, by his feelings, which of the teachers was the one who was sent to himself. It is impossible, if you will consider, that such could have been the plan and purposes of the Almighty.

But further, my friend, has it never occurred to you, that the object of a man's attendance at a place of worship is not only to *get* good, but also to *do* certain good things, which cannot be done elsewhere? He goes there to join in prayer and praise to God, offered in the name of Jesus, and to profess his adherence to a definite creed, which, delivered once for all to the first Christians, he must still faithfully believe, as he values that eternal salvation, which is covenanted only to the disciples of Christ. He goes there as a member of the society, who meet in that place, believing them to be the local representative of the Catholic or Universal Church of our Saviour. On the very day, whereon first the Holy Ghost descended in cloven tongues of flame, they who repented and believed at the preaching of St. Peter, were *also* baptised, and thus "added" by the Lord "to the Church;" and, henceforth, they "continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers." And so it has been ever since. Christians, therefore, "assemble themselves together" not for the mere convenience of many being thus able to receive instruction at once, from the lips of a single preacher—in the same way that it is more convenient to teach pupils in a class, than one by one—but also as members of that society called the Church, of which Christ is the head. And so, as "members one of another," constrained by the bands of Christian love, and united by mystical union with Him, who is "Head over all things to the Church, which is His body," they meet to confess the sins over which they all mourn, to supplicate for graces which they all need, to celebrate, with one voice, the praises of the one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, whom, with one heart, they all adore; and publicly to declare, by the joint repetition of the creed, their stedfast belief in all and each of the doctrines of Christianity. They do not meet to do the same thing publicly which each of them might as well do privately; but to do a good and sacred thing, *distinct* from the equally binding duties which press upon them individually at home—something, which *could not* be done at home.

You see, then, my friend, that it not only behoves you to go where you think that you can get good, but also to go where, as a member of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, you can join with other members in the united worship of God, and the solemn profession of Christianity in the Church's creed. You must go, not merely as a single scholar to be instructed by a teacher, but as a member of a definite society, in order to join in that society's public acts. The place, therefore, to which you go cannot be a matter of indifference, or of taste, or of self-willed choice. You must consider, as one answerable to God for your conclusions, and the way in which you arrive at them, which, of all the innumerable but separate denominations of Dissenters, or whether the Church of England herself, is the true and proper representative of that Universal Kingdom of Christ, which He set up on earth, laying its foundations on the day of Pentecost, building it on his twelve apostles, cementing its stones by the blood of his martyrs, and inhabiting it and hallowing it by the glorious indwelling of His Holy Spirit. No less a decision than this is involved in your choice of the congregation with whose worship you mingle your own.

And should God give you grace to recognise, in the Church of England, an unbroken descent and a continuously transmitted authority from the Church of Christ and His apostles, and, "carried away no more with every blast of vain doctrine," you cleave stedfastly unto her, then you will know that, by her rules, you are not left to find out a minister for yourself among her numerous clergy, but, according to the place where, in God's providence, you reside, there are certain "curates to whose charge" you and the rest of the congregation around you are "committed." Thus, you will not go where you *think* that you can get good; but you will go where duty and obedience lead you, and obedience herself will reward you with the highest good. And, after all, what is the greatest good which a Christian can go to receive? Is it not "the strengthening and upresting of his soul by the body and blood of Christ?" To get *this* is, indeed, good. Go, then, where they who profess to administer this blessing have really authority to do so, and, therefore, can, indeed, do as they profess; and go where your going shall of itself be an act of faith, and love, and obedience, not of self-will, that so, through the merits of your Saviour, you may be able worthily to receive what they give.

E. T. C.

Ready money is ready medicine.—*George Herbert.*

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after. *Ibid.*

When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment we have no compass to govern us, nor can we know distinctly to what port to steer.—*Swift.*

LIVES OF THE PRIMITIVE FATHERS.
No. I.

ST. CLEMENT I. OR CLEMENS ROMANUS, THIRD BISHOP OF ROME.

"Here is the Patience and the Faith of the Saints." Rev. xiii.-10.

Under this title I intend to give a short account, each month, of the lives of those saints and holy martyrs who lived before the fourth century, and who, for that reason, are called the Primitive Fathers, to distinguish them from those who lived during or after that period. They were equal in number to the apostles, and their writings are considered by the Church next in value to those of the inspired twelve themselves. The earliest of these primitive fathers had, indeed, as I shall show, walked and talked with the apostles, and heard the words of eternal life from the lips of our blessed Lord himself, and witnessed the heart-rending scene of his crucifixion. It follows, therefore, very naturally, that the Church should esteem them high authorities, and that the faithful should regard them with becoming reverence and respect. It is for this intent that I purpose writing these brief histories, that the people may know something of these brave champions of the Church, of their writings, and of the time and place in which they lived and died. I will begin, then, with the "Life of St. Clement I. or, Clemens Romanus, Third Bishop of Rome."

Amongst the high and nobly-born of the court of the Emperor Tiberius, few were so distinguished as Faustus, and few so beauteous and lovely as Mattidia, his wife. This happy couple had three children, named Faustinus, Faustus, and Clement. Mattidia, for private reasons, wished to depart from Rome. Faustus, however, wished her to remain, but, after some time, she prevailed on him to let her go. He, accordingly, sent her to Athens, that his children might benefit by the schools of philosophy, for which that place was then so justly famous. She took with her Faustinus and Faustus, but Clement remained at Rome, with his father. For some time Faustus continued to receive occasional tidings of Mattidia, but, after a time, these became less frequent, until, at last, they altogether ceased. Faustus then determined to go in search of his family, and, leaving Clement at Rome, under the charge of a trustworthy guardian, he soon left that city far behind him. After encountering many perils, both by sea and land, to his great joy he found his family in safety at Athens.

Clement devoted his whole time to study, and the works he read led him to think of the immortality of the soul. To satisfy himself on this doctrine, he applied to the schools of the philosophers, but from them he could get no satisfactory answer. He then determined to consult the Egyptian priests, who were reputed to be great magicians, and able to call back again to life the spirits of the deceased. Young Clement thought that a spirit so recalled would be able, at once, to solve all his doubts. But, just at this critical juncture, he was astonished and amazed to hear that the Son of God himself had been upon the earth, and had preached strange doctrine "throughout all Jewry." He was very naturally desirous of discovering the truth of these reports. It was at this time that St. Barnabas came to Rome. Clement put himself under his instruction, and from him learnt the sublime truths and mysteries of our holy religion. After some time St. Barnabas left Rome, for Alexandria, in Egypt, where he was followed by Clement, and they afterwards went to Judea. At Cæsarea they met St. Peter, at whose hand he received the sacrament of Baptism. St. Peter took much interest in the spiritual welfare of Clement, and Clement accompanied him in all his journeys.

The Church of Rome was founded, by St. Peter and St. Paul, A.D. 58. These apostles appointed Linus bishop that same year. He suffered during Nero's persecution, in which St. Peter and St. Paul received their crowns of martyrdom, and entered on their "exceeding great reward." To him succeeded Anencletus or Anacletus. After the death of Anacletus, a successor to the holy see was found in the person of St. Clement, who had been ordained by St. Peter himself, and to whom it was thought that the same apostle had previously offered the pastoral staff, which he had refused, not deeming himself worthy of it. St. Clement was consecrated third bishop of Rome, under the title of Clement I., according to Eusebius (Hist. Ec. iii. 13), in the twelfth year of Domitian (A.D. 92). St. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons (of whom we shall write hereafter), who flourished in the latter part of the second century, says:—"When the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, had founded and established the Church at Rome, they delivered the office of the bishopric in it to Linus. To him succeeded Anacletus. After him, in the third place after the apostles, Clement obtained that bishopric, who had seen the blessed apostles, and who had conversed with them; who had the preaching of the apostles still sounding in his ears, and their traditions before his eyes. Nor he alone, for there were still many alive who had been taught by the apostles."

From Nero to Domitian, the Christians at Rome were free from molestation, and during Domitian's persecution, St. Clement was happily preserved. All was peaceful and quiet under Nerva, but for Trajan it was reserved to persecute and scatter the members of God's Holy

Church. The conversion of Theodora, a noble Roman lady, greatly incensed the heathen populace against St. Clement, whom they charged with practising magic and sorcery, and despising their gods. They resolved that, if he would not sacrifice to their deities, they would destroy him. The Prefect Mamertine urged St. Clement to do so, and save himself from death. He was, however, inflexible, and Trajan ordered him to be banished beyond the Black Sea, to Cherson. A person so condemned, says Fox ("Noble Army of Martyrs," page 100. Masters, London), "had his head half-shaved, his right eye bored out, his left leg disabled, and his forehead branded with an infamous mark, not to mention the hunger and thirst, the cold and nakedness, to which the unhappy victims of a cruel law were exposed."

St. Clement's fame had gone before him to Cherson, and, on his arrival, he was received with open arms by the Christians, who had been sent thither for the same cause as himself. He and his disciples preached to the heathen there, and their efforts brought forth fruit, "some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty." (St. Mat. xiii. 23.) When news of these things reached Trajan, he sent Aufidian to check its progress. Aufidian, on his arrival, determined to make an example of the chief of this zealous band, that he might, by this means, intimidate the rest. Accordingly, whilst St. Clement was one day at prayers with his disciples, some of the creatures of Aufidian burst in upon him, and forced him down to the beach. St. Clement saw their designs, but he quietly embarked on board the vessel that was to bear him away to his doom, as if he suspected nothing. They only just gave him time to bless his sorrowing followers, and then set sail. When they had got out of sight of land, they proceeded to fasten an anchor round his neck, and then hurled him into the sea. The waves, as if conscious of their holy burden, gently parted as he sank under, and then closed over him for ever. Thus died St. Clement, in the year of our Lord 100. The Church still holds his name sacred, for his great sanctity, and the twenty-third day of November was appointed to be kept in his honour.

There are numerous works ascribed to St. Clement, the chief of which is his First Epistle to the Corinthians. This is supposed by some to be more ancient than most, if not all, of the works of St. John. Clemens Alexandrinus calls St. Clement an apostle, and Jerome says he was an apostolic man. Eusebius calls this first epistle "The Wonderful Epistle," and says that it was publicly read in the assemblies of the primitive church. It is included in one of the ancient collections of the canon of scripture. Archbishop Wake, who published one of the best translations of it from the ancient Greek copy, says, in the preface, that he esteems it a great blessing that this epistle "was at last so happily found out, for the increase and confirmation of our faith and charity." The ancient Greek copy, from which Archbishop Wake translated, was found at the end of the celebrated Alexandrian MS. of the Septuagint and New Testament, presented by Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, to King Charles the First, and now in the British Museum. (See also "Cave's Historia Literaria.") It was written before the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, A.D. 67 or 68. It bears internal evidence of being written by one who "continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship." (Acts ii. 42.) His other works are the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, the Apostolic Canons, the Apostolic Constitutions, the Recognitions of Clement, and the Clementina. A long account of the life, pilgrimages, and martyrdom of St. Clement, has been made out by Gregory of Tours, Necephorus, and others, entituled "Acta St. Clementis," and adopted by Baronius. There are also extant, in Syriac, two epistles, ascribed to St. Clement, entituled "De Virginibus, seu ad Virgines." A careful perusal of them will much assist us in gaining a knowledge of the state of the Christian Church;* and St. Paul, in his Second Epistle to the Thessalonians (ii. 15), thus speaks to the Church:—"Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word, or by our epistle."

W. P. P.

[It is more than doubtful, if either the Apostolic constitutions or canons are by St. Clement.—Ed.]

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

This is the age of progress, but, after spending some time on the road, we find ourselves (as the Irishman said) advancing backwards: some of the very latest inventions and discoveries prove to be but the re-discovery of that which was actually made or done so long since as to be altogether forgotten. For a single example take "Colt's revolvers:" they are fire-arms constructed with one barrel, and several chambers loaded separately with powder and ball, and successively brought round to the end of the barrel, and fired through it; the oldest existing pieces of artillery are formed just on this principle, with several chambers to one barrel. The latest novelty of the day, "the Beard Movement," is but a return to the fashion of "*ye olden time.*"

There can be little doubt that, as beards, moustaches, and whiskers are naturally planted on the human face of the masculine gender, without the necessity of previously sewing seeds or planting

* Reid's edition of "Murdock's Mosheim." Ecc. Hist." Page 38. London: Sims & M'Intyre, 1848.

cuttings, so it was doubtless intended they should be worn. But because they grow naturally we act like gardeners, who often root out pretty flowers from the garden, calling them weeds, simply because they spring up, and grow without cultivation. We are inconsistent, too, for if we shave our chins, why not shave our heads also? The only answer is, "because it is not the fashion," which is equivalent to saying that there is no reason for the distinction.

The history of the subject carries us far back, even to the time of Adam, who must have worn his beard, since he had no scissors to cut it, or razor to shave with. How long the fashion continued in full vigour, we have no authority for determining, but we next find the Jews commanded not to mar the corners of their beards; even now the Rabbin suffers them to grow, and the rest of the race, though they practise shaving partially, omit it in times of mourning. Among the inhabitants of Nineveh and Babylon beards were generally worn, combed and curled with the greatest care; the Egyptians, on the contrary, usually shaved all but a little tuft on the chin. The ancient Greeks, especially the Spartans, cultivated their beards, considering them a sign of manly freedom, not permitted to slaves, until at length Alexander the Great ordered his soldiers to shave lest they should be captured in battle by the beard; then the tide turned, and smooth chins prevailed for a lengthened period. The Romans began to shave about 2,000 years ago, after which the fashion of beard or no beard turned about every two or three centuries.

The ancient Britons wore only a moustache, but the Saxons had long beards just as they have now. When William the Conqueror brought over his Normans all shaven and shorn, he compelled the vanquished English to follow their example, though some submitted to banishment rather than allow their chins to be scraped; but such firmness prevailed, that the hairy fashion soon again became general, for when King Henry the First arrived in Normandy 44 years afterwards, he was met by the Bishop, who made a long harangue upon the enormities of the time, especially long hair and beards, which latter, he said, the men would not clip for fear of the stubble scratching the ladies' faces: the king and nobles being overcome with the force of the remark, permitted the bishop to cut their hair and demolish their beards, which he proceeded to do at once upon the spot. King John's ingenious plan for extorting money from his Jewish subjects by extracting their teeth one after the other, was equalled by King Stephen, who occasionally suspended his subjects by their beards till the required sum was paid. Among the indignities heaped on the deposed King Edward II., was the shaving of his cherished beard, by the road side, with dirty ditch water. From an old Scotch rhyme, dating from about the year 1363, we learn the fashion at that period—

"Long beirds hertilesse,
Peynted hoods witlesse,
Gay cotes gracelesse,
Maketh Englonde thriftlesse."

Following the course of time we find shaving sometimes fashionable, at other times the reverse; though, even in the fifteenth century, when only the moustache was commonly worn, elderly men generally had beards. Artificial beards were occasionally worn in Spain, and possibly in England also, about the middle of the fourteenth century. There is a popular couplet that one often sees quoted—

"'Tis merry in hall
When beards wag all."

but when it was composed, or by whom, and whether with the mistaken idea of being witty, we cannot imagine. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, beards ran to the greatest possible extent, both in length and variety of form; every one started the most extraordinary and fantastic fashion he could invent. The beard was now in its glory, emitting one last flash of brilliance before it finally disappeared under the hand of the barber.

With ecclesiastics different fashions prevailed. At first beards were usual—St. Augustine, for example, wore a moderate beard and moustache; then the patrons of razors interfered, and obtained edicts against the impropriety of hairy chins and upper lips; sometimes they were forbidden, sometimes allowed; but the cause prevailed, more or less, till the beginning of the fourteenth century, up to which time bishops and dignitaries are usually represented with moustache and beard. A re-action took place in the sixteenth century; Cardinal Pole, for example, in Queen Mary's reign, had a particularly fine beard. In the Greek Church, priests are expected to have beards, and bishops must; we suppose that when nature provides none, they are indebted to the oil of some oriental Rowland, or "incomparable Macassar." Mahomedans cherish their beards, stroke them, and swear by them; although, with singular inconsistency, they entirely shave their heads, except one long lock at the top, by which they expect to be finally lifted by their prophet up to heaven—an unpleasant process while it lasts, one would imagine.

A great revolution is now commencing, and in a few years we shall, when looking back on the year 1855, wonder what possible reason could have induced the public to spend so much time and pains on the operation of shaving. The principal objection urged is, that it makes civilians look like soldiers, which is certainly a popular delusion, for only two or three favoured

regiments in our whole army are allowed to wear the moustache, and to none is the beard permitted. Shakspeare describes the soldier of his day as being—

" —— Full of strange oaths,
And bearded like the pard."

meaning the leopard, which, however, does not happen to have a beard, but only " smellers" something like the cat.

On the Continent, the custom differs: in France, moustaches, though always worn by military men, are almost equally common with civilians; Spaniards mostly shave close; Germans evince a partiality for beards, and so do Russians, in spite of autocratic decrees for their extinction.

Why should we continue the daily waste of time and temper in making our faces smooth like monkeys, or causing them to resemble the calves' heads we see in the eating-house windows, with a lemon stuck in the mouth? Why not rather take a lesson from a goat, and notice the dignity of expression conferred by the beard?

[We confess to having prejudices of our own in favour of smooth chins, much as we suffer from a blunt razor. We are not sure, however, that we should not get used to beards in the same way that we have to the small bonnets, against which we were at first violently opposed. For our part we would leave the question to be settled by the ladies.—Ed.]

THE SIEGE OF KARS.

Of all the stories of warfare those of sieges are the most exciting. In every campaign sieges are the points of chief interest and importance. The last three years of negotiation and struggle, the waste of half a million of men, and of a hundred millions of treasure, centre in those three words—Silistria, Sebastopol, Kars,—cities henceforth to be imperishably associated with England's glory. The heroic defence of Kars more peculiarly belongs to us: we have yet to learn whether to the apathy of our Moslem allies, or to official treachery amongst ourselves, its loss is to be ascribed. Dr. Sandwith's book* throws no light upon this question; or, if he leaves it to be supposed that Omar Pasha, or Selim Pasha, might have relieved the perishing, but unconquerable garrison, his total silence upon the other moot points, of Lord Stratford's alleged neglect of duty, is more significant than words.

Kars, we need scarcely inform our readers, is a town, or rather village, in Armenia, which, as it offered the first point of resistance to the expected Russian attack in reprisal for *our* attack upon the Crimea, it was deemed, by our military authorities, necessary to fortify and hold. Nothing can exceed the state of disorganisation into which every civil and military department had been suffered to fall by the Turkish officials, local and governmental. Dr. Sandwith observes that—

" The state of the army at Kars was, early in 1855, most wretched, and filled us all with forebodings for the ensuing campaign. The central government appeared to have forgotten its existence altogether, and, absorbed in the great siege of Sevastopol, seemed to ignore altogether the fact of their Asiatic possessions being threatened by a formidable Russian army assembled at Gumri. Our soldiers were upwards of twenty-four months in arrears of pay; for shoes they had substituted a native slipper made of the untanned skins of animals; their uniforms were in tatters, and a large proportion were suffering from scurvy, caused by unwholesome nourishment, and long and dull confinement in the dark, ill-ventilated huts of Kars. Desertions had become so numerous that it was well known the province of Sivas alone contained 10,000 men who had left their colours."

On the 7th June General Williams, the hero of this tragedy, arrived at Kars, to assist in, or rather, undertake its defence. His extraordinary union of courage, vigorous intellect, untiring perseverance, good humour, and fertility of resources, at once acquired a singular influence over the dogged Turks, and not much more impressible Christians, whom he had to train and manage.

Truly was it said by his victor, Mouravieff, that General Williams had made himself a name in history, and posterity would stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which he and the men under his command had exhibited. By the Turks, from the highest to the lowest, he seems to have been equally honoured. He was the first officer allowed to retain his European name—or, as they pronounced it—" Veeliams Pasha."

" It had been hitherto the custom of the Turks to name all foreigners in their service much in the same manner as we name our negroes in the West Indies; and as these are distinguished by the names of Cæsar, Castor, Pollux, so the Franks in the Ottoman employ are distinguished as *Wisdom Bey, Councillor Effendi.*"

By dint of hard work, in which he himself joined, to the astonishment of the Turks, who could not understand so great a man labouring, as they said, like a *hammal*, or porter, General Williams succeeded in placing Kars in a state of defence, in provisioning it for the siege now no longer doubtful, and in thoroughly arousing the combativeness of its civilians.

" Inshalla, said their spokeman, Osman Aya, a fine old gentleman, 'we will bring scores of Ghiaours' heads and lay them at your feet, Veeliams Pasha!' on which Veeliams Pasha holds up his finger menacingly, and tells the old man that if any heads were cut off he should leave the place in disgust. But he applauded highly the spirit of patriotism shown by the people, told Osman Aya to assemble all the fighting men before the Mushir's tent, and that he, General Williams, would take care that they were organised, encouraged, and paid. 'Wallah!' exclaimed Osman Aya, 'we want no pay.' The troops are certainly full of enthusiasm, and Williams Pasha, or Ingleez Pasha, is already a great favourite. They see him everywhere; he is with the sentries at the menaced

* Narrative of the Siege of Kars, by Humphrey Sandwith, M.D. Murray.

point ere the morning has dawned; anon he is tasting the soldiers' soup, or examining the bread, and if anything is wrong here, his wrath is terrible. His eyes are everywhere; each soldier feels that he is something more than a neglected part of a rusty machine, he knows that he is cared for and encouraged."

On the 16th June the Russians arrived. They pressed the siege day by day, more and more closely. The beleagured garrison are tantalised with reports of Omar Pasha's marching to their relief. At length Erzeroum is taken, and their situation becomes more dangerous. Cholera and starvation begin their ravages.

"All," says the narrator, "looked to the general, to the Ingleez Pasha. No sign of despondency clouded that honest face; his 'Good morning' salutation was as cheerful as on the morrow of our first little victory. He was thin, certainly; he could not well be thinner: but no wonder, for he never seemed to sleep. Long ere daylight broke, he was with the sentries of Tahmasp, the point nearest the Russian camp, and his glass learned every movement; then he was by the side of the Mushir during the greater part of the day; anon he was encouraging the Bashi-Bazouks, and settling their differences, or anxiously arranging some plan for feeding the townspeople; and in our little confidential gossips on the state of affairs, he would impress on us the duty of maintaining a bright and hopeful bearing, since all the garrison looked to us for encouragement. Thompson lived altogether on the Karadagh, and his glass ranged the horizon from early morning till night; nor did he then go to a quiet couch. Teesdale lived with that gallant Hungarian and first-rate soldier, Kmety, on Tahmasp. He acted as chief of his staff; and, besides his graver duties, was constantly harrassing the Cossacks with parties of riflemen, or menacing and attacking the Russian cavalry with a company of rifles and a couple of guns. Colonel Lake, like the general, is doing his best to wear out an iron frame; his couch is his saddle, for all day long he is working at the entrenchments, and all night he is visiting the sentries."

Then came the glorious repulse of the Russians on the 29th September. About four in the morning suspicious sounds are heard by the sentries. All are at once on the alert.

"Meanwhile each eye is strained to peer into the darkness, and messengers fly to other parts of the camp with the warning. A sharp-eyed soldier now points to a dark mass in the valley, faintly visible in the gloom—it is moving—it is a column of men; a gun is pointed in the direction, the match is applied, and a hissing shower of grape flies into the mass; an unearthly scream of agony from mangled human frames follows the thunder of the gun, when both are drowned by a loud hurrah, which arises on all sides; and soon the whole line of breastworks is assailed in front and flank. At that moment a horseman gallops furiously from the rear, and flings himself into the most exposed battery; it is the Yaver Bey—it is Teesdale, who has just returned from his rounds. And now the fight commences. All surprise is at an end; the Russians advance in close column on the breastworks and redoubts, while some Russian batteries, well placed on a commanding eminence opposite, pour shot, shell, and grape into the redoubts. Steadily each column advances, while grape, round shot, and musketry are pelted into them. They still rush on; their officers, with wondrous self-devotion, charge in front, and, single-handed, leap into the redoubts only to fall pierced with bayonets. Their columns, rent and torn, retire to re-form. Meantime a fierce attack is made on our left flank and rear of the position; the breastworks are carried; a number of tents are occupied by Russian troops, while their officers, ignorant that the redoubts are closed, flatter themselves that the position is carried. Kmety now, however, hastily gathers together a formidable body of his best troops. Teesdale turns some guns towards the rear, and works them vigorously. Kmety's riflemen pour into these partially-victorious Russians a continued and well-directed fire, which holds them in check, and wofully thins their ranks. Meantime the sun has risen, and shows each position of the enemy. A sulphurous cloud envelopes the scenes of fiercest conflict, while reserves, in formidable numbers, crown the distant slopes. Fresh columns of the enemy charge again and again the front line of breastworks and batteries, from which they were at first driven back: they are received with a deadly and withering fire; and thus the fight continues. But this is not the only struggle going on. The line of breastworks and forts protecting the heights on the north of the town are attacked simultaneously by overpowering numbers, and, being defended only by a very weak force, mainly of Laz irregulars, are carried and occupied by Russian troops, who pile arms and wait for further events; while the Russian artillerymen employ their time in busily shelling the town, which they now command. Meantime General Williams, from the centre of the camp, is watching events; he despatches some companies of troops from Chim tabia (a battery safe from any immediate attack), and these join with another body from Lake Fort, sent by Colonel Lake. The two combined, with Kherim Pasha at their head, appear suddenly on the flank of a large body of Russians, who were gaining ground in the rear of the Turks on Tahmasp. A loud yell arises of triumph and vengeance. Baba Kherim waves his sword—his troops pour a volley into the enemy; Kmety and his men, hitherto overpowered, raise a responsive cheer: they rush on, crying *Sungu, sungu!* (the bayonet, the bayonet!) Teesdale pours fresh grape into the staggering masses; the Russians waver! Hussein Pasha, a gallant Circassian, rushes, sword in hand, on the enemy; they give way."

"The loud hurrahs of the Russian hosts were mingled with the yells of the Turks, who fought like tigers, charging repeatedly with the bayonet. White-turbaned citizens were seen plunging in the fight, hewing with their scimitars; athletic and savage Lazistan mountaineers fought with the clubbed rifle, or hurled stones at the advancing foe, while the latter, ever obedient to the dictates of a stern discipline, advanced again and again to the deadly batteries, and were blown from the very mouths of the guns. As the action continued, and each movement of the enemy was tried, the excellence of Colonel Lake's batteries was fully proved. Wherever the columns of the enemy were directed, they found themselves under a flanking fire of heavy guns. Did they ever gain possession of a battery weaker than the rest, they were again pounded by our artillery from some battery which commanded the weaker point. Meantime any assault on the keys of our position was altogether hopeless; the Colonel himself, under a heavy fire, directed the artillery of the two principal batteries, aided by his interpreter, M. Zohrab, who proved himself a man of pluck. The battle raged for seven hours and half."

On the 4th November, proceeds Dr. Sandwith's diary:—

"The emaciation is wonderful, yet, in most cases, no diarrhœa or other symptom of disease is observable. Their voices are excessively feeble, a clammy cold perspiration pervades the surface of the body, and they die without a struggle. Several of these men are recovered by the administration of horse-broth. Surgeons are posted in every part of the camp with broth of horse-flesh, in the form and under the name of medicine. A

search is made for surviving horses, and these are secured to make soup for the hospital."

"Nov. 10.—About 100 die in the hospital during the twenty-four hours. Still no epidemic of typhus, which is the usual accompaniment of cold and starvation. The men are brought in scores to the hospital, many are recovered by horse-broth, but many die."

"Nov. 18.—Twenty-one men deserted last night. Hussian Bey tells me that the most profound discontent exists through the city, and the people say they can bear their sufferings no longer. They exclaim, almost in the language of Scripture, 'In our watching we have watched for a nation which could not save us.' Mothers bring their children to the military council, and throw them at the feet of the officers, exclaiming, 'Take and keep these children, for we have nothing to give them.' . . . The rapid mountain stream which runs through the town is already almost frozen over. The streets present a soul-harrowing appearance."

"Nov. 21.—A heavy fall of snow during the night. No more news to cheer us. We have almost reached the limits of human endurance; our soldiers lie dead and dying in every part of the camp. The citizens look reproachfully at us; 'their visage is blacker than a coal, and their skin cleaveth to their bones.' They exclaim, 'Let us go out and fight; why remain here to die?' 'They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger, for these pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field."

"Nov. 22.—An alarm in the dark. The troops are called to arms; only six or seven manage to drag themselves from their tents. At six a.m. a messenger comes in with a despatch from Selim Pasha. He was to have left Erzeroum on the 16th, and would hasten on. Besides this veracious Turkish document, there is a little note in cipher from Mr. Brant. It is as follows:—'Selim Pasha won't advance, though Major Stuart is doing his best to make him. Omar Pasha has not advanced far from Soukhum Kale. I fear you have no hope but in yourselves; you can depend on no help in this quarter."

"Nov. 25.—General Williams and his aide-de-camp, Teesdale, ride over under a flag of truce to the Russian camp. They are well received by Mouravieff. The general tells his chivalrous enemy that he has no wish to rob him of the laurels; the fortress contains a large train of artillery, with numerous standards, and a variety of arms, but the army has not yet surrendered, nor will it, without certain articles of capitulation. 'If you grant not these,' exclaimed the general, 'every gun shall be burst, every standard burnt, every trophy destroyed, and you may then work your will on a famished crowd.' 'I have no wish,' answered Mouravieff, 'to wreak an unworthy vengeance on a gallant and long-suffering army which has covered itself with glory, and only yields to famine.' 'Look here,' he exclaimed, pointing to a lump of bread and a handful of roots, 'what splendid troops must these be who can stand to their arms in this severe climate on such food as this! Gen. Williams, you have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army. Let us arrange a capitulation that will satisfy the demands of war without outraging humanity. I leave my readers to imagine anything more touching than the interview between these gallant leaders, whose eyes were suffused with tears, while their hearts were big with sentiments of high honour and graceful benevolence. The terms of capitulation arranged were these. The officers and soldiers of the regular army were to pile arms in camp, and march out with their music and colours, and surrender themselves prisoners of war to the Russian army." ('And,' here exclaimed General Mouravieff to his secretary, 'write that, in admiration of the noble and devoted courage displayed by the army of Kars, the officers shall be allowed to retain their swords, as a mark of honour and respect.')

"The Russian officers treat us with the most delicate attentions, and show the most chivalrous bearing to their prisoners of war. They compliment each of us in turn on the gallantry, the endurance, and the humanity, which they are good enough to say has characterised our part of the struggle; while we, in all sincerity, attest the unflinching courage which led them up to our breastworks under a cross fire of artillery and volleys of musketry. One of these recognises Teesdale as having, under a deadly fire of grape and rifle-balls, leaped over our breastworks, and rescued from some marauding soldiers a wounded Russian officer. This little episode was not hitherto known to us, and I almost fear to shock the modesty of that gallant officer in thus recording it."

"Nov. 28.—Early this morning the sounds of musketry are heard in all parts of the camp. The soldiers are emptying their muskets and piling arms. The people and the army have now learned that they are to capitulate; the word *teslim* (capitulation) is in every mouth, and what a scene is this! The poor staggering soldiers obey their orders mechanically, but some there are who dash their muskets to pieces against the rocks, exclaiming 'Thus perish our pashas, and the curse of God be with them! May their mothers be outraged!' Some of the officers break their swords, and, caring not who hears them, heap curses on the Sultan and the whole government of the empire—awful words, which I had never heard even whispered before."

We have made the writer tell, at as great length as our space will allow, his own story, which needs no help of ours to excite the sympathy of every reader. Thousands of brave men have fruitlessly died a miserable death. General Williams is a prisoner of war. As usual, we suppose, "nobody is to blame," for a result which it was equally easy for those concerned to have foreseen, and to have provided against. Deeply thankful, indeed, we may be, that the noble defenders of Kars have fallen into the hands of an enemy not less noble. Nothing, with the exception of our admiration of Williams himself, can exceed our sense of the chivalrous honour, courtesy, and Christian bearing of General Mouravieff. As Christians and philanthropists, we rejoice to think that not even the horrors of war can deaden these feelings in the breasts of those who are enemies solely through the unhappy circumstances of the times.

THE DAILY PRAYERS.

A TALE OF THE TOWN.

In the very heart of the manufacturing districts, along the great line of the London and North-Western Railway, lies the populous town of W——. It is full of great works, such as factories, foundries, and coal pits, whose large chimneys are constantly vomiting out clouds of smoke; turn which way you may you cannot get out of sight of them, the ground is black under your feet, and the sky is black over your head.

But though W— has more than its share of smoke and soot, you must not think that it is under a cloud in other respects. Though it is not the pleasantest place in the world to live in, it has its advantages, as I shall proceed to show. It has always been a very loyal town; in those miserable days when cruel and bloody men turned

"religion into rebellion, and faith into faction," the men of W— stood out manfully for King Charles the Martyr. There is a monument in the outskirts of the town, erected over the spot where a brave officer received his death-wound in defence of his sovereign; the inhabitants of the town are proud to say that their old church tower stood a siege in that same great rebellion, and even now, in spite of radicalism and whiggery, it keeps up the good custom of hanging up oak boughs outside of the windows and doors on royal oak day. An old man now living told me that his grandfather had lived in the '45, as it is called, who remembered Prince Charles Edward's Highlanders marching into the town, that memorable time when the Pretender, as he was styled, made his heroic but fruitless attempt to regain the throne of his ancestors. Besides these traditions of the past, W— still retains other old customs; it has one of the most ancient corporations in the kingdom; it sends two members to parliament, while some larger places send only one. I am glad to say that the worshipful the mayor and aldermen are not ashamed (and I hope they never will be) of going to church in state, on what are called mayors' days, with the sword of justice and the mace of civic authority borne before them. I never quite knew how to account for what I suppose I may call the tory-spirit of W—, perhaps it runs in the good old Lancashire blood; more likely it arises from the church having been permitted to retain her endowments and to occupy her proper position there. Much of it no doubt may be attributed to the fact that two or three miles out of the town there is the mansion of a nobleman, whose family has possessed considerable influence, and who has used it for God and the Church. The sword of justice I have named was given to the town by one of the maternal ancestors of the family, who also defended its liberties and immunities. There are the remains of an old cross, called "Mab's, or Lady Mabel's cross," where, according to tradition, Lady Mabel de Bradshaigh did penance for having consented to marry some knight whilst her husband, whom she believed to have died in the holy wars, was still living. It is said that Sir Roger returned and made his appearance in the church just as the priest was beginning the marriage ceremony, that the two knights drew their swords before the very altar itself, and that in consequence of Sir Roger de Bradshaigh slaying his rival, he was condemned to return to the crusades, whilst his lady had to do penance by walking, every day, barefooted, through wind, rain, cold, or storm, from the hall to the cross, a distance of more than two miles. But whatever the good or questionable deeds of this family in the olden time, they have not been wanting in zeal for God in our day. Only a few years ago He put it into the heart of the son of this nobleman to undertake the restoration of the parish church. Time and ignorance had done its work there as elsewhere, the roof and timbers had become rotten, the area was blocked up with great pews and galleries. Now, it is what a church should be; open benches are substituted for these frightful incumbrances; the windows are filled with stained glass, the altar is chastely and beautifully hung with coverings suited to the holy seasons of the Church; the plate is of massive silver gilt. The good rector takes care that the service shall be celebrated in a way worthy the honor and glory of God; it is not left to a duet between the parson and the clerk, but the devotions of the people are led by a goodly company of men and boys, arrayed in white surplices.

You will expect me to tell you that the parishioners of W— are proud of their church; and so they are. If you talk to them about the smoke and dirt, they will say, "Well, if we have nothing else to shew you, you will not often see such a church as ours, nor hear such a peal of bells."

But it is the poor who prize these things the most. You may see them on a Sunday waiting to secure their seats before the bells begin to chime; and I need not say that the good nobleman I spoke of has not thrust them into the alleys, or into outaway corners, but he has taken care to provide the poor with accommodation equal in every way to that enjoyed by their richer neighbours. One old man, 82 years of age, travels five miles to attend the old cathedral, as he calls it. Some day I hope to tell you more about him. You may know him if ever you go to W— church, from his old fashioned cut, his Welsh wig, and his venerable appearance and cheerful countenance. You would see him in church before the prayers begin, finding out the lessons and hymns for the old folks around him.

You may be sure that W— church is not shut up all the six days of the week, for spiders to spin their webs along the roof and columns. Every day the bell tolls for prayers, that those who have the heart to do so may worship God. I hope to see the day, when daily prayers will be said in every parish in England. It is only what every parish priest ought to do.

But I must not wander away from my story. Amongst those who never missed the daily service, were these five old men,—Joseph Cheshire, Thomas Rowe, James Richardson, John Bolderson, and Thomas Chambers. I do not know whether they were old friends. I am inclined to think not. I believe that they became acquainted by meeting together in God's house, the most true and beautiful of all fellowships.

It was my custom very often to walk about the churchyard whilst the bell was ringing. I used to do so because it composed my mind for the service, and because it gave me an opportunity of exchanging a word or two with the old people. I seldom went without seeing these old men,—first one would come up, then another; in fine weather they used to sit about on the tombs warming themselves in the sun; in wet weather they would sit in the porch. They always looked cheerful and happy, with a shade of gravity, as became aged people who might be called away at any moment.

Now, though I don't approve of eaves-dropping, I must confess that I often stopped to hear these old men talk. Sometimes they used to talk over the old war, sometimes about good King George III. I used to gather from them that they thought the times did not mend, and that things were better in their young days. Most frequently their conversation was about old people who had gone before them, or about any accident or uncommon occurrence. They did not seem to care much for politics; they lived very happily, and did not appear to consider a cheap newspaper a necessary of life, as people persuade themselves now. What time they had to read, they spent over their bibles, prayer-books, and other religious books. Worldly-wise men would have called them ignorant and bigotted. I can only say that they understood their own principles far better than such *would-be* knowing men do theirs. They were not half so credulous as those who pretend to be wiser. None of your Chartist delegates would have got a moment's hearing from them: they would have stopped their mouths with a good text of Scripture. This was their motto: "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Jeremiah vi, 16. They had, I believe, been weavers, or something of the kind, except Thomas Chambers, who had been a soldier and was now a pensioner. As he had been in foreign parts he was quite an authority amongst them. Joseph Cheshire was indebted for his means of living to his daughters; he spent a great part of his time in visiting and reading to his neighbours. Thomas Rowe lived with his son; he was a very retiring old man, the oldest of them all. James Richardson had been a methodist, and, like many of that class, used to express his feelings more than the others. Of John Bolderson I have nothing very parti-

cular to say, except that he always listened attentively whenever Joseph Cheshire read the Bible to him, for he could not read himself.

One morning I overheard the friends in conversation. I will relate what they said as nearly as I can remember it. I must, however, explain that for some time James Richardson had a kind of presentiment of his death. Many a time has he accosted me in his peculiar way. He was paralysed and had lost the use of one side. He would point up to heaven with his left hand and say, "I love him, I love Him. He's been a good God to me. I come here to meet Him. It's the place where His honour dwelleth. But I shan't come here often, I know I shan't."

The old men were all sitting about on one of the flat altar-shaped tombs near the church porch one day, when Richardson said this; the friends nodded one to another and made no answer, but "Aye, aye, God knows, God knows," at length Cheshire replied.

Cheshire: "You cannot tell that, James, God above only knows which will be called away first."

Richardson · "Aye, aye, God knows, God knows, but cannot He tell us; cannot He tell us?"

Cheshire: "Yes, James, He can, but its not His way. Does not Jesus Christ say, 'Of that day and of that hour knoweth no man.'"

Richardson: "Aye, aye, truly, no man knows when the judgment day will come, but then He has told me I shan't be long."

Chambers: "We shall none of us be long."

Richardson: "True, true, but I shall go first."

Cheshire: "James, you shouldn't say so, for none of us knows."

Richardson: "A body knows if God tells him, and He has told me. *I* shan't live to see this year out whoever does."

At this moment the bell dropped and the old men went into church.

I do not know that I thought much of this conversation. The idea that in someway or other he had received an intimation of the time of his death, seemed however to have settled in Richardson's mind, and to have produced some impression on his friends, for when he spoke of it again, Thomas Rowe replied, "Well, may be he's right;" and Joseph Cheshire did not venture to contradict him—he only said, "God knows." As time went on, and the year drew to its close, Richardson seemed to be more than ever impressed with the nearness of his end. On one occasion he remarked to me, "I shan't come here many times more," and again, later still, "I shan't see this month out." At length I missed him altogether, and seeing the other aged men more than usually grave and silent, I was going to ask them if anything had happened, when Joseph Cheshire stepped forward to tell me that Richardson was dead, he having foretold the exact number of times he should attend the service. He had no illness, and was, I believe, at church within the space of one or two days. The old men one and all attended his funeral, and I need not say what a deep impression the solemn event made.

The most remarkable part of the story, however, is yet to be told. When the remaining friends met together again for church, Thomas Rowe predicted that he should die next. Within a few months I was sent for to visit him. He died a peaceful, happy death, calmly awaiting his end, which occurred after an illness of about three weeks. The surviving old men carried him to his long home. There were now left John Bolderson, Joseph Cheshire, and Thomas Chambers. In the order in which I have placed their names, each one spoke of his decease, and as they predicted so it came to pass. Of John Bolderson's death-bed I have little to relate; he died in the workhouse after receiving the last rites of the church from the hands of the chaplain. Never shall I forget my feelings when Joseph Cheshire, after telling me of Bolderson's death, added, "Sir, I hope you'll visit me, for my time is at hand, I shall be the next." So it came to pass, after a calm and peaceful illness, during which his friend Chambers was constantly by his bedside, this servant of Christ fell asleep, both in his life and actions justifying the memorial which his clergyman wrote of him.

MEMORIAL.

In memory of one who, poor in this world's goods, was rich in faith,
Silver and gold having none, he gave what he had—a word in season.
He had learned of the brother of our Lord—"to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."
Thus did he lay up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

It was at the bedside of Joseph Cheshire that Thomas Chambers, referring to a rumour that I was about to leave the parish, said, "I hope, sir, you'll never leave till I'm dead and gone, I should like you to see the last of me." Singular to relate, Thomas Chambers' was the last sick bed that I attended, and his remains were, I believe, one of the last over which I read in the churchyard of W— those cheering words, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." For many years this old soldier had learned to fight in a better warfare, and he has gone last of the old friends to receive the crown of life promised to all who, like them, are faithful to the end.

By what means the old men presaged their deaths, or how it was made known to them, whether by some voice within, or whether gradually ripening like a shock of corn, "their wishes were father to their thoughts," must ever remain a secret. Certain it is that these aged servants of Christ attributed much of their growth in grace, peace of mind, consolation in Christ, comfort of love, fellowship of the spirit, to their attendance on the DAILY PRAYERS.

CHURCHES IN MANCHESTER.

JOTTING No. I.

"Pro Pew-Door."—*Classical exclamation.*

Mr. EDITOR.—One of the pleasantest visitors to Cantingham Eaves during the summer months, is my friend Smith. He is an estimable man in every sense of the word, and a good Churchman, although not an indiscriminate supporter of Church objects, "as he always prefers," he says, "to act with persons of his own peculiar views," and, as he affects a kind of mixture, specially compounded for his own use, of what the famous article in the *Edinburgh*, termed the "High-and-dry," and "Low-and-slow," schools of churchmanship, such persons are, of course, not very often met with. He has franked himself for a month per rail; and we ride together to and from Manchester morning and night. On Sunday he very properly stays at home, and sits in his "pew." He has much knowledge about churches in Manchester, and of the rather mercantile sort of arrangements, under which most of them were got up. I mean, of course, before the Oxford tract writers had roused men to their duties, in this matter of church-building, toward God and His poor. What he knows he gladly communicates, and the results of our conversation may be not unprofitably recorded in your miscellany. I jotted down his observations desultorily, pretty much as I heard them, and possibly some of your readers will be able and willing to furnish you with further facts upon the same subject.

Next to the Cathedral, or parish church of Manchester (he told me), St. Ann's, of the town churches, was the first erected. It was called the New Church, to distinguish it from the "old." It was dedicated to St. Ann, probably, out of compliment of Lady Ann Bland, who, with many of the High Church Manchester families of that day, clubbed together to build it. They disliked the Whiggish and Low Church tendencies of the crown-appointed deans of "that hook-nosed dissenter," William, and his successors. Singularly have matters reversed themselves since those days. Daily prayers were required by the trust deed to be, and for many years, were, regularly said in the church, until changes in the opinions of trustees, and perhaps in the residence of the congregation, led to the violation both of the trust deed and of the law of the land, by their discontinuance.

But is there no way, I asked, of enforcing the obligations thus attaching to a clergyman?

No doubt, he replied, such obligations may be enforced. Duties which are paid for ought to be performed; and I never quite understood the peculiar ethics by which the Nonconformist party in the Church, who substitute the *Record* newspaper for the Book of Common Prayer as their guide of faith and practice, can reconcile, whether as Christians or as gentlemen, their manifold omissions and commissions with the solemn promises they entered into on ordination. However, you Tractarians—(for I regret to say that my friend, though a good Churchman, has a bad habit of calling persons who differ from him, especially upon the pew system, of which he is a warm admirer, by this and similar epithets)—you have, he said, this hold upon the "party" referred to. If, perchance, Mr. Westerton should find here an humble follower, the Prerogative Court of York--your Bishop has, I believe, no court of his own—may easily, and at no great cost, be made too warm to hold those clergymen who, as Article xxxiv says, "openly break the traditions and ceremonies of the Church." Howbeit, peace is a great blessing, and to be purchased, if need be, by some forbearance. But to return to St. Ann's. The Church was partitioned into pews, which were all appropriated to the families who built the Church. The names of many of these may be still read upon the brass plates affixed to the doors. There are now, he told me, about 150 free seats, partly benches in the centre aisle, and partly ranged along the wall at the back of the gallery. These must often be occupied by the Sunday scholars; and many, perhaps most of the pews are rented by persons living out of the district, which, by the way, contains between four and five thousand inhabitants.

I can well understand, I observed, how such a system as this drives, and has driven thousands from the Church into dissent or infidelity, as well as that some clergymen who have such churches should pertinaciously uphold it, and treat not very charitably those who propose, however slightly, to interfere with it.

The trust deed of St. Ann's provided that each pew owner should pay a rent of 2s. 6d. a year. This very moderate amount was, however, open to be revised by a commission from the bishop every seven years, if thought fit. The present Chancellor Law, son of the then Bishop of Chester, was presented to the church, and then, first, a commission was issued, and the tariff raised. By successive augmentations, the present rate of £1 1s., a sitting was arrived at. The repairs of the church were not provided for by a rate upon the congregation, as usual at present, but charged upon the minister's stipend. If, however, the clergyman was "popular," these repairs cost him nothing, as he readily obtained subscriptions from his congregation. On one occasion of "beautifying" and repairing the church, an expense of £800 was incurred, £400 of which was defrayed by selling the thick sheet-lead which covered the roof, and substituting common slates.

Was this legal? I inquired.

I dare say, he replied, the roof wanted repairing; and the incumbent and churchwardens would hardly proceed to remove so valuable a property, "fixed to the freehold," without proper legal authority. I have since understood that Byrom's Life, lately published by the Cheetham Society, contains some curious notices of St. Ann's Church.

Similarly edifying particulars my friend gave me, upon the subject of St. John's Church, in which there are only 150 free seats, chiefly, he believed, provided by the present rector,—the "district," for whose people's benefit this church is by a fiction of law supposed to exist, containing 16,000 inhabitants. St. Mary's, he said, has no free seats at all, and the population of the district exceeds 6,000. Trinity Church, in Salford, has no free seats, and the population, having a nominal right to attend its services, are over 15,000! So that, exclusive of the Cathedral, whose space is really not too large for the 20,000 to 30,000 people inhabiting the districts still legally assigned to it, the whole of the central population of Manchester are virtually unprovided with churches to go to, even if there were clergymen to visit and invite them all to attend public worship. What makes the melancholy absurdity of this system more conspicuous is, that by the migration of most of the affluent residents to the suburbs of Manchester, the pews in the central churches are left wholly or partially unoccupied, the owners, like true "dogs in the manger," retaining their right to exclude "the people" from them. The latter, of course, imitate the silly and unchristian dislike of their betters in rank, to go to church "unless they can have a pew of their own," and will not expose themselves to the chance of being put in, or out, by a beadle—but either join the Methodists or Dissenters, or most usually go nowhere; abuse the "bloated Establishment," break the "Sabbath," and continually recruit the dangerous classes. And yet we find, I somewhat indignantly continued, clergymen, ministers of a religion of self-sacrifice and humility, of a Gospel which was specially "preached to the poor,"—preachers who will speak by the hour of the duty of setting our affections on things above, renouncing the world and all the things thereof,—not only maintaining rigidly their own right to pew rents (for doing which, paid as they are, one cannot condemn them), but even going out of their way to flatter the pride and exclusiveness of their congregations by holding up comfortable private pews for those who can pay, as an eternal dispensation of Providence; and exerting their powerful influence to resist the erection of "open churches" in districts where they are clearly the things most wanted.

Can any one doubt, Mr. Editor, the duty of all connected with the privately appropriated town churches above mentioned, to make "a clean sweep" of the pews, and gather into those churches the people from "highways and hedges"—streets, courts, and alleys—people dirty and clean, to worship God as their forefathers worshipped Him, upon the free and open floor of their parish churches? I have not the smallest doubt, that by substituting for the pew rents, "few and far between," now received by the clergy of some of our churches, a weekly offertory (which, by the way, our church enjoins) from the whole congregation, the clergy themselves would gain rather than lose. I am ready, at least, to join any half-dozen others in a reasonable guarantee to this effect.

This, and a good deal more, I urged to my friend Smith, who was growing warm, when the usual peremptory call for "tickets" stopped our argument, and left me to postpone our further talk about churches till next month.

A CROTCHETTY MAN.

LADY DAY.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

(From Bishop Bull.)

WE think and speak most respectfully of her, and do not ordinarily mention her name without a preface or epithet of honour, as the holy blessed Virgin, and the like. We do, by the appointment of our Church, sing or rehearse in our daily service her excellent Magnificat; and thereby we testify our assent to, and complacence in, those singular favours, that God is therein said to have bestowed on her; and, together with her, we finally return the praise and glory of all to God alone. We celebrate two annual festivals on her memorial, the Feasts of her Annunciation and Purification. And if we could think of any other honour that we could do her, without dishonouring God the Father and His Eternal Son, we would most willingly yield it to her. Wherefore the Papists are themselves egregious calumniators when they charge us Protestants, that we are reproachers of the Blessed Virgin! We defy their charges; we honour the Blessed Virgin as a most singular elect vessel of God; as one in the highest degree of all mere mortals honoured by God—but therefore we will not yield her any of that honour that is peculiar to God; for God Himself has told us, that He will not give His glory to another. Isaiah xlii. 8. She saith, indeed, that all generations should call her blessed; but not that any generation should call upon her to bless them. This had been a most arrogant sacrilegious speech, altogether unbeseeming the most humble, as well as holy Virgin.

We have carefully read the holy scriptures of the New Testament; and cannot find any one iota in them that makes in the least for the Invocation and Adoration of the Virgin Mary. Nay, we find the stream of Holy Writ carrying and directing all our prayers and supplications to God alone, through Jesus Christ, the only Mediator. And, for the Blessed Virgin, we cannot be so stupid as not to remark and observe the great silence concerning her in Sacred History, after the relation of her bringing forth our Saviour and her presentation of him in the Temple, and their exile into Egypt, and return to Nazareth. After this we hear of her but seldom and that only occasionally. Once she is mentioned as present, and receiving a check from our Saviour at the Marriage Feast of Cana in Galilee—John ii. 1. Another time she is mentioned, together with the brethren of our Saviour, as enquiring after him—Matt. xii, 48. She is mentioned again, John xix. 26, 27, as standing by the Cross of her son, beholding His passion, and thereby fulfilling the prophecy of good old Simeon, that a sword should pierce through her own soul—Luke ii, 35. And, lastly, she is mentioned, by St. Luke, as present at that assembly of Christians, wherein Matthias was elected to the Apostleship in the room of Judas—Acts ii. 14. In all which places the mention of her is such as may seem purposely designed to have prevented that superstitious and idolatrous worship of her which was afterwards set up in the Church of Rome.

THE MONTH.

SHOULD peace be concluded, we may depend upon it that the enemies of the Church will not be idle. Attempts will no doubt be made to alienate Church property, and to remove more of those safeguards with which the piety and wisdom of our forefathers have fenced in our ancient institutions. We especially warn our readers to watch the proceedings of Mr. Heywood and his friends; already they have gained admission into the University of Oxford for Dissenters, and now he is seeking to take away religious tests altogether. We may be sure that his party will not rest where they are. They will next attack our Grammar Schools and other Church institutions. They know very well that our universities, schools, and parish churches stand on precisely the same footing as founded, endowed, and supported by the private liberality of Churchmen and Churchmen only. They will never be satisfied till they have carried out the unholy scheme suggested by the late Dr. Arnold, of having the parish pulpit occupied on one part of the day by the parish priest, and at other times by dissenting teachers.

Whilst enemies are busy with the outworks, traitors are spreading dissension within. We allude to the cases of Ditcher *v.* Dennison, and Westerton *v.* Liddell. We hope at some future time to enter more fully into these unhappy strifes. Churchmen will learn from them what we have all along seen, that the warfare is not really against externals, such as credences, lights, and stone altars, but against the *doctrines* symbolised thereby. It is the old puritan spirit over again. However, to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

We can never comprehend what fears many Churchmen entertain with respect to Convocation. We can understand why the Church's professed enemies dread her meeting in the name of the Holy Trinity, and in dependence on Christ's presence through His Spirit; but why should those who profess to be the most numerous and influential section in the Church dread this; they of all ought to have nothing to fear.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the prosecution of Mr. Lush for re-marrying a couple previously united in a dissenting meeting-house. A correspondent reminds us that the civil contract is really performed by the Registrar; and that the presence of a preacher or teacher is not even necessary to the legality of the marriage. If this be so, we should really like to know what law there is to hinder the parties from subsequently seeking the blessing of the Church on their union, should their conscience require it. It does not in the least affect the case, whether their convictions arise from themselves, or whether, as in this instance, they have been moved to value their privileges by their parish priest. Why, again, should it be lawful for a Roman Catholic priest to re-marry Churchpeople, and for a clergyman to re-marry Roman Catholics as is constantly done, when one of the parties are of one faith and the other of another, and unlawful to do this with respect to dissenters' marriages? We cannot conceive how any dissenter, demanding the utmost latitude for his own religious convictions, can justify the calling in the arm of the law, to punish, with imprisonment, as a felon, a Christian minister, for simply complying with the dictates of his own conscience, and with the conscientious wishes of the parties concerned.

We are glad to find that Mr. Mackinnon has obtained the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons for establishing courts of arbitration between masters and men. We sincerely hope that this measure will put an end both to strikes and lockouts, with all their mischievous consequences to both parties.

The Marquis of Blandford has obtained leave to bring in a bill for the subdivision of large parishes. Whatever doubts we may have of the noble marquis's abilities and wisdom as a Church legislator, we can only attribute the opposition of Messrs. Hadfield and Pellatt to a measure with which they, as dissenters, cannot possibly have any concern, to a fixed determination on their part to oppose every thing which tends to the greater efficiency of the Church. Surely, those who on all occasions prefer associating with dissenters for what they call evangelical objects, to co-operating with their brother Churchmen, will learn from such facts as these the extreme inconsistency of such a course.

Sir Joshua Walmsley's motion for opening places of amusement on the Sunday, has been negatived by the crushing majority of 367 to 48. Knowing how much our public men are influenced by their constituencies,

we take this as a convincing proof that the Christian festival of the Lord's Day has still a deep hold on the national heart. No Sabbatarians ourselves, we nevertheless believe that the observance of a weekly day of rest is bound up with the religious instincts of the English people, and that it is a physical necessity; in its own way it is also a proof that the Church, by whose authority, of course, the day itself has been changed, is still obeyed in the matter of days and seasons. If any thing were needed to confirm us in these convictions, it would be the line of argument taken by Lord Stanley and Mr. Heywood. The latter attempts to meet certain texts which make against him, by denying the inspiration of the Book containing them—the Book of Genesis. So much for the abuse of private judgment.

We have to record the death of Bishop Percy, of Carlisle, and the appointment of the Hon. and Rev. Montague Villiers as his successor. It is at best a very sorry exchange. Bishop Percy was a good Churchman, and possessed of what is so sadly needed now a-days, boldness and fearlessness in standing up for his principles. Churchmen have to thank him for refusing to consecrate a cemetery without a proper wall to fence off the hallowed portion from the unconsecrated ground allotted to dissenters; his last official act was, we believe, to appoint the excellent author of the "Ministry of the Body and the Bishopric of Souls," to the archdeaconry of Westmoreland. Mr. Villiers is known as a good preacher and as a rector of a populous district in London. We regret to say that his church principles are the same as those represented by the *Record* newspaper.

We thankfully record the return to the Church of one Romish pervert, through the instrumentality of the American bishop, Southgate. Three dissenting preachers have also recently forsaken their schism and become members of the English Church; their names are Mr. Davies, of Leamington; Mr. Bliss, B.A. of Chipping Norton; Mr. Bryant, of Oxford. We know of a parish wherein a former dissenting minister of some eminence is now working zealously and devotedly as a district visitor, under the authority of his parish priest and of the bishop of the diocese. "Scores," writes a correspondent, "would become Churchmen if they could see their way to get a living afterwards." We can bear witness to the truth of this. We have it on the testimony of the excellent Principal of St. Bees, that he has had numerous applications from dissenting preachers for admission into that college, but that he has been compelled to refuse many from their want of education. We should be glad to hear further from our correspondent with respect to a Church Defence Association, although we can scarcely see what more we should gain from it than from our Church Unions.

Few things have been more gratifying than the recent ordinations. In spite of the miserable stipends, increasing numbers of qualified young men are devoting themselves to the service of the altar. We are deeply thankful to see that the bishops are, almost without any exception, sending shepherds into the fold at the proper ember seasons. The ordination of the Bishop of Oxford is distinguished from the rest by a higher degree of solemnity and more decent ceremonial.

New churches, restoration of old ones, occur everywhere. Not the least important, for many reasons, is the restoration of the ancient priory church of St. Bees.

On the whole there are many cheering evidences of increased zeal, faithfulness, and devotion to the Church. Only let us pray for greater measures of God's Spirit. Let us up and be doing, and we need not lack heart. *Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos.* If God be for us who shall be against us?

A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred wise men cannot pull out.

Keep not ill company lest you increase the number.

Reviews.

"*Lyra Germanica: Hymns for the Sundays and chief Festivals of the Christian year. Translated from the German, by* CATHARINE WINKWORTH." Longman and Co., pp. 258, Second Edition.

WE have no affection for those "curiosities of literature," not unfrequently met with under the title of "Psalms and Hymns, adapted for the service of the Church of England," collections of sometimes irreverent, often most meagre rhyme, in which grammar, sense, and poetry are alike deficient. We lately visited a fashionable church, whose "selection" presented, on cursorily turning over its leaves, such lines as the following:—

"The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which *that* (?) alone can fill;" &c.

And this:

"Here I raise my Ebenezer
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home."

"Plunged in a gulph of dark despair,
We ruined sinners lay," &c., &c.

"Oh for a glance of heavenly day
To take this stubborn stone away.
The sea can roar, the earth can quake,
The rocks can rend, and mountains shake;
Of feelings all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine."

It will not surprise the reader to be told that a volume, containing 350 pages of matter, like this "is sold to clergymen at five pounds per hundred by the printer at Birmingham." *(Preface)* He will readily believe that clergymen who adopt and use such a volume in their churches will be not unlikely to give out on Easter Day a hymn for Advent,—usually select a Christmas Hymn for the middle of Lent, being apparently guided in their choice of a hymn rather by the number of verses, or its suitableness to the sermon, than by any reference to the important event which the church bids them celebrate. Entering, as we feel bound to do, our solemn protest against the hymn-book system, both as being troublesome and expensive to the many poor, who have to purchase and carry to and fro needless books, and as affording a dangerous occasion of substituting inferior human compositions for the divine music of the Bible and the Church,—we hail the noble volume of German hymns translated by Miss Catharine Winkworth, as presenting the greatest possible contrast to the "Hymn-book," so called. It needs, however, no such foil as the effusions we have quoted, to command for the *Lyra Germanica* the admiration of every sound Churchman and true poet. The solid merit of these compositions of Luther, Novalis, Richter, Angelus, Paul Gerhardt, and Heermans, and others of the old German hymn-writers, judiciously selected as those best known and loved in Germany, cannot well exceed the beauty and accuracy of the versification, the idiomatic purity of the fair translator's English, and the aptitude with which she has associated compositions, many of them not intended originally for special seasons, with the successive Sundays, Fasts, and Festivals of the English church. It would scarcely be in place to speak of the minor but appropriate ornaments of binding and typography. We confess to having taken up this book many times, and read much that it contains with that soothing effect upon the mind, of which those who are familiar with "the Christian year" need not to be told. To all who desire with us to stand upon the ancient ways, it must be a source of satisfaction that so gifted a member of a gifted family, should have consecrated her talents in the ser-

vice of the church. We congratulate the author upon the success, which, from the fact of a second edition of her book having been so soon called for, seems to have attended this her first effort. Our limits will only admit of our extracting a few passages from the Preface, which contains some interesting matter, probably new to most of our readers:

"The hymn, 'In the midst of life,' (page 235) is one of those founded on a more ancient hymn, the 'Media in vita' of Notker, a learned Benedictine of St. Gall, who died in 912. He is said to have composed it while watching some workmen, who were building the Bridge of Martinsbruck, at the peril of their lives. It was soon set to music, and became universally known; indeed, it was used as a battle-song, until the custom was forbidden, on account of its being supposed to exercise magical influences. In a German version it formed part of the service for the burial of the dead, as early as the thirteenth century, and is still preserved in an unmetrical form in the Burial Service of our own Church."

"The carol, 'From Heaven above to earth I come,' (page 12) is called, by Luther himself, 'a Christmas child's song concerning the child Jesus.' He wrote it for his little boy, Hans, when the latter was five years old, and it is still sung from the Kreuzkirche, in Dresden, before daybreak on the morning of Christmas Day. It refers to the custom then and long afterwards prevalent in Germany, of making, at Christmas-time, representations of the manger with the infant Jesus. But the most famous of his hymns is his noble version of the 46th Psalm, 'God is my stronghold firm and sure,' (page 173) which may be called the national hymn of his Protestant countrymen. Luther's hymns are wanting in harmony and correctness of metre to a degree which often makes them jarring to our modern ears, but they are always full of fire and strength, of clear Christian faith, and brave joyful trust in God."

"Paul Eber, an intimate friend of Melancthon, wrote for his children the hymn, 'Lord Jesus Christ, true Man and God,' (page 239) which soon became a favourite hymn for the dying. Hugo Grotius asked that it might be repeated to him in his last moments, and expired ere its conclusion. Another hymn of the same class is, 'O weep not, mourn not, o'er this bier,' (page 249) the 'Jam mœsta quiesce querela' of Prudentius II. translated by Nicholas Hermann, the pious old precentor of Joachimsthal, a hymn long since sung at every funeral."

"The terrible times of the Thirty Years' War were rich in sacred poetry. Rist, a clergyman in North Germany, who suffered much in his youth from mental conflicts, and in after years from plunder, pestilence, and all the horrors of war, used to say, 'the dear cross hath pressed many songs out of me,' and this seems to have been equally true of many of his contemporaries."

"But the Christians of those days had often not only to suffer, but to fight for their faith, and in the hymns of Altenburg and von Löwenstern, we have two that may be called battle-songs of the church. The former published his hymn, 'Fear not, O little flock, the foe,' (page 19) in 1631, with this title:—'A heart-cheering song of comfort on the watchword of the Evangelical Army in the battle of Liepsic, September 6th, 1631, God with us.' It was called Gustavus Adolphus's battle-song, because the pious hero often sang it with his army; and he sang it for the last time immediately before the battle of Lützen. The latter, von Löwenstern, was the son of a saddler, whom the Emperor, Ferdinand III. ennobled for his public services: he was at once a statesman, poet, and musician. His hymn, 'Christ, Thou the champion of the band,' (page 105) was a favourite of Niebuhr."

"Many of the hymns of Paul Gerhardt belong to this period, though he lived until 1676, long after the conclusion of peace. He is without doubt the greatest of the German hymn-writers, possessing loftier poetical genius, and a richer variety of thought and feeling than any other. His beautiful hymn, 'Commit thou all thy ways,' is already well known to us through Wesley's translation, and many others of his are not inferior to it. He was a zealous preacher for several years at the Nicolai-Kirche, in Berlin; whence he retired because he had not sufficient freedom in preaching the truth, and became Archdeacon of Lübben. With him culminated the elder school of German sacred poetry, a school distinguished by its depth and simplicity. Most of its hymns are either written for the high festivals and services of the Church, or are expressive of a simple Christian faith, ready to dare or suffer all things for God's sake. To this school we must refer, from their spirit, two hymns written a little later; the first is, 'Jesus my Redeemer lives,' (page 93) one of the most favourite Easter hymns, written by the pious Electress of Bradenburg, who founded the Orphan House at Oranienburg. The other, 'Leave God to order all thy ways,' (page 152) was written by George Neumarck, secretary of the Archives at Weimar. It spread rapidly among the common people, at first without the author's name. A baker's boy in New Bradenburg used to sing it over his work, and soon the whole town and neighbourhood flocked to him to learn this beautiful new song."

"*Open Churches,*" *A Sermon, preached in the Cathedral and Parish Church of Manchester.* By G. H. Bowers, D.D., Dean of Manchester. London: Longmans. Manchester: Sowler. Price 6d.

It is no inconsiderable praise to say that this sermon is distinguished by that plainness, good sense, soundness, and good feeling, which are the characteristics of the excellent Dean of Manchester. He has ably and plainly set forth the primitive system of churches, wholly open and free from rented and reserved seats, and supported by endowment and the offertory.

The Methodist Tenet of Conversion, as taught by the Rev. R. Aitkin, shown to be antagonistic to the theory of the Church. By a Cornish Curate.

We hope at some future time to make this sound and able pamphlet the foundation of an article on the whole subject. In the mean time we strongly advise our readers to read what the Cornish Curate has written. We believe that he has exposed, successfully, the very serious and dangerous errors with which Mr. Aitken and the Methodists (from whom he has derived his notions) have surrounded the doctrine of the sinner's conversion to God.

Daily Sudies for Lent. By the Rev. Edward Monro. Oxford: J. and J. H. Parker. 1856.

The plan of this work is as follows:—1st. Passage from Scripture. 2nd. Meditation and Prayer. 3rd. Passage from the Lives and Deaths of Eminent Christians. The readings are selected from the early Fathers, Bishops Jeremy Taylor, Wilson, Isaac Williams, &c. It is calculated, we think, to meet the demand for a manual of more general interest than the excellent ones now in use. It will never supersede them, nor is it intended to do so.

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The Church of the People

And the People's Magazine.

No. 2, New Series.] No. xxx. APRIL, 1856. [Price 2d.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

No one, whose memory reaches back for twenty-five years, can doubt the depth and earnestness of that religious movement in the Church of England, in the midst of which we still are, or can question that its effects have been felt far and wide, even amongst those who are most unwilling to recognise its influence.

With many, however, we apprehend, there is mingled with this consciousness not a little of disappointment, when they come to estimate its actual and tangible results, and more particularly when reports reach them of a rising spirit of infidelity, that threatens to destroy even what seemed to be gained.

Our object in this paper is to take a short but impartial survey of the past, and to consider what may be our prospects for the future.

And, first, we have no hesitation in admitting that much evil, which we had hoped to see removed, yet remains only partially or not at all checked. But, at the same time, if we are able satisfactorily to account for this failure, in so far as it exists, to show that the hindrances which have hitherto been experienced are either removed or are in a fair way to be removed, then we shall trust in some measure to re-establish the minds of the doubtful and faint-hearted.

And this we are bold to think that we can do.

The limited success which has hitherto attended upon this attempt at revival and reformation in the Church, has arisen chiefly from the want of confidence which has been felt, by the principal agents in it, in the position of the English Church: Mr. Newman has declared that from the first he considered it an "experiment;" many others simply depended upon him; and others, without any conscious insincerity, were content to shelter themselves under his example, and so soon as they found themselves embarked in a hard struggle against the passions and prejudices of the world, they lacked the courage and patience to persevere.

When men do not feel confidence, it is superfluous to say they can not impart it to others.

The point about which people have always doubted is the Reformation of the sixteenth century, which many have represented as a severing of the Church of England from the stem and root of the vine.

The religious movement began twenty-three years ago, in the simple enunciation of the great catholic verities or truths which have been the heritage of the Church from the first. And very great was the success which it met with. After a while, however, people proceeded to question with themselves whether it could really have been the intention of the Church of England to retain those principles at the time of the Reformation, seeing that they had practically become lost sight of to so great a degree. This led to a variety of controversies, on the apostolic succession of the clergy, on baptismal regeneration, on the power of absolution, and on our Lord's presence in the holy Eucharist. On all of these we unquestionably assert that the catholic view has been established as that of the Church of England. Still there appeared something wanting. First, there was needed a *general* view of what was done by the Church at the time of the Reformation, together with demonstration that what she did was consistent with catholic doctrine and usage. And, secondly, some way of accounting for the obvious and undeniable departure of the English Church from the customs of other branches of the Church Catholic, as well as for the difference apparent between the present state of christendom (admitting the Church of England to belong to the common body), and the appearance which it presented in earlier and better ages.

These are subjects which have recently been undergoing investigation; and the result is so entirely satisfactory, that we are anxious thus early to turn our readers' attention to it.

The inquiry into the history of the method and principles on which the Prayer Book—which is

THE book of the English Church—was constructed, has been prosecuted with the greatest skill and completeness by the Rev. Philip Freeman, from whose very learned book* we shall borrow some most important conclusions.

"Nothing," he observes, "is more remarkable in the original preface to the revised services, already referred to, than the utter unconsciousness which it manifests on the part of the revisers, *of having done anything more than revise*. Certain things taken away—a certain fusing and consolidation of parts or elements heretofore disjointed and broken up—certain provisions for securing that the psalms and lessons shall be *really* and thoroughly used, and not skipped for the most part as in time past—and the turning of the whole into English—this was their entire idea of what they had done. They expected the people and church of the day to accept the services as essentially, and for all practical purposes, the same services revised; and, what is more, as such the church and people manifestly did accept them. So clear were the revisers on this point, that Cranmer (as Jeremy Taylor has recorded), offered to prove that 'the order of the Church of England, set out by authority of Edward the Sixth, was *the same which had been used in the Church for fifteen hundred years past.*'"

This view, too, he supports by shewing that our English services do actually preserve a closer resemblance than any other to those of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, both as regards our order of morning and evening prayer, and our more solemn eucharistic celebrations.

And if any one doubts whether the church in this country was competent to make these alterations for herself, he gives the following very sufficient answer:—

"But it is still more to the purpose of this work to observe, that the facts which have here been pointed out furnish a complete answer to that favourite theme of declamation against the English Church, viz., that in the full and fearless revision she made of her ritual in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, she committed an act unprecedented, singular, and schismatic. I have already had occasion to allude to the condemnation which has been freely and confidently pronounced upon particular features of her revised offices; as, for example, upon the penitential commencement and the thanksgiving close. We have seen how entire a justification those features receive from the primitive condition of our offices, and indeed from the general principles, recognised in the east and west alike, of Christian worship. But, as is well known, this sentence of condemnation is by no means limited to details, but extends to the act of revision itself, in all its parts. Now, it is certain, that neither the Western Church as a whole, nor any particular branch of it, is in a position to judge us in this matter; 'for she herself, that judges, has done the same things.' Of all the points in which Rome and the West have sat in judgment on the English Church, there is not one in which they have not set us the example. To confine ourselves here to the daily offices. Did the English Church, in the sixteenth century, readjust the whole scheme of her services? All the Churches of the West in the fifth and sixth centuries did the same. Did England add new features? Rome and the West imported new offices. Are we accused of fusing together new offices originally distinct, by the omission of some things, and the transposition of others? They dismembered the great morning office of the East, and divided its spoils between their Lauds and Nocturns. Did our division involve the rejection of the then existing scheme of psalms, omitting the fixed and re-arranging the continuous psalmody? The west revolutionized here no less; rejecting, we can hardly doubt, the 119th, and perhaps other anciently fixed Nocturns' psalms, and substituting for the free course of psalms, which followed, a fixed daily portion. Was the number of psalms then used in the English Church greatly reduced? So was it, in all probability, by the Western revision. Is it an unheard-of thing for a Church to be for three centuries without antiphons? The whole west had probably had few or none for four or five. Did we, again, put our lection system on a new footing? Rome and the west devised the system itself. Did we increase the amount of Scripture used? They brought in the reading of Scripture in their daily offices for the first time. Did Ridley and Sanderson compose collects? Leo invented them. Or, lastly, was the sin of the English Church in this, that she acted for herself as a national church, and not in concert with the whole west? Nay, all the Churches of the West acted with the same independence, revising, as we have seen, their own ritual; and that not even simultaneously, but in the course of two centuries. And the real 'composers and compilers' of services, after all, were Leo and Gregory, Isidore and Fructuosus, Cæsarius, and Hilary."

As an indication of the more just appreciation of the *present* state of Christendom, and of the English church in it, we will take leave to quote from a very vigorous and manly article in the last *Ecclesiastic*:—

"We know that the various members of the body of Christ derive their unity not from within themselves, but from Christ; and that Christ our Lord is present to the church by virtue of His own promise, and through the medium of the sacraments. And then we understand how it is the Lord's action in the sacraments binding men to Himself and therein to the fellow-members of His body, and again from time to time cementing and consolidating the union when interrupted, which constitutes the idea of that church unity, which many suppose to be lost, because there is no trace of its lower and subjective expression. That which can separate churches from their head, can separate them from each other: but whatever our sins or misunderstandings may do in breaking off external communion, we have a more close and firm bond, the consciousness of whose existence may often tend to soften down the outward divisions of Christ's members; and perhaps to promote visible unity. And if this be so, it follows that unity is to be sought, not by striving to intertwine divided branches, but by giving to each branch a more healthful connection with the life-giving root,—not by making or strengthening lateral ties, by which the separate parts of the fabric may be bound together, but by removing the barriers which at present obstruct the fulness and freedom of our communion with Christ and His union with us. All, then, who believe in the virtue of the sacraments in the Church of England must also recognise them as the highest and most excellent kind of unity between it and all other ecclesiastical bodies in which these are used. And much as they, and every one of us must desire that the time may again arrive when the tokens of external unity between the different Churches of Christendom shall be restored; yet they will do wisely to look with less anxiety to that external unity and more to that which is its efficient cause: to practically vindicate the true position of the sacraments and especially to render more frequent the celebration of that holy mystery, which both draws down Christ's presence, and draws closer, by consequence, our union with all his living members. Moreover, let the sins of separate churches be what they may,

* "The Principles of Divine Service." (J. H. Parker.)

it must be remembered that our present imperfect unity arises from other causes than those over which the Church *per se* has any power; causes, which, so far as they have originated sinful division, must be looked upon as the instruments of that external power at enmity with Christ, by which the perfection of his gift is frustrated. The Church was most *visibly* one when every Christian body throughout the world owned allegiance to one civil head. Even in the days of persecution, the heavy hand of the civil power compressed all the separate interests of individual churches into one by the fear of it which all had in common: but when the days of persecution came to an end, and the Church became co-extensive with the empire; because it was the recognised religious establishment of that great power, all the ramifications of which had their centre in Rome, therefore the imperial city was, even in its civil phase, a centre of external unity, on account of the common interest in it possessed by all portions of the Church. Out of this arose in no small degree the centralisation of all Christendom around the Bishop of Rome for so long a period; and not simply out of his ecclesiastical pre-eminence. But the further the western world departed from the idea of an universal empire, the more inconsistent became the power of the Pope with the separate independence of nations. Hence, to come to our own country, the struggles always kept up against the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, after long growth reached their full strength at the period of the reformation. All this shows how much the Church has been influenced in the external relations of her several portions to each other by the political circumstances of the countries in which they are located: and the end of our argument is this, that the churches of Western Christendom have broken away from each other, not so much on account of spiritual difference as through the necessities of that political existence which in all her members runs side by side with their ecclesiastical being. Could the political unity of the world be restored, and national independence be reduced to as low a standard as it was in the days of the empire; it is easy to conceive that the most gigantic obstacles to open communion between separate churches would be removed. In the present state of the world, it is probably quite impossible to overcome those political difficulties which—apart from all ecclesiastical or doctrinal—prevent the assembly of a general council. * * * * * *
In short, as it seems to us, separate nationality having been brought about in the order of divine providence, and having necessary influence upon the external communion of separate churches, it indicates a want of practical wisdom to look for the same kind of evident unity among the churches of Christendom at the present day as obtained in the primitive church. The highest and most real bond of unity depends upon the faithfulness of each church in the trust committed to her: and can be influenced by no causes beyond the control of her priests. This is the eternal heritage of the Church, without which she would in fact cease to have any existence. But the lateral unity—if we may use the term—is subjected to such external influences, even in the course of God's good providence, as tend to hide its beauty and weaken its strength; yet we may surely hope, without in any degree interfering with the full reception of God's gift; for it is vouchsafed to us by communion with himself through the sacraments."

The general position of the English Church is then thus described:—

"Without wishing to encourage in any, that foolish error of ignoring our own faults, and of exaggerating those of our neighbours, we do wish to express strongly our opinion, that the Church of England is very far from being in a worse condition than other churches with relation to the promised gifts of God. Mr. Gresley, in his recent sermons, has some excellent sentences on the comparative position of the Churches of England and Rome, and we heartily concur with him in saying, 'I wish I could persuade those among you who have influence and station,—indeed all of you, as opportunity serves, to speak loyally, cheerfully, and confidently of the Church in which God has placed you.' The Church of England does indeed stand in an isolated position,—more so we freely allow, than can be accounted for on the grounds which we have alleged before as contributing in a great degree to the separation of churches. But, looking back on past history, we cannot forget that the Reformation was the result of tyranny and usurpation that had been goading the Church of our country for four centuries; and that, after all, there is no act of our Church committing it to separation from the churches of the continent, but only such as rescued it from the uncanonical tyranny of a foreign see, which enforced absolute jurisdiction where her only right is honourable precedence. Convinced thus that the Church of England never committed herself to any act of schism against her sister churches of the west, we cannot but feel that her isolated position (so far as it is irrespective of external causes beyond her control) is not of her own choosing. And although many things have been done and said by her individual bishops, in the way of Protestantism, which we must heartily thank the Head of the Church were never identified with her by corporate words and acts; yet, as honest sons of the Church of England, we can look back with satisfaction even upon the Reformation which has been made by others (not by herself) the cause of her present position; assured that it ought never to have created a breach of unity between us and the continental churches. And, discharging ourselves from the guilt of schism, we may also be bold enough to deny that the position of the English Church is in any *great* degree—we use the qualifying adjective rather for courtesy's sake than otherwise—inferior to other churches. With a succession essentially unbroken; with the two sacraments perfect in matter and form; with provision for the daily oblation; with matins and evensong that can compare with those of any other branch of the Church Catholic; with—for we are hopeful enough to ignore the Lushington judgment—as much room for beautiful and reverential worship as in the Eastern or Western ritual: with all this, we are certainly unable to see any reason why our Church should be regarded as in any respect *greatly* inferior (to repeat the courtesy) to any of the churches which are yet willing to wear the yoke of Roman obedience. That there are many and great practical abuses and neglects who will deny? But if these were looked for in foreign churches with the same scrutinising penetration that is applied to our own, would they not be found in equal abundance? It is not, however, any part of our object to enter upon arguments of retaliation; and we are content with thus stating the essential equality of our own position with that of other churches of the west; merely suggesting, by way of corollary, that if equal to any church of the continent, then must her position be infinitely superior to that very questionable body, which calls itself the Roman Communion in England."

In these sentiments and convictions we heartily concur, and we are persuaded that if the clergy and faithful laity of the Church of England will only act upon them with energy and perseverance, there will be yet in store for them a glorious *future*.

The Rev. Peter Marshall, curate of St. Philip's, Hulme, has been appointed organising secretary to the National Society for the diocese of Manchester.

THE CHURCH *FOR* THE PEOPLE.

No one who reads the Holy Scriptures with an an honest mind, can doubt that all who enter the house of God are* *equal* there—that all earthly distinctions are *there* done away, and that instead of seeing Lord this, Lady that, Miss so-and-so, and Mrs. something else, we really see in a congregation so many sinful beings met together to confess their sins, receive forgiveness, to pray to and bless their Maker, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, and to be instructed and built up in their Christian course.

God's house is declared to be "a house of prayer for *all* people," and St. James,* in the well-known passage in his epistle, condemns, in the strongest terms, those who draw distinctions between rich and poor in their assemblies. But what has been too often the state of the case in the Church of England? Let us see. First, we will step into this quiet country church. The churchyard is the very picture of peace and rest—there all are level—all bodies there deposited remain equal until the last great day. We come to the porch, and stay to speak to the nice cheerful-looking old woman in the red cloak, who rests her aged limbs after her long walk to church. "A nice day, Mary." "I beg your pardon, sir, but I be rayther hard o' hearing." "I am sorry for that; but you can hear your clergyman, I should think—he has such a good voice?" Spoken rather more loudly, Mary hears this and drops a curtsey, but says, "Well, sir, he do speak pretty loud, but my seat be so far off from he, that I seldom hear quite all he says." We enter the church, and poor old Mary's difficulty of hearing her clergyman is explained somewhat painfully, for near the entrance are a number of benches, which, by the plainness of their make and their want of doors, are evidently meant for the poor; but, had we any doubt, it would *be relieved speedily* by the word "free" painted upon them — to us only insinuating that some person or persons had stolen the rest. Next to these, eastward, are a series of boxes with doors, which, on enquiry, we find to belong to the various farmers, except three or four nearest the chancel screen, which are reserved for "the squire's servants," and have each the said squire's initials in gold on the door. We use our priestly privilege and pass through the chancel screen, only to find that it is no privilege at all, for the whole chancel, except a mere passage way, is occupied by the squire's two large pews, elaborately carpeted, cushioned, and so forth, and one of them also furnished with fire-place, fender, hearth-rug, and all the other snuggeries of a private room. In a church which we once visited, the pew-opener informed us that the upholsterer in the next town had orders to supply a new carpet and refurnish the pew, at the beginning of every year, and that she herself always went into the pew once during each service to—*stir the fire*. Now, would any one imagine that those who had the care of such a church, could believe that *God's word* has said "have *not* the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory, *with respect of persons?*" would not one rather have supposed that the Bible had commanded us to place people in church according to the *dignity* of their persons?

But let us drive into the town. There we see two spires—one, evidently gray with age; the other still glittering in all the glory of new white stone. We are great advocates for honouring old age, so we seek the older church first, and after some difficulty in finding the sexton's house, we are marshalled to the church by a very loquacious specimen of the fair sex, great in the dignity of keys' numerous enough to lead us to imagine that we are about to visit either a prisoner immured for some crime, or the bullion cellars of the Bank of England, rather than "a house of prayer *for all people.*" However, the iron gate of the churchyard, the outer porch gates (!), and the little wicket cut in the fine old doors, having successively yielded to the keys of our attendant, we at last reach the inside of the sacred building. But who shall describe the first effect of that interior. The splendid old arches, cut in two by long galleries carefully lined and cushioned, the altar literally hidden by large stacks of *pues*, extending from the west end to the altar rails, regardless of the division naturally suggested by the chancel arch, and many other enormities which the ease-loving, preacher-hunting, system have rendered far too common to need enumeration. But where are God's poor? We look in vain from the middle aisle for any nook or corner into which they can be thrust, and, except for the kind information of our friend with the keys, we should have come away in ignorance, but, thanks to her, we found under the north gallery a row of benches, extremely like settles in a village beer-house, which we were told were for the poor! Could it be? Was this the house of Him who gave as one of His signs—"To the *poor* the gospel is preached."

We leave the old church, cheering ourselves with the idea that we shall be refreshed at the new one. For, in these days, things *are* better done in the way of church building, and very nice and pleasant it is to see the new spire, and crosses and gables and windows, all looking so well cared for and so carefully designed. At the gate we find a pretty Elizabethan cottage, and a still prettier Elizabeth, who, with a national school curtsey, tells us the church is open, for they have just done saying litany (it is Wednesday). So, following the neatly gravelled path,

* St. James ii., *v.* 1—7.

we go in at the well-moulded deeply-carved western doorway, and certainly a more lovely sight could hardly bless the eyes of a lover of Christian architecture. The long rows of simple oak benches—(no doors here)—the graceful lines of the arcades—the well-designed choir arrangements in the chancel—the well raised, handsomely vested altar—the painted windows—all aid to make us feel that we are *really at last* in a house which the builders had at least *tried* to make worthy of its high and holy purpose—the worship of God. But how shall we express our grievous disappointment to find that even here there was no equal footing for poor and rich. The church was ill-endowed—*the seats were let.* The service was cheerful and well sung, and the clergyman well-liked and respected; and *so* the *best* places in the church were all filled by those who could come in "gay clothing," who were told "sit thou here in a good place;" while to the poor it was said, "stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool." It did seem very strange to us that people who had the zeal and the taste to build so beautiful a church, should have been so ignorant or so negligent of God's word, as to forget that He hath chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love Him.

What is it we want? may be asked.

We want *the Church* FOR *the People*; we want to see every house of God cleansed of those who make merchandise of it and in it, as the Temple was cleared by our Blessed Saviour himself of those who, under the plea of serving the sacrifices with victims, and the worshippers with change, turned that holy place from being (what, we repeat, we want each of our churches to be) a house of prayer for all people.

Nor are we without hope that, one day, this may be. Indeed, we have the pleasure of knowing two churches—(and we hope that there are many others)—one in London, and the other in country, in which all are equal, and in which there is no chance of being politely informed that "this is a private seat," or less politely repulsed, by having a pew door muscularly held against one's entrance.

In St. Mary Magdalen, Munster Square, in London, and in the Church of St. Peter, Sudbury, Suffolk, our ideas and wishes are realised. In the former church, plain open benches are provided throughout, and whoever goes in, is at liberty to place himself or herself wherever he or she may please, and when the church is crowded (which, we are happy to say, it often is), every passage and vacant space is made available, by the use of plain chairs, made somewhat after the fashion of those in the Crystal Palace, but adapted to the purposes of worship by the addition of a small book-ledge at the back, and by the raising of the front rail, so that the feet of the worshipper are not cramped, while in a kneeling position. For these chairs we confess we have a great liking, and the good effect of them is fully seen in the second church we have named, in which they form the chief acommodation. When first we saw this church, we remember thinking that we never saw any place of worship which, as regarded its internal fittings, was less adapted to its purpose, nor one which might, with some trouble and expense, be made more open and devotional in its character. Our first visit was made about three years ago. At that time pews of a most uncomfortable, as well as unsightly, description (answering to what we have already attempted to describe) reached from west to east, and, with the assistance of receptacles for clerk, prayer reader, and preacher—in degrees of high, higher, highest—effectually obscured the altar. The lovely parclose screens which divide the chancel from its aisles, were broken and disfigured; the aisles of the nave were filled with galleries; while across the west end, and entirely shutting out the tower and its somewhat singular arrangement of tower-aisles (if we may so call them), ran the organ gallery. The walls were disfigured by monuments in all manner of odd places. Two, we well remember, flanked the piers of the chancel arch—one recording the fact that the deceased was a "common brewer;" and the other—in Latin, so bad that his prescriptions could hardly have been in worse—ascribed all manner of incompatible virtues to a defunct member of the medical profession. The roof was in an unsafe, as well as a shabby state, and the floor quite as unseemly.

Now we invite any of our readers to visit this church, as they will find it quite worth their while; for, thanks to the exertions of the late and present incumbents, the Rev. John Henly and the Rev. J. H. W. Molyneux, and to the skill and taste of W. Butterfield, Esq. this fine old building has become nearly all that can be wished. Pews, galleries, and the "three degrees of comparison" have all disappeared. The walls are cleared of their excrescences, and the monuments are neatly arranged in the tower, which, with its wings, is thrown into the church. The floor is levelled; the roof substantially repaired, and elegantly beautified, under the direction of one of the wardens, a skilful colourist; and the chancel richly paved, and arranged choir-wise, with massive well-carved stalls and benches, is kept in countenance in the nave, by one of the best modern pulpits of oak which it has ever been our fortune to see. The effect of all this is more striking than pen can tell, and is heightened by an east window of Hardman's best and most successful glass, set off in a wall, and with a base of richest poly-chrome. And if it be at a time of

prayer, the pealing of the organ, from the north chancel aisle, and the hearty, *real* sounding worship which comes upon the ear (well led by surpliced choir), is, to a sensitive person, more than they can hear without a sharp thrill of pious feeling; yet although we are not ashamed to own that such were our own feelings, we must confess that there was yet another and a stronger cause for it. We saw there, rich and poor met together; there, on plain chairs of wood and rush, sat, side by side, the wealthy townsman, to whose munificence much of the beauty of the church was owing, and the pauper woman in her clean, though tattered poverty. There, side by side, the representatives of every class, acknowledging, by this outward arrangement, that they felt "the Lord was maker of them all." It certainly was a sight to be remembered, when, on Sunday evening, we saw this large and beautiful church full, to overflowing, with above two hundred anxious faces collected round the doors, seeking admittance in vain. Such has been, and, we doubt not, such will be, the effect of opening churches. And no kind of seat will, in our opinion, effect this purpose like plain chairs, for *chairs cannot be appropriated* — they are liable to be moved after every service—but if you have benches, ever so free from doors, &c. a book may be left, a cushion may be brought, either of which will give the idea that some particular person is *going to sit there*. With chairs no such thing can happen; and we would say also, that PLAIN chairs are the best, for their very simplicity throws out, in a more striking manner, the richness of the edifice and its ritual appurtenances; and also allows the chairs themselves to be packed away, without fear of injury, when not wanted, and so leave the floor of the church unincumbered, producing an architectural effect approaching to the beauty of a cathedral We do not hesitate to say that no one, who has not seen their effect, can conceive how much this use of chairs adds to the reality and the beauty of our church worship.

But all this has not been brought about without much anxiety, and many things that are disagreeable. Two sets of people were especially exasperated against the work — Dissenters and the respectable tradesmen. Dissenters, because they felt that if the free system were carried out in the church, their "occupation" would be, like Othello's, "*gone*." The others because, to give their own words, "they do not see why those who never *paid* a rate in their lives, should have as good accommodation as themselves, who have been *paying* pounds and pounds for years;" or "they *like to know* where they have to sit;" or "my daughters actually sat, side by side, last Sunday, with a person of known bad character." Most wonderful objections to believers in that Bible, which bids the "strong to bear the infirmities of the weak;" which tells us that we are all "members one of another;" and which records that "He who knew no sin" did not refuse to allow a woman, who was "a sinner" to "wash his feet with tears, and to wipe them with the hair of her head," nor did he complain when she covered "his feet with kisses."

But there are two objections which, at first, sound more plausible. First, that families cannot sit together, which has no truth in it, if people will only *go in proper time to church;* and, second, that chairs are copied from Romish churches, which, certainly, has the advantages of taking the ear of Protestants, and of alarming those who will not consider that *everything* in the Romish church is not bad, because *some things* are. No one, who has compared the two will venture to deny that there is more *outward* devotion, at any rate, in a Romish church, where chairs are used, than in a snugly-pewed, well-cushioned, luxurious Protestant one. Nor will any one deny that, generally, at least, equality in a place of worship is better observed by Romanists than by ourselves.

But if our readers object to learn from Romanists, we would ask them to read a tale of a *Mahometan*. "In a certain mosque knelt a poor worshipper, who, hearing steps close by, raised his eyes, and. to his confusion, saw his monarch, the Sultan, about to kneel by his side. He quickly rose, but was as quickly replaced, by the hand of his sovereign, kindly placed upon his shoulder. 'Kneel quietly, my friend,' said he, 'in this place, I am as thou art—a sinner seeking forgiveness.'"

If any respectable person, who objects to give up his exclusive "*pue*" in church, should read this anecdote of a follower of the false prophet, we would beg of him not to be so self righteous as to refuse to "go and do likewise."

C. M.

[We fear that equality in places of worship is not always better observed by Romanists than by ourselves. We have seen placards put out, advertising some great service, stating that *silver* would be taken at the doors, and fixing prices on the seats, varying from sixpence up to one guinea, according to the facilities for hearing and seeing: this too in a building which claimed to be a cathedral. In one chapel which we ourselves visited, there were gates in the passages dividing the interior into compartments. We were to come up higher on paying our shilling. The poor Irishman, in vile raiment, who paid his penny, had to stand by the door, whilst his still more wretched countryman, who had no penny, was not allowed to enter at all. — Since writing the above we have received two excellent pamphlets, by the Rev. John W. H. Molyneux, B.A. of Sudbury, whose zealous labours in behalf of Christian equality are beyond praise.—"a letter to his parishioners," and a "letter to the Lord Bishop of Ely." Both pamphlets may be procured for a few pence from J. G. Palmer, Lamb's, Conduit-street, London. The letter to the Bishop of Ely exhausts the subject. It makes good use, we are glad to see, of our article on "Manchester Churches," and of several publications in connection with the anti-pew movement in Manchester.—ED.]

NOTES ON TOMBSTONES.

A LITTLE bird, perched on his favourite twig at the very top of the churchyard yew-tree. He was a very serious little bird, if you looked him full in the face; but sometimes you might catch a little, quiet twinkle in his eye, indicating that a joke was not altogether lost upon him, though he was too serious to laugh. Nor did he chatter like many little birds—like city sparrows, for instance;—but one day he favoured us with the following "Notes," which we translate into type, and adopt as our own, to save the trouble of putting too many inverted commas.

In no respect is the contrast between the "men of the olden tyme" and those of the present day shown more clearly than in tombstone inscriptions: while theirs breathe piety in its simplest, most unobtrusive from, ours too often display little but human vanity untempered by religion—affording no clue to the faith and hopes of the departed—nothing to tell the passer-by whether he who rests beneath were Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic.

Among the early Christians, whose memorials we find rudely engraved in the catacombs at Rome, the inscription often consists only of a name and a reference to the hope of resurrection, often accompanied by a cross or other symbol of religion, and sometimes the rude outline of an implement serving to indicate his earthly calling—touching in its simplicity. A few examples will serve:—"Victoria sleeps," is an evident scriptural allusion. "In Christ;" or, "In peace," often occurs. "Lannus, the martyr of Christ, rests here. He suffered under Diocletian, E.P.S." How much is conveyed in these few words. What scenes it recalls in the history of many a pious Christian, lurking in subterraneous caverns and hiding from barbarians who sought his life because he professed the one true faith instead of idolatry; at length, dragged from concealment, or seized while obliged to venture out for food, or perhaps for the succour of some fellow-christian; carried before rulers, and condemned; brought forth amidst the execration of assembled thousands, and thrown to savage beasts, to be torn piecemeal, limb from limb, and devoured. "The Christians to the lions," was a favourite cry among the ancient Romans. Then in darkness and trembling, his few scattered remains would be collected by the faithful, and deposited where he had lived, beneath the surface of the earth, and commemorated by those few simple words. Fear, torture, death,—all were endured, rather than deny the one Catholic Apostolic Faith; while we, nominally possessing the same, shrink from upholding it, if opposed by ridicule. If persecution arose now, should we find such martyrs to withstand it? We fear, not many.

Time rolled on. The faith of Christ became the faith of Europe, where one Lord only was worshipped. Monumental inscriptions were now often lengthened, but not improved, and even occasionally mixed with worldly thoughts, though such were exceptional. The common form, for centuries, ran thus:—

> "Here lye William Peake, who died the 18th day of the Month of February, in the year of our Lord 1449: and Ellen his wife. On whose souls may God have mercy. Amen."

In these few words, all is told that need be told. The name and date are recorded, while the accompanying prayer for mercy tells of his faith and hope.

Time sped on. The middle ages passed by. Faith declined. Then tombstones began, very often, to tell of vanity—of earthly honours—of pride of family—of individual achievements: little more. Here is a sample:—

> "Here lyeth buried the bodies of Edward Nowell the sonne of Henry, the sonne of Charles, the fourth sonne of Roger Nowell, of Little Merley, in the county of Lanc: Esquiere; and Mary, his wife, the daughter of William Isham, of Tehners, in the county of Somersett, Esquiere. They had issue three sonnes and one daughter, viz. Henry Isham, Edward, and Katherine. Henry dyed, the rest survive. This Edward dyed the 18 daye of November, 1616, and Mary dyed 25 of February, 1600."

As though posterity cared one pin who was his grandfather, or great grandfather, or whether he ever had one: as though it were something worthy of remark, in the world's history, that he was the great grandson of "Roger Nowell, of Little Merley, in the county of Lanc: Esquiere," of whom probably neither we nor any of our readers ever heard. So far as his monument indicates, he did not glory in the cross—he had no faith to profess—he may have been a Pagan or infidel, of respectable parentage and education, respectably married, and respectably buried.

> "Here lyeth buried Thomas Noke, who, for his great age and vertuous lief, was reverenced of all men, and comenly called Father Noke—created by Kyng Henry the VIII. He was of stature high and comely, and for his excellencie in artilarie made yoman of the Crowne of England; which had in his lief these wifes," &c. &c.

Father Noke does not seem to be proud of his parentage; perhaps he had no reason to be so; but more probably his thoughts were centred in self. He was proud of his "great age and vertuous lief;" of his "stature high and comely;" of his "excellencie in artilarie;" of his "three wifes."

We do not say that all inscriptions of this period are so bad as these, or that many do not exhibit real Christian feeling—as, for instance, in the not uncommon termination, "To whom God grant a joyful resurrection;" but these that we have given are not unfair specimens of the age.

Bye and bye, religion altogether ceased to be fashionable, and what remained was kept very quiet, and only appeared incidentally, like a clove in an apple pie. We will give no example of the tombstone inscriptions of that period, in order to avoid the vile irreverence, and often profanity, which is their characteristic.

Puns and witticisms abound in the epitaphs of the last century; some were very clever, but more very stupid. One of the earliest and mildest "witty conceits" will suffice. It commemorates a Mrs. Wood, who is supposed to be addressing her husband and relict:—

"Wayle not my Wood thy tree's untymeley fall
They weare but leaves that Autumn's blast could spoyle.
The bark bound up and some fayre fruit with all,
Transported onely shee exchanged her soyle.
She is not dead—shee did but fall to rise,
And leave the Woods to live in Paradise."

Here our little Bird—our "Special Correspondent" we may call him—spied an approaching wedding (it was soon after St. Valentine's Day), which probably did not harmonise with his feelings at the moment—and certainly not with his subject—so he shut up his beak, and flew away.

THE CRIMEA.

The Crimean peninsula may be conveniently described as an irregular square figure, of which the four corners point almost accurately towards the four points of the compass. It may be said to be suspended from the great Russian mainland by the isthmus of Perekop, a narrow isthmus which is attached to it not very far from the middle of its NW. side; and to be let down into the Black Sea in such a position, that, by almost touching the Circassian coast near Anapa, it cuts off from that sea an inland water, which we know by the name of the *Sea of Azoff*. The Sea of Azoff, therefore, is separated from the Black Sea by the NE. side of the Crimea; but chiefly by an excrescence at the E. corner, which is familiar to us as the *Peninsula of Kertch*. The peninsula of Kertch is connected with the Crimea by the isthmus of Arabat, and separated from Anapa, and the coast of Circassia, by the narrow straits of Yenikale. Such is the appearance of the Crimea upon the maps. In area, it is said to be about one-third the size of Ireland; and Kertch about the average size of an English county. Nature will be seen to have divided the Crimea, by a line drawn nearly from W. to E., and at about two thirds of the distance from N. to S., into two perfectly distinct and dissimilar parts; which we propose to describe very shortly in their turn. The northern and larger portion, by the universal consent of all travellers, both Russian and foreign, is a waste, and weary, and barren steppe, "a great and terrible wilderness"—"a barren and dry ground, where no water is." It is a dead plain of about one hundred miles by sixty; almost unbroken by human habitation, and unmarked by any form of life. Across this plain is the great road from Perekop to Sebastopol, or rather to what was once Sebastopol; for that fair city, whose name being interpreted is the "City of the august one," has scarcely now one stone upon another. We can never be told how the armies of the Russians melted away on that terrible steppe, yielding in summer to the drought, and in winter to the frost; goaded on in hot haste to the beleaguered city, and sinking down in their broken ranks to die; for such was the inexorable will of *The Czar*. Yet it might not be that those sullen soldiers, in the iniquitous battle of wrong against right, should stand before the high-browed nations of the West. So they perished on the plateau; and turned their backs in the day of slaughter, and were swept away by the Tchernaya at the bridge of Traktir. The northern steppe of the Crimea is also pestilential, from its adjoining upon the Putrid Sea. It had formerly large and celebrated salt-mines; and is dotted over with tumuli, as indeed is every part of the Crimea, the graves of a long since extinct race. The earliest recorded inhabitants of the Crimea seem to have been of the same race with the most ancient colonists of the British Isles. They were the Cimmerii or Cymry, from whom it is usual to derive such names as "Crim" and "Crimea" in the East, and Cumberland (land of the Cymry) &c. in England. With respect to the origin of the Celtic races, we will only say here, that their language is one of the branches of Sanscrit; and therefore they seem to be derived from the same stock with the nations who succeeded and supplanted them, in England and elsewhere. For Greek, Latin, Teutonic, and Slavonic, are all determined to be dialects of Sanscrit. We will not inquire at what period the Cymry first visited and occupied the Crimea. They have now been long extinct there; and we must seek their remains in those numberless tumuli, with which, as we have said, the plains of the Crimea are so plentifully dotted over. Many of these tumuli seem to be almost identical in character with the graves of the same people in England. The following is a description of some such monuments as they exist in the neighbourhood of Eupatoria. You first come upon a tumulus, such a tumulus as you can find in so many parts of our own country. When you dig down and explore it, you commonly find that it encloses a structure, formed of four roughly-split slabs of limestone, without any kind of polish or ornament. Three of the slabs form sides, towards the N., E., and S.; and the fourth is placed upon them for a covering, without cement. So that the entrance of this little chamber is open towards the W. Sometimes several of these chambers are enclosed in one tumulus; or, in other cases, as in the valley of Baidar, they occur in a group and are not covered with the mound of earth. Any competent antiquary will recognise in this description the main features of a British cromlech, and will be likely to suppose that these are the graves of the Cymry. This same neighbourhood of Eupatoria is very beautiful at certain seasons, notwithstanding what we have said about the barrenness of the steppe. In October, 1855, the vast plain was covered with flowers and aromatic herbs. The purple autumn crocus abounded. Holly-hocks, southernwood, heliotropes, and the blue nemophylas, with many flowers not known in England, were then and there growing wild and luxuriant. There were flights of quail, plover, larks, and other birds; and the wild dogs which followed the army, started hares in all directions. It might be supposed, from the fact of salt-mines existing in this portion of the peninsula, that the great steppe is a "New red sandstone" formation; in geological character corresponding to the plain of Cheshire. But such, we are told, is not the case; and indeed the existence of salt, on the continent, is not a sure indication of the presence of that rock, as it is in England. In other countries of Europe, salt springs and mines of salt occur in much more recent formations; and this seems to be true of the Crimea, where there is no rock so old as "New red sandstone," and where the salt appears to be a *tertiary* deposit.

But we must come now to the Southern Division of the Crimea, which has been described by many writers as "a continual enchantment," one of the very pleasantest places in God's wide creation, "an earthly paradise," &c. It has grand mountains, delicious valleys, and magnificent forests,—and is vastly more beautiful than the Isle of Wight, according to the testimony of many travellers. The mountain chain which is so great and principal a feature in this part of the Crimea, presents on the sea-coast steep cliffs of limestone, based on schists, and much perforated by trap rocks. This chain runs in a direction E.N.E. and W.S.W., its culminating point being Tchatir

Dagh, or the Tent Mountain, the height of which is 5,135 feet. In this range rise the rivers Alma, Belbec, and Tchernaya — small in themselves, and inconsiderable streams; but to every one of which we may now address, that which has been so admirably sung to the Alma—

"What though once unnam'd, unhonour'd, but to wandering Tartars known;
"Now thou are a name for ever, to the world's four corners blown."

It was, we suppose, to the summit of Tchatir Dagh that the ancient khan of Crim Tartary used to send a herald to cry aloud, that since his master the khan had dined, therefore all the kings of the earth might go to dinner. This is in the true manner of ancient eastern despotism. The geological character of this range is *Jurassic*, and it is the most ancient rock which can be observed in the Crimea. It corresponds with the "middle oolite" of the English geologists, but it is of a much harder and more crystalline texture than its equivalents in Northern Europe. At the foot of this chain, towards the north, the cretaceous series, or chalk formation, may be well observed, resting *unconformably* upon the Jurassic or oolite limestone, as if the chalk had been deposited after the upheaval of the oolite. A letter from Kamara, dated May 24, 1855, says—"We have found this morning the first *flints* we had seen; and also a large cast of a *nautilus*."

The Eocene, or "Older Tertiary," is represented by the nummulitic formation, which is much used as a building stone at Simpheropol and Sebastopol; and there are newer "*tertiary*" rocks, more or less fossiliferous, prevailing through the peninsula. Sebastopol itself is upon the "tertiary;" and the sides of the bay exhibit a succession of formations, from the newer tertiaries, through the eocene and chalk, downwards. The bay of Balaklava is excavated in the more ancient Jurassic rock. The slopes of the mountains are covered with magnificent forests of elms, beeches, &c.—or rather they were so at the beginning of the war, for much of this wood has now been cut down. The valley of Baidar is said to be beautiful beyond all description—far finer than the best park scenery in England. The native poets of frozen Russia have extolled this delectable valley into a paradise. In the spring it is said to be vocal with nightingales; and the sides of its hills are covered with flowering plants and shrubs, from base to summit. We have described the plain around Eupatoria as it is in the autumn; let us glance at the south of the Crimea as it is in the spring. "The country for miles is like a continual flower garden. You may ride over acres and acres, with flowers above the saddle, and growing so thickly that your horse can scarcely trample a way through them. Then there are thousands of beautiful butterflies—blue, yellow, and red; a variety of grasshoppers, lizards; and snakes." Such, at certain seasons, are the blandishments of nature on the shores of the ill-omened and inhospitable Euxine; where she rages horribly in the winter with rain, and hail, and hurricane. And such is the strong line of perpetual demarcation which she has drawn between the north and the south of the Crimea; so that we may say in some sort of the Russian armies, on their march across the steppe to the relief of Sebastopol, that "the land was as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness."

The peninsula of Kertch has many claims upon our notice, but we cannot afford to it more than a cursory attention in this paper. It is especially an interesting place to the antiquary, and has a very well-known classical history. We have said that the Kertch peninsula is united to the Crimea by the isthmus of Arabat. Crossing this isthmus north and south is a ruined wall and ditch—a defence, perhaps, of the ancient "Kingdom of the Bosphorus." Kertch is profusely covered with tumuli; the burial places, we suppose, of more than one ancient race. In these tumuli have been found, in extraordinary quantities, vases, coins, golden ornaments of great elegance, and even white marble statues of exquisite art and execution. Some treasures from these tombs are in the British Museum, very many more are at St. Petersburg, and a whole collection was lately destroyed at the sacking of the town of Kertch by the allied armies. (It will be remembered that the English contingent was commanded at that time by Sir George Brown.) We do not know whether the pair of griffins, which used to decorate the Kertch Museum, perished in that contemptible and deplorable havoc.

Near the town of Kertch is a large mound, commonly known as the Tomb of Mithridates the Great, who died B.C. 63. This tomb was discovered, a very few years ago, to be the depository of unusual treasures—a great number of rings, ear-rings, ornaments of men with bows and arrows in embossed works, etc. being found therein. Gold and silver Bactrian coins were also found at Kertch: and, according to Strabo, this town, whose ancient name was Panticapœum, was the capital of the European Bosphorus. In order to throw more light upon this interesting though small peninsular of Kertch, we will add to what we have said the following particulars, which will help to account for the relics that have been exhumed there, and will serve at the same time to illustrate other parts of the Crimea:—

It was about 750 B.C. that the Greeks began to colonise the Crimea. First came the Milesians, and seized the Kertch Peninsula, and built towns there. Thus the Kertch Peninsula became the "kingdom of the Bosphorus," which lasted more than eleven centuries. Out of Kertch the Milesians also built Theodosia, or Kaffa, on the south coast. They were followed by the Heracleans, who built Cherson, Eupatoria, and other towns; and whose possessions became known as the "Republic of Cherson," which continued not less than fifteen centuries.

At length, after many vicissitudes, the Crimea submitted to the Tartars; who, about the year A.D. 1230, overran and conquered Russia, Poland, and Hungary.

Soon after that came the Genoese, and planted commercial colonies in the same places where the Greeks had done so 2,000 years before — viz. at Kaffa, the Theodosia of the Milesians; and at Balaklava, the Palacium of the Heracleans. We are told that there are still to be seen at Balaklava, an old fort of Genoese construction, and a ruinated palace of the Tartar Khans. The Turkish hordes impressed themselves upon the Crimea, when they exterminated the Greek empire, in A.D. 1453. They destroyed the Genoese colonies; and compelled the Khan of Crim Tartary to do homage for his crown to the great "Soldan." After that the Peninsula had rest till the Muscovite invasion, in 1736. In 1783, the last Khan was inveigled into abdication; and in the following year the Crimea was ceded to Russia by the Porte. In what manner that mendacious and barbarous power proceeded to make use of the possession so acquired, we have learnt to the full in the present war; but we trust in Providence that her designs are now utterly and bitterly thwarted and frustrated. Those who are curious and learned in the study of words, will find much *fossil history* in the names of places in the Crimea. They will find many a memento of the ancient colonists, in vestiges of languages now perished or migrated, but once spoken there as the vulgar tongues. Many names will be found to be of obvious derivation, some of which are more recent than they would lead us to expect; and many will give an uncertain sound, or will only be "a word to the wise." Thus, the ancient name of Eupatoria was Khoslof; its present one being of modern date.

We will conclude this paper with a notice of the population of the Crimea, not reckoning females; which shall be nearly correct for the year 1855. It is the most authentic estimate which we could consult on the subject, and was published in the *Moniteur*. There were last year in the Crimea about 156,000 Tartars, who

are Mahommedans: namely, 80,000 peasants, farmers, or shepherds; 16,000 imamns and mollahs, acting as priests or judges; 10,000 mysras, nobles, or feudal lords; and 50,000 bourgeois, and petty tradesmen in the towns. About 24,000 Christians, chiefly European: viz.: 3,000 Russians, traders or officials; 10,000 Greeks, chiefly from Constantinople, and chiefly settled at Balaklava and Eupatoria; 5,000 Armenians; 6,000 Poles, Germans, and French, forming a less permanent part of the population: in all about 180,000 souls. But though we perhaps could not quote any better estimate than this, we remark that it does not mention either Jews or gypsies, whereas both these races are found in the Crimea. The Crimean Jews are principally of the Karaite sect, who reject the Talmud.

We will here conclude that which we have found to say about the Crimea. Very much more might have been said, but we are content at present to confine ourselves within these narrow limits. Let not our readers object that we come too late with our contribution to this subject, as if their interest in that great battle-ground, towards which all eyes have for now two years been so anxiously turned, were already beginning to abate and wear away; for so long as Balaklava, Inkermann, and Sebastopol shall continue to be names upon the page of history, France and England shall turn proudly and mournfully, and show where they shed their best blood for the *Right*, under the pestilent skies of an unknown land. And when they shall send their children in pensive pilgrimage to the field of so much glory and sorrow, how many an Englishman shall be seen to linger, and seek the elegies, on Cathcart's Hill. T. W. N.

THE HIGHLAND PASTOR'S STORY.

Some twenty miles to the north of Glasgow is situated the moorland district of ——. It was a bleak and wintry morning—wind and weather lent their united efforts to add to the gloom of that peculiarly barren, yet wildly grand scenery, which is, perhaps, only to be met with in the Highlands of Scotland. It was the first day of the week. A walk of two miles lay before me across a dreary Scottish moor, at the further end of which stood the little church, in which, for some years, it had been my privilege to minister. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and each gust of wind drove a blinding flaky shower in my face. Dismally that wind sounded as it screamed up from the valley below, swept howling across the moor, and then, whirling away with a fitful, discontented moan among the hills beyond, played wild ghastly games with the dark surging waters of the Loch beneath. Desolate, o o, was the scene, save where, here and there, the white snowy outline was broken by a dim black speck, betokening some hardy peasant wending his way to the House of God. As I had anticipated, a very small congregation awaited me. The chilling influences of the weather seemed to penetrate my very soul, and the faintly murmured responses betokened an unusually apathetic languor among the two or three there assembled. I had chosen for my text the 2nd verse of the 32nd chapter of Isaiah: "And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." I commenced by endeavouring to set forth Christ as the Saviour of mankind—as the sure hiding-place in every time of danger—as the covert and shelter from every tempest, which may toss us on the waves of this troublesome world. But I strove in vain to arouse my hearers; to all outward appearance, they were wrapt in listless indifference. At last I had recourse to a more practical application of my subject. All who have had much experience in teaching, must know what power there is sometimes in a little incident to fix the wandering thoughts, and interest the listless mind. It was remarkably so on the present occasion. My subject and the state of the weather, had brought to my mind an anecdote of days gone by, and I determined to try its effect on my listeners. Immediately there was fixed attention.

The anecdote I related was as follows. I was born in the little village of ——, a remote place in the heart of the Highlands, enclosed on all sides by high and barren mountains. In the same spot dwelt a poor family, with whom I was acquainted, a man and his wife, with an only son, an infant of tender years. The woman was in the habit of crossing the mountain to a market town on the opposite side, to obtain provisions for her family, and it was on a bleak and dreary morning, such as this, that she bent her way along her accustomed track, taking with her her boy, too young to dispense with his mother's care. After advancing some way on her journey, she observed the clouds begin to gather, and everything to wear the aspect of a coming storm. She feared not for herself; her only thought was for her infant boy. She knew that, in the violence of the storm, whose approach she no longer doubted, he would probably perish, and so she had recourse to the only means for his safety. She had arrived at a part of the pass where the rock projected from the mountain side, forming a secure shelter from the elements. She stripped herself of her cloak, and, wrapping it closely around her child, she laid him under the rock till her return. Alas! she came not. The storm came and she perished, but where was her boy? Safe beneath the covert of the rock, and, protected by the warm clothing around him, he was neither exposed to the storm nor chilled by the cold. The father, alarmed at the unusual delay, went in search of the wanderers, and by the aid of his faithful dog, he discovered, amid the drifted snow, the unprotected body of his wife. All signs of animation were then extinct, and he could only take up her lifeless corpse, and bear it to her home. But where, oh where, was his child? He was not long in suspense. The sagacious animal soon bore the anxious parent to the rocky covert, beneath which lay his infant boy, protected by the clothing of his perished mother.

What now, my friends, must be the feelings of that son, if spared to manhood, towards that mother, who lost her own life in protecting his?

I then proceeded to apply this incident to the subject of my sermon. Once more I strove to speak of Christ, as the "hiding place from the wind, and the covert from the tempest;" as the Rock of Ages, against Which, though waves may break and storms may beat, yet It remaineth firm and unchangeable for ever. My attempt to arrest the attention of my hearers succeeded; and I left them more interested, and, I trust, more impressed than when the service commenced.

A few weeks passed away, when, one evening, I was suddenly called to visit a Highlander on his death-bed. I immediately obeyed the summons, and hurried to the little road-side inn, where the sufferer lay. He was a powerfully-made man, in the prime of life, but death was stamped on every line of his weather-beaten features. On approaching his bedside, he told me that he and I were natives of the same village, and, on mentioning his name, my surprise may be better imagined than expressed, when I recognised the subject of the above history. I questioned him concerning his past life. He told me that he had been abroad for thirty-eight years; that he had been very successful in all his undertakings; and had had, in every respect, a prosperous career. But alas! he had never thought of God: he had never recognised Him as the "Giver of all good things," and although he had not led a vicious, he was a stranger to a religious life. At length he ardently longed to revisit his native home, and especially the grave of that mother, whom he had ever held in most affectionate remembrance. He had reached the village where he now lay. It was one Sunday morning. The Church bells proclaimed the hour of service. He had not heard a Gaelic sermon

since he left his native shores; he felt an irresistible desire to do so now. He accordingly entered the Church. The accents of truth, in his native tongue, struck once more upon his ear. Thirty-eight years had passed away since last he caught the sound, and now that he was once again in the House of God, and listening, as he was wont to do in the days of his boyhood, what should he hear but the striking story of his own deliverance? Oh! who can describe how his inmost soul was penetrated! how tears of love and gratitude flowed down his rugged cheeks, as he thought of that devoted mother who had perished in saving him. But, far more than this, the application of the story struck home to his heart — he was not insensible to human affections. Where were his love and gratitude to that Saviour who loved him and gave himself for him? Goodness and mercy had followed him all the days of his life, but what had he rendered unto the Lord for all the benefits He had done unto him? The impression did not pass away. He was led to deep repentance for the sins of his past life, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners. The illness which called me to his beside terminated in death, shortly after the interview I have mentioned. His end was peace, and his hope full of immortality.

MANCHESTER CHURCHES.

Jotting No. II.

"Proh Pew-door."

I began the next conversation with my friend Smyth by observing that it seemed as if good churchmen were tosubmit quietly to the introduction of any novelties, provided only that *they are not authorised* by the Church's order. Witness the recent change in one or two churches from the surplice, which is the appropriate garb of a Church-of-England ministering person—whether priest, deacon, or chorister—to the black gown, the special badge of the Genevan or Calvinistic school. Surely the "popery" is not in the garb, but in attaching undue importance to it. The putting off the surplice to put on the black gown, and then the changing back again to the white one in order to complete the service, is a needless obstruction to the order of divine worship, and gives the clergyman, especially if there be no curate, needless trouble. If, however, it be deemed undesirable that the plan, clearly intended by the church, of going straight from the communion table into the pulpit and beginning the sermon, as Dr. Hook and others do, should be adopted where a different plan has prevailed, surely it is quite as fair not to annoy persons used to the more simple plan, by the innovation of an unmeaning and troublesome change of vestment, and four or five "processions" to and from the vestry for this purpose.—But I want you to tell me something of St. Clement's, which I believe was an instance of the purely mercantile and self-regarding idea of church-building which prevailed in Manchester and, I suppose, elsewhere, till *we* tractarians, as you call us, shamed you out of it. He proceeded:—St. Clement's was built towards the end of last century by the Rev. Mr. Smyth, an Irish clergyman. He let all the pews, preached himself, and of course made a good thing of it. At this time O Connell's bugbear, "the union," as yet was not; and Mr. Smyth, as a priest of the Irish church, was not under the jurisdiction of an English bishop, and did pretty much as he liked. His congregation was a large one, and his people were of course satisfied,—knowing no better,—with their church being called a church, and the church prayers being duly read from the prayer-book, and "real church hymns" being sung by the young ladies who flanked the organist in the gallery and slept behind a red curtain, duly drawn forward, during the sermon.

You speak, I said, as if you were describing things of the past. I dare say everything is as it should be now at St. Clement's—I never was inside its walls. But certainly one sees strange things done in churches still—as strange as if there were no laws of the church, and no episcopal jurisdiction to enforce them. I do not speak particularly of the diocese of Manchester, where a great improvement has taken place of late years, and the present bishop deserves the thanks of churchmen for more than once expressing his desire that the service should be rubrically conducted.

Well, it is said that Mr. Smyth availed himself of his freedom, whilst it lasted, to indulge in some strange proceedings. For instance, after his own service was over, he would walk across Stevenson Square, in his gown, to the Oldham-street Wesleyan Chapel, where John Wesley preached, and read prayers for him. This chapel was then, I have been told, fitted up in a much more church-like style than were most of the churches in the town at that period. For neither Wesley himself nor his disciples had at that time severed their union with the church, as they have done since—unhappily and inconsistently with their first professions—by ordaining ministers and administering "sacraments" as by independent authority.

How fared Mr. Smyth and his so-called church? I asked.

On the Union being accomplished—January 1, 1801—it became necessary for Mr. Smyth to be licensed by the Bishop of Chester, and for his quasi-episcopalian edifice to be either licensed or consecrated. Mr. Smyth either couldn't or wouldn't have his building consecrated. Dr. Law was at that time Bishop of Chester.

Was this, I asked, the father of Lord Ellenborough, who was so much affected by Hone, on his trial for parodying the Athanasian creed, appealing to his lordship on the subject of Bishop Law's notorious anti-trinitarian views? One can't help feeling, by the way, that there is a strong analogy between church parties now and then—between the Arian and rationalistic depreciators *then*, and the Calvinistic and *Record*ite depreciators *now*, of church authority, the sacraments, and the prayer-book.

No, he replied, *that* Bishop Law was the Bishop of Carlisle; ours was the father of a former rector of St. Ann's, and the founder of St. Bee's College. The bishop refused to license either Mr. Smyth or his "church," on its then footing of mere private-profit-proprietorship, and required that it should be vested in trustees, and settled to the use of the Church of England in perpetuity. This was done, and the church was licensed. It has never, I believe, been consecrated to this day.

Who succeeded Mr. Smyth? I asked.

The Rev. Mr. Nunn, who held the incumbency many years. He was a good man, and a good preacher, often eloquent, sometimes coarse. He preached doctrines, said to be nearly antinomian.

Scarcely more so, I said, than we hear, or at least than is implied in what we hear sometimes from pulpits now. I suppose there are in most congregations, vain and dressy young women, fast young men, backbiting mammas, wordly-minded fathers, adulterating shopkeepers, persons also occupy their pews solely for appearance sake, rich men who give and do just *nothing* for their fellow-creatures, merchants, whose sole aim in life is to clear a large income, or retire from business with fortunes. All these possess a full knowledge and belief, and (as far as *they* know) fully accepts the Gospel system, as taught them from childhood. What *must* be the effect upon them of being told, Sunday after Sunday, in every variety of phraseology and illustration, text and comment, that *nothing but faith* is necessary to salvation? Do you know the present incumbent?

Personally, not; he replied. But he is spoken of by those who do as a good preacher, evangelical in the best of the senses ordinarily attached to it, a gentleman and a Christian.

I do not recollect, I said, ever seeing his name upon dissenting platforms, or as anathematising papists, or disparaging his fellow churchmen.

No, he replied, and I am happy to think, that nine-tenths of the clergy of Manchester, however foolish persons may give them, do not themselves *assume* party designations, and do fully merit the character ascribed to the excellent incumbent of St. Clement's.

THE SWEDISH CHURCH AND PEOPLE.

Sweden has many points of interest to us here in England. It is one of those northern lands which helped to give a Scandinavian tinge to English nationality; and, perhaps, its peculiar attributes of enterprise, self-reliance, and enduring hardihood to the English character. Sweden, like England, withstood the schemes of universal dominion entered upon by the first Napoleon. In so doing the Swedes lost their king and royal family; whilst *we* only gained a national debt of some five hundred millions sterling. To come to matters of more immediate interest in the present day, the Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, has charmed many thousands of English ears, with her wonderful power over that most wonderful of instruments, the human voice; whilst her Christian liberality to many of our charitable institutions, must ever surround her name with a halo of grateful recollections. The Swedish novelist, Miss Bremer, has delighted thousands of English readers with her life-like pictures of homely incidents and character. In that great agricultural revival, wherein English landlordism and Scotch political economy seem to have united to sweep away all that is beautiful in our rural scenery, a Swedish vegetable plays, we believe, a not unimportant part; and as not the least of her claims upon our favourable regards, Sweden forms the latest accession to that great continental alliance, which, there is no doubt, had peace not been made, was destined (as Mr. Cobden said) "to crumple up Russia," and to bring us into still closer relations of amity with our northern neighbours.

No countries are richer in stirring legends, in heroic actions, or in tragic deeds, than Denmark and Sweden. The whole history of the Swedes in particular, says a late writer,* whose book we propose to notice, "from the days of Odin to the present time, is but a running romance of 2,000 years. In the annals of what nation are to be found more dark acts of superstition, more wild exploits of heroism, more foul deeds of horrors,—such romantic attachments, such base treachery, such exalted courage, such noble actions, such fiery enthusiasm!"

From Odin's self-sacrifice, and the sacrifice of thousands of human beings in his ancient worship—from the reckless daring of the Norsemen and their sea-kings to the achievements of Gustavus Vasa and Bernadotte, of Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus—from the traditionary heroism of their women to the historical incidents of female devotion to their country and religion—from the bloody rites of paganism to the more modern persecutions by the Catholics of Lutherans, and, to this day, by Lutherans of other protestant sects—from the Swedish king who had a god for his father, to the French adventurer who became their king—in the "sagas" of the past, and in the annals of to-day—the Swedes, and all that concerns them, afford ample subjects for history, poetry, and romance.

It may well be that Mr. Scott, who writes as a matter-of-fact traveller, has not made all the use he might of the exciting topics which lay ready to his hand. His book will scarcely bear comparison with that by Mr. Laing, which introduced to English readers, some years ago, so much that was interesting in the social state and popular institutions of Sweden and Norway. But that he is deficient in the power neither of observing nor of communicating what he observes will appear from the passages which we have selected for extract.

Sweden is governed like our own country, under certain constitutional safeguards of freedom, by king, lords, and commons. More strictly speaking, however, two "orders," namely, the chamber of nobles, and the clerical order stand, instead of our house of lords; the burgesses and peasants together, answer to our lower house. Each of these four bodies assembles separately for deliberation. The agreement of three out of the four is needed to make a law; the agreement of all four, if such law affects the privileges of any one order.

Here, then, the position of the Swedish Church contrasts favorably with that of our own church. It possesses and exercises that right of self-government and self-legislation, of which our own was unjustly deprived, and which, by an unhallowed union between its unfaithful members and its avowed enemies in and out of parliament, is still fatally to her interests perseveringly withheld. Let us see how Sweden fares under a system, against which your Caiaphas and Pontius Pilate in legislation, equally set themselves:—

"The fixed revenues of the Church are derived from property valued at about a million of dollars banco (£83,333); but independent of this, the clergy receive incomes from tithes, official grants, and some casual sources, which produce sufficient funds to give a comfortable and even liberal stipend to each incumbent—not so large, perhaps, as that possessed by the lucky holder of a good living in England, but never so small as the pittance that falls to the lot of so many English clergymen. Sweden is the only Protestant country in the world with an uniform religion; for a schism (to be noticed hereafter), which is springing up can at present be regarded only as an exceptional movement. * * * It is an undoubted fact that the Swedish clergy are highly educated and intelligent, a most respectable and respected body, generally fulfilling with credit the ordinary routine of their duties. Charges of immorality are seldom brought against them, and complaints even of laxity of principle are not frequent; still, as a class, they are not deeply religious, so that while conscientiousness prompts them not to neglect the duties of their calling, they are uninspired with that loftier tone of feeling which would lead them to throw all their thoughts and all their energies into the work of elevating the people to a high standard of morality and religion."

Mr. Scott asserts that as any person is bound by law to "take the sacrament" before marrying, and in order to qualify him for any municipal franchise or employment, that holy ordinance is too much regarded as a mere form. To anti-sacramental Protestants who do regard the Holy Eucharist as little better than a *form*, and not as a channel of grace, this may seem a logical consequence. But can it be so to any who are really taught the Scriptural doctrine of the Real Presence,* as our Church, and as the Lutheran Church plainly hold it? We receive the statement that "the number of crimes committed in Sweden when compared with the amount of population, exceeds that of any other country in Europe," with great doubt, although it may be, that the national vice of dram-drinking, which exceeds even that of our puritan neighbours across the Tweed, and other national peculiarities of the Swedes, increase the temptations to crime. What follows may teach a lesson to those amongst us who disparage every thing primitive in the Church, which has been kept in use by the Church of Rome, and who regard an unclerical garb, and a meagre, unmusical, and unattractive service in our churches, as essential to the purity of the doctrine preached there:—

* The Danes and Swedes. By Charles Henry Scott. Longman & Co. 1856.

*See the Bishop of Manchester's late Charge.

"The ordinary costume of the Swedish pastor consists of a long black coat with straight cut collar, buttoned to the chin, and white cravat with bands; but when performing service he wears rich vestments and ornaments, that would be considered by many in England as far better suited to the Roman Catholic priest than to a minister of the Lutheran form of worship. But if he clothes himself in garments which are derived from a Church long since abandoned by the people, his sympathies with that church extend not beyond his sacerdotal robes, for he not only adheres rigidly to the doctrines of Lutheranism, but wages war to the knife against converts from it to other creeds. The Swedish is essentially a persecuting church, and is supported as such by the civil laws; for although a free exercise of all other religious worships is permitted in the country, every proselyte to them from the national creed is pursued with a relentlessness worthy only of the dark days of the inquisition. Scandinavian protestantism is indeed as intolerant in this respect as Mahomedanism; but what is very singular, the latter religion is not mentioned in the old enactments on the subject, so that a Swede might turn Moslem with impunity, while by adopting the tenets of any class of nonconformists, or going over to the Roman Catholic faith, he is subjected to heavy penalties, by fine, the confiscation of his property, and imprisonment."

It would hence appear, that the test of the most zealous Protestantism with us in England—an unforbearing hostility to Romanism—is not inconsistent with ritual observances, which the blindness of party spirit in this country holds up as Romanising, and the like. In reference to an animated controversy lately afoot, we may quote, as a matter of fact, though without any wish to see the example followed in England, that, "the lower orders flock on the Sunday afternoon to places of amusement in the vicinity of the town (Gottenburg in Sweden). One of these, about two miles distant, called Lorentzburg, is the resort of small shopkeepers and artizans, with other loungers. Here are green bowers and shaded walks, an orchestra, a ball-room, restaurant, and café, with a variety of amusements, of which the merry-go-round appeared decidedly the most attractive. Perhaps the most amusing part of this assemblage was the quaintness of their costumes, which somewhat resembled the long since expired fashions of England."

We deplore the Romish schism and its corrupt additions to Catholic truth as much as the most un-quiet "Evangelical." But we question the fairness of those who, having before their eyes this description of a "Protestant Sabbath," and the notorious fact, that it would equally apply to Sunday observance in Saxony, Prussia, Switzerland, and every other Protestant country in Europe—characterise a Sunday so observed as a "Popish Sabbath."

A striking description of the interior of a Church:—"Of all the sights in Stockholm, that which excites the most profound interest is the interior of the Riddarsholm Church, now only used as a great mausoleum for the Kings of Sweden. The first impression on entering this edifice is extraordinary; it conveys more the idea of a vast arena, wherein are assembled warriors ready for the combat, than the peaceful resting-place of those whom the din and clang of war can no longer rouse to heroism. In front, behind, on either side, we behold mounted knights, each armed *cap-à-pie*, with visor down, and lance in rest, as though waiting but the signal to charge his adversary. Hung to the walls are a goodly array of escutcheons, while here and there are seen numerous flags and weapons tastefully arranged, and giving due martial effect to this feudal-looking spectacle. The vaulted roof, too, of the Middle Age architecture, forms a fitting canopy for the chivalric scene. It is only when the eye falls upon the altar, and the echoed footsteps break the death-like silence, that one awakes to the reality of being in a church—that one feels conscious of moving within the precincts of a huge sepulchre. Then one remarks the rigid stillness of the chevaliers, and finds each suit of armour, that once encased the body of a king, now serving only to cover a figure made of rubbish; that each helmet, now concealing but a block of wood, once held a royal brain, whence emanated thoughts and plans that stirred up passions, to quench the fire of which required the blood of victim thousands. * * * * To the original structure have been added many chapels which now form a series of large recesses, containing memorials that call forth touching souvenirs. The first we enter contains the sarchophagus of the great Gustavus Adolphus, decorated with a hundred banners, and other trophies of his military successes while fighting in the cause of protestantism: flags, drums, and keys of captured towns are conspicuously disposed around the chapel, each of which, if able to speak, could tell an exciting tale; but they are eloquent even in their muteness, and plainly say how much every protestant is indebted to him by whose tomb we stand, for all his glorious efforts to uphold their faith, against the power of those who fought so desperately to maintain the supremacy of the Romish Church. Beneath a glass-case are the clothes worn by Gustavus when killed on the field of Lutzen. We looked with reverence on the blood, now desiccated, that flowed from the mortal wound received at that battle into which he led his gallant Swedes to the cry of "God be with us!" Yes! that heap of dingy garments now before us, drank up the vital stream which poured from as true a heart as ever beat within the breast of man. Sweden grieved, and all in Europe who sighed for freedom grieved, for Gustavus Adolphus."

Such men as these were true Protestants. They contended for the *primitive* faith, once delivered to the saints. Need we add, that they upheld, as English churchmen now do, daily prayer, weekly communions, impressive and musical services, and open churches for all the people, and never conceived the idea of *purchasing* a participation in divine ordinances?

THE MONTH.

"SAVE me from my friends," the church may well exclaim with respect to modern legislators. The following are the provisions of Sir George Grey's amendment on Sir W. Clay's Church-rate Bill, and may be taken as a sample of what churchmen may expect from Lord Palmerston's ministry. On the discontinuance of a rate for five years, or two years after the refusal of the vestry to make one, this ancient impost is to cease in that parish. Very satisfactory, no doubt, to dissenters; very unsatisfactory to churchmen. It simply offers a premium to parochial neglect, and prohibits a parish from coming to a better mind. Again, a dissenter may gain exemption from payment of church-rates by a declaration that he is not a member of the church, and yet, forsooth, he may receive the sacraments of the church and claim any other right or privilege to which professed churchmen are entitled. It is melancholy to see how in all this the spiritual powers of the church are ignored, for, as far this bill is concerned, Mormonites, Infidels, or any body else may claim all the privileges of the faithful. Moreover, like Lord Blandford's measure, it perpetuates the unchristian traffic in pews.

Complaints reach us on every side of the mischievous effects of the marriage act. Registrars' marriages, as they are called, afford facilities for all sorts of illicit and incestuous unions of which the Godless are only too glad to avail themselves. A clergyman writes to the *Times* that five shillings is claimed by law from any person who forbids an intended marriage. What abominable injustice is this! Only think of the outcry that would be made if the Church were to exact five shillings every time that her

banns are forbidden. The calling over the names of the parties before the Board of Guardians was intended as a substitute for the old church banns. How such a system practically works may be learned from the fact that they are frequently read when not more than two or three persons are present. A guardian writes on the same subject:—"At our meetings once a fortnight all notices of marriages are read over. There is no power to stop a marriage. We have had in our union many marriages of minors, and I recollect one where the boy was nineteen and the girl fifteen.

The Sunday question seems destined to add to "our unhappy divisions." The *Record* of course takes the ultra-puritan side; and, moreover, treats in no very charitable way those, who do not think with it. We insert the following extract from a letter, written by the Rev. H. Alford, to our contemporary, both as expressing our own sentiments and as coming from one of the first Greek Testament scholars of the age. After distinctly stating that he should consider the opening of public places of amusement a national calamity; he adds:—"On the *grounds* of the observance of the *Lord's Day*, which I cannot consent to call '*the Sabbath*,' I differ *in toto* from very many of my valued Christian friends. My views respecting it are entirely deduced from the Word of God; and, from its plain declarations, I cannot, as a Christian man, jealous for my Saviour's honour, consent for a moment to swerve, even though the worst worldly consequences to myself might ensue, nor to teach the traditions of men as His commands. The Lord's Day is an ordinance of the Universal Church of Christ, which has gradually grown up from apostolic usage, and is binding on Christian men as a matter of Christian order, and humane provision for rest and for worship; but it has absolutely nothing to do with the Paradisaical Sabbath; and to maintain their indentity is, in my view, not only indicative of ignorance of the constitution of man in Christ, but absolutely *anti-Christian* in tendency. Till the Lord's Day is put on its proper footing, as a purely Christian institution, you never will be able to meet these attempts to secularise it, as they ought to be met. I claim it, for man and for God, as matter of humane and religious necessity, and will not consent to encroach by trade, or by absorbing secular amusement, on the only hours which the world has allowed the Church to do her direct work of testifying to Christ. My grounds, let me remind you, were those of the Reformation; they were those of the early Christian Fathers; and I really do not see how any man, who thoroughly and honestly studies his New Testament, can stand on any other."—We observe, that Mr. Alford has administered to our contemporary a severely and justly merited castigation for its unfounded attacks upon him.

Lord Lyndhurst proposes to introduce a bill into the House of Lords, which will enable the Archbishop of Canterbury to stay proceedings against Archdeacon Denison. We sincerely hope that this measure may become law, both on the Archdeacon's account and because it would secure to the Primate a discretionary power which ought always to have belonged to his high office.

There is a movement on the part of Dissenters in favour of forms of prayer and choral services. We have ourselves seen a work of theirs containing sanctuses, introits, and anthems. We cannot but wish such schemes "God speed." We believe that they evince a dying out of the old puritan spirit, and that the result will be gain to the Church.

The *Watchman* has made its reply, we suppose that we must consider it an official one, to the proposals made at a meeting of churchmen at St. James's Rectory, Piccadilly, for promoting union with the Wesleyans. As we anticipated, the conciliatory spirit of the representatives of the church fails to meet with a like response.

We observe that throughout there is an assumption of the word "church," in violation of the express stipulation of Mr. Wesley himself. Good may, however, be done through individual conversions. We devoutly hope that it may be so.

We are glad to see that Mr. Ewart, whose liberal antecedents scarcely led us to expect so excellent a move in our direction, has given notice of the following motion for the 8th of April, which a letter in the *Manchester Examiner and Times* for to-day leads us to hope may be gaining ground:—"To move an address to her majesty praying that she will be graciously pleased to take into consideration the expediency of sanctioning the opening of the cathedrals and churches of the Church of England for the practice of daily private worship therein, especially with a view to encourage a feeling of devotion among the poorer classes of the community." This announcement has encountered the *Record's* peculiar style of "protestant and religious" animadversion. We should have thought that its favourite plan of churches enclosed by pews, defended by beadles, and during six days out of seven—for 164 out of 168 hours in the week—a violation of both common sense and the law of the land, kept locked against worshippers, had not succeeded so well in our large towns as to justify a very stout defence. When will the conductors and patrons of this melancholy variety of English journalism cease, for their own sakes, to assail, under the name of tractarianism, the undoubted scriptural practices of the apostles and first Christians?

Review.

"*Christ the Healer.*" *A Sermon, preached by the* Lord Bishop of Oxford, *on the opening of the new buildings of the House of Mercy, Clewer.*—London: Masters.

As we hope to devote an entire article to the work of mercy advocated by the bishop, it will be sufficient to state that his sermon is full of deep feeling and true eloquence. It shows what our own experience more and more confirms, that the lost can only be won back and successfully treated by those who undertake such a mission for the love of Christ, without fee or reward—in short by sisters of mercy and not by hireling nurses. We are rejoiced to see that this is the plan of the church penitentiaries to which the Bishops of London and Oxford have given their sanction and support. Not the least interesting portion of this pamphlet is the account appended of the ritual used on the occasion. Churchmen ought to be deeply thankful to the good Bishop of Oxford for what he has done in the matter.

Correspondence.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Lady.—The committee regret, but are not answerable for the irregularity referred to.

W. P. P.—No. II. received with thanks. He shall hear from us privately.

Contra Mundum.—The ballad has merit, but is too long. We think the writer might do better.

***—Back numbers may be obtained on order from Messrs. Kent and Co.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Church of the People.

Sir,—Permit me to point out to your readers the inaccuracy of the statements made about St. Ann's Church, in your last number.

It is stated that "daily prayers were required by the trust deed to be said in the church," and that

"changes in the opinions of the trustees," &c. "led to the violation both of the trust deed and of the law of the land by their discontinuance." My reply is that there are not and never were any trustees or any trust deed. The church was built under a special act of parliament, and the Bishop of Chester is patron.

The next observation I have to remark upon is this: "The church was partitioned into pews, which were all appropriated to the families who built the church. The names of many of these may be still read upon the brass plates affixed to the doors." Now, the act of parliament says that the clergyman "shall be entitled unto the benefit and advantage of all pews and seats;" and the brass plates refer, not to the original proprietors, but renters of the pews.

Another clause speaks of the district attached to the church, and says "which, by the way, contains between four and five thousand souls." I reply that I do not believe that there are more than 1,500 persons resident within the district.

It is added: "The trust deed of St. Ann's provided that each pew owner should pay a rent of 2s. 6d. a year. This very moderate amount was, however, open to be revised by a commission from the bishop every seven years, if thought fit;" and, "by successive augmentations, the present rate of £1. 1s. a sitting was arrived at. The repairs of the church were not provided for by a rate upon the congregation, as usual at present, but charged upon the minister's stipend."

My answer to this is, that there is no trust deed,—that I have no knowledge or document about 2s. 6d. a year,—that the commission is for 21 years, not for seven,—that the present rate is not £1. 1s. a sitting, the majority of the sittings being let for less,—and that the act says that the *wardens* shall repair the church, and empowers them to receive bequests, &c. for that purpose.—Yours, faithfully, JOHN RICHARDSON,

Rector of St. Ann's Church, Manchester.

March 24, 1856.

[We readily insert this letter, though rather lengthy, in correction of *some* of "the statements made about St. Ann's Church," in the article referred to, it being, of course, the writer's desire, as well as our own, that facts only should be given. The main conclusions of the article, indeed, seem untouched, since it matters little that the discontinuance of daily prayers, so long used in St. Ann's Church, contravened no "trust deed," and (though Mr. Richardson is silent upon this point) no "special act of parliament," if clearly at variance with the intentions of the founders of St. Ann's Church, as well as with the directions of the Prayer Book, and, therefore, with the obligation entered into on ordination and imposed by law, to obey those directions. On referring to Mr. Royston's Ecclesiastical Map of Manchester, we find the population of St. Ann's district stated at 2,100—considerably more than Mr. Richardson estimates it to be; and to this number, perhaps, some addition should be made, of the thousands who, by day, people streets filled with offices, shops, and warehouses, and who *might* be induced sometimes to attend week-day services, if provided for them.—*Ed. C. P.*]

NOTE BY THE WRITER.

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." In correcting me, Mr. Richardson has scarcely been at sufficient pains to be correct. He asserts that there never were trustees, or a trust deed. On reference to Dr. Byrom's Life, published by the Chetham Society, vol. 1, 298, where the clause in special act of parliament is cited, I find that there must have been both. The clause is as follows:—"And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid that the said incumbent so to be collated or nominated, and his successors, shall be entitled unto the benefit and advantage of all pews and seats in the said new church, which shall, from time to time, be let and set *by the incumbent* of the said new church for the time being, *with the consent of six or more of the inhabitants* of the said parish, to be, from time to time, commissioned by the said bishop and his successors *by deed or deeds*, for any number of years not exceeding one and twenty years; and the said incumbent and his successors are hereby enabled to sue *for such rents as shall be reserved by such deed or deeds*," &c. &c. It is clear, therefore, from this clause, 1, that a deed (*i.e.* a trust deed) is to be executed; 2, that by such deed commissioners (or trustees) are to be appointed, with whose consent alone pews can be let; and 3, that no pew rents can be *enforced* unless reserved by such trust deed. Some departure from the letter and spirit of this enactment was attempted in Byrom's time; for, in his journal above noticed, under date of 6th May, 1728, after referring to this act of parliament, and drawing from it conclusions which it evidently bears out, he adds these pertinent reflections:—"1, that persons in power do often find a certain bewitching inclination to usurp a greater share of it than belongs to 'em; 2, that in order to do this, they often fright poor words out of their senses, to make 'em say what they would have 'em say; 3, that this may possibly be the case with a Bishop of Chester; 4, that the opinion of lawyers is an opinion for which they are paid; 5, that when men have money given them for their opinions, they often give their opinions for money; 6, that neither bishop nor lawyer can make a deed *appointing commissioners* to be a *deed reserving rents*."—In turning over the pages of Dr. Parkinson's valuable contribution to the Chetham Society's publications, we find notices of "the new church" of Dr. Byrom's attendance, at its week-day services, and his arguments with the minister, Rev. T. Cattell, M.A. (elected Chaplain of the Collegiate Church, October 20, 1731, and Fellow May 29, 1735.) See pages 45-6-7, 79 *et seq.* and 176 *et seq.* The entry of Tuesday, August 31, 1725, is curious:—"Went to the new church; after church, Mr. Cattell played upon the German flute in the church." A different instrument, I believe, is now in use. A C. M.

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RAMBLING NOTES ON THE EARLY DAYS OF ENGLAND.

No. I.

In the following remarks I do not propose to give anything like an historical account of the ages which will come under our notice, for the multitude of books published of late years on the history of our country is so great, and they are so easily available to all classes, that it would but be going over ground which is, or ought to be, tolerably familiar to most persons, for me to recapitulate lists of kings and dynasties, the wars they waged, how long they reigned, and where they died, and so forth. The annals of our own country are a study of great interest; and no one can be excused now, for not being well-informed respecting them. What I rather propose is, to give you some general information on the state of society, and the habits of the people in the long by-gone days of our early forefathers, and, as far as opportunity will allow, to put you in a position for viewing England—apart from wars and politics—as a nation of men and women, who filled up their successive generations ages ago, as we are now filling up our own; to practise your eyes in looking at the early days of our native land, something in the same way as we are able, by the familiar experience of every day, to look upon our own.

Late years have made us familiar with much respecting the days of old, which was altogether unknown to our grandfathers. It was one of the good things which the good Sir Walter Scott did for his country, that he originated that style of historical romance which, if it will not do as a study of history, yet often conveys some very useful knowledge on the manners and customs of former days, and conveys it, too, in a most delightful, sweetmeat sort of fashion. And, whether he followed the public taste or led it, I can hardly take upon myself to say; but since Sir W. Scott wrote so largely of the olden time, there has been a very great inclination, on all sides, to revive, as well as to study, some of the more characteristic features of ancient England. The Houses of Parliament, or Westminster Palace—in point of size, at least, the national building of the age—give a very conspicuous token in London of this revival; and every town or village church that is built, as well as many a public and domestic building of a secular kind, gives evidence of the same taste, and while it does so, makes the eye, in some degree, familiar with the external aspect of our land in ancient days. And whatever may be the value of all this revival in itself, it seems to me that one most precious result has been that it has deepened and widened the current of our nationality, and has made us proud—not alone of the England of Trafalgar and Waterloo, the England of Marlborough and Benbow, or the England of the Georgian and the Elizabethan eras; but also of that dear old country which, as we get a clearer and clearer view of it, through the mists of many ages, we see to be, in deed and in truth, the very England of our pride still; and in the glories of Cressy and Agincourt, in the out-spoken barons of Runnymede, in the home-struggle of Hastings, in the peaceful progress of Alfred's reign,—the England of the English—our own, our native land.

The materials which we possess for thus connecting Old England with the days of recent history and our own experience, are on a much more extensive scale than most people are aware of. First of all are, of course, the written records of history,—not a few. These are contained in a series of old chronicles, which extend from the age before Alfred the Great up to the time of the Reformation. The Venerable Bede (735), who lived about 100 years before Alfred,—a good old clergyman of very early England, and yet I have preached in the very Church within whose walls he ministered, and seen the very chair in which he used to sit at his studies,—this good old priest of Jarrow-on-Tyne is the oldest remaining of our English historians. [I may mention that his works altogether fill twelve volumes, the greater portion being a commentary on the New Testament, which he finished an hour or two before his death.] Then, after Bede and Alfred's

days, we have the Anglo-Saxon chronicle, coming down to the period of the Conquest. And subsequently to the Conquest, there were a great many chroniclers or historians, of whom I need only mention Matthew Paris, the writer of work larger than "Hume's History of England," in the days of Henry III.; and Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh archdeacon, who wrote in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There are differences of opinion about the value of these old collections, just as there are about the historical worth of Herodotus, the early heathen chronicler of the wide world of 2,000 years ago. But we are gradually making discoveries which are enabling us to separate the good grain of these writers from the chaff (of which, by-the-bye, there is a very fair proportion), and to understand that they are much too valuable to be cast aside, even as historians. Such writers are generally to be depended on for the true narration of anything that occurred in their own time, or near it; but, as might be expected, they were often credulous about previous ages,—very anxious to fill up their books with something romantic and striking; and are, in such cases, to be regarded rather as amusing writers than authoritative historians. I should not much wonder if they say the same thing of Mr. Macaulay, in the year 2856.

Well, then, besides these direct records that were *intended* to convey historical information to posterity, there are other sources of information open to us, in many documents written for temporary purposes, but which, by being preserved until our day, have become worth their weight in gold. Nothing of this temporary kind of record is more valuable to us than the account books in which the good housekeepers of those days used to set down their expenditure on butter and cheese, joints of mutton, coats, gowns, and shoes. Those who are not free from the cares of such domestic matters will, no doubt, understand how such books give us great help in arriving at a clear notion of our forefathers' daily life; and especially when they contain, as most of them do, a running journal of family events, inserted, not for the information of posterity, but merely to refresh the memory of the writer. Of such household books there have been many discoveries, in old chests and cupboards, of late years; and there are very few which do not yield fresh store of knowledge respecting the period in which they were written.

Then, we must not forget that there are large remains of what may be called the pure literature of early England; poetry, legend, and works of fiction. In fact, it is almost incredible to those who are not familiar with large libraries, how many books yet remain which were produced ages and ages before the invention of printing. Of this, however, I shall say more presently. And if I now name, in addition to these literary records, those still more enduring records written in stone, which yet remain, to teach us what our forefathers could build in the old cities of the land, I shall have mentioned the chief materials, though far from the whole—for there are, for instance, myriads of small paintings in books; much picture work, too, in tapestry and wall frescoes—which are left us to connect our own generation with those of 200, 400, 800, and 1,000 years ago.

From such materials we are able to take a good look at those early days when the Britain of the Druids, the Romans, and the Heptarchy became consolidated into the one nation of England, under the later Anglo-Saxons. In the national point of view which I before spoke of, these two centuries preceding the Conquest present a most important and interesting picture. For the more we search into the character of the Anglo-Saxons—the more we see of the identity between them and the great mass of the English people of our own day, and of the long interval between; and the more we must feel that the foundations of our national greatness in subsequent ages, were really laid in that un-Frenchified period of our history, and not in the days of Norman supremacy. Although people are so fond of tracing up their ancestry to some of those freebooters—or "filibustiers," as the Americans call them—who came over with William the Conqueror from France; there is, in reality, very little of the foreign element in the composition of modern England. For a time, the Normans were the governing class. As Mr. Macaulay truly and patriotically writes:—"The Conqueror and his descendants, to the fourth generation, were not Englishmen; most of them were born in France; they spent the greater part of their lives in France; their ordinary speech was French; almost every high office in their gift was filled by a Frenchman;" and so on. But not for long.

The fact is that the Anglo-Saxons were a peaceable people; and a short time before the Conquest had a very peaceable, quiet, and good king, Edward the Confessor. And both the King and the people, wanting to be friends with their neighbours, gave too much encouragement to the French, who were always seeking after new conquests. And the good, easy, peaceable English allowed these Frenchmen to look into all their secrets, to come and settle down in court and city, and lay their plans at leisure, for the long-projected invasion of England, while they talked very loudly and fast, about peace and friendliness, and alliance, and so forth. The end was, as we know, that though the English fought hard for their hearths and homes, from being so long imposed upon they were not sufficiently prepared to make a successful resistance to their

warlike neighbours and there was no English king, or judge, or magistrate; no English bishop; nor hardly an English nobleman, for many a long year to come.

In fact, if you could imagine such a thing as that the Emperor of the French, after some years of anxious longing, active preparation in secret, and specious pretences of friendship in public, should be able to manage things so cleverly as to get himself crowned in Westminster Abbey, by a cousin of Cardinal Wiseman; if you can imagine Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell—the great men in and out of office, if we had any left—either guillotined or transported for life to Cayenne (as they were in France sixty years ago), French secretaries of state, French bishops, and French nobility—with all the time an English population, forcibly kept in subjection by means of a French army; if you can imagine this, you will be able to appreciate better the difference between England, before it was conquered by William I. and afterwards.

But, then, you will be sure to think that if it *were* possible, by an unfortunate combination of strength and cunning, for such an event to be brought about for a time, a state of things like this could not last. The English element would be so strong as certainly to overcome the other in time; and then the French conquerors must either go to the right about, or else make themselves as much like Englishmen as they could, even to the point of giving up frogs, and eating good wholesome beef and plum-pudding.

Now this was just the course which was run by the Norman Conquest. It caused a break in the history of England, and a great wrench, for a time, in the development of English nationality; but it did not destroy the Anglo-Saxons, or permanently change the character of the nation. A little, and only a little, of that French element became wrapped up with the ancient English institutions of the country, and though that little was, indeed, the real source of all attempts at arbitrary government that have ever been made by English kings, yet it was never so powerful as to overcome the original principle of Anglo-Saxon rule—the patriarchal principle of a king governing by the authority of God—indicated not by conquest, but by hereditary descent, and governing not with arbitrary unrestrained power, but with the consent and advice of the people whom he had in charge.

I repeat, then, that England in the nineteenth century is, as it always has been in the ages between, essentially identical with Anglo-Saxon England before the Norman conquest, and that the latter event caused a temporary wrench only, and not a fracture in the continuous progress of our country.

Now, I know some persons may think this no great compliment to the nineteenth century. It was a very common notion till lately—and the idea is not, I think, altogether exploded yet—that our ancestors of a thousand years since were in about the same condition that the Hottentots at the Cape, or the North American Indians are at this day, or, if anything, not quite so civilised. I have heard such strange mistakes made in this way, that it would not much astonish me, even in these days, to meet with persons who suppose that the Anglo-Saxons, when they had the country all to themselves before the Conquest, tattooed their faces, painted their skins in stripes like Harlequin's coat at a pantomime, or walked about on Sundays and week-days, clad in eagle's feathers; that they worshipped stocks and stones, and had never so much as heard the name of Christianity.

I will tell you two things which show that they must have been a highly civilised people, First, they were very fond of fine clothes; and, secondly, they were very fond of *law*. Now, fine clothes are not made up of tattooing and eagle's feathers, and I never knew any but exceedingly civilised people, like ourselves, who got to be fond of law and the lawyers.

Not but what there are other good reasons for concluding that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were civilised, and very much like ourselves. I will mention a few of them in detail.

They were, for instance, as I just now mentioned *before*, a very peaceable people. I do not mean to say that there were never any feuds between the several kingdoms into which the country was for long divided,—or, especially, between north and south country people, who were then, as they are to this day, quite distinct races. What I mean is this, that as the French and the Irish are always essentially fighting people in disposition—the one fighting for what they call glory, and the other for the love of the thing—so the native Englishman was essentially a non-fighting person; and, in the days before the Conquest, was never disposed to draw his sword without grave occasion, or unwilling to sheathe it again when the occasion was past. The consequence of this unwarlike disposition was evident on the face of the country, for before the Normans came to England there were very few castles and fortified towns, but chiefly seaports, a few trading cities, as London—even then a place famous for its commerce—and agricultural villages. England, at this day, presents the same contrast to some continental nations; and, although it may be said that this characteristic is partly owing to our situation as an island, which causes us to depend for safety on our wooden walls, and our ocean girdle; yet it must certainly be accounted also as an evidence of that spirit of the Englishman, which makes him as unready to war with his neighbours,

if he can help, as he is ready to war to the death when the occasion requires. It was also in those early days, as it is now, a token of that confidence in law and order which seeks for security in right rather than might. Other nations—some of them—are in continual dread of internal revolution, and set up fortresses as much against themselves as their enemies,—witness Paris, at this day. So when the Normans gained the upper hand in England, they could only hope to keep their footing by strong stone walls, behind which a comparatively small number may keep a large body at bay. And, accordingly, we find still remaining, numbers of fortresses of surprising strength, which were erected during their rule; such, for instance, as the Tower of London, and what remains of the 1,000 years old Newcastle-upon-the-Tyne. These were unknown in England before their time, and so, except on our coasts, they have been unknown in England for two centuries, or, with a very few other exceptions, for nearer five. London, Manchester, York, Liverpool, and Bristol do not depend for their safe keeping on forts and bastions, but on that essential respectability of the English character which shuns appeal to physical force, even under a sense of wrong; which respects the rights of property; and seeks redress from the laws of the land, rather than from the strong right arm.

But, at the same time, old England was like modern England in another respect; for when they were driven to battle, it was always found that they had neglected to study an art in which, I believe, some foreign armies are regularly drilled. Do what they would, they could never manage to run away. As I have told you before, the body of the people always remained essentially unmixed English, and it was these, who though not trained to war from childhood, but rather to the plough,—it was these who won renown for their country, and permanent freedom in the great battles of early England—Cressy and Agincourt. The famous bowmen of those fields were of the same blood as the men of the Peninsula, and Waterloo, and Balaclava; and though in each case of the early and late wars with France they were fighting on foreign ground, yet, in each, the cause for which they fought was the same,—the freedom of England, and the preservation of their homes from foreign invasion. For 800 years now has that same spirit prevented the approach of any foreign army to the shores of England, though every great continental conqueror has turned a longing eye towards us. We have had foreign kings over us indeed, Dutchmen and Hanoverian, but it was always with the consent of the ruling party of the land; and never were those foreigners allowed to bring any large number of their people with them. We learnt a lesson in the Norman Conquest that was never forgotten. England has been for Englishmen for eight centuries, which can be said of no other European nation; and long may the land continue to be so blest!—the land of greatest freedom from internal discord! the land least sullied by the footsteps of foreigners, when they come as foes!

(To be continued.)

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

THERE are some who do not believe that their bodies will ever rise again after their decease. They indeed believe that they will live for ever either in heaven or hell; but they imagine if they should have any bodies at all, that they will be of a purely spiritual kind, entirely divested of all material substance, and that their employment will be wholly of a spiritual nature.

That this is untrue is evident from the fact that there will be a resurrection. A resurrection of what? Not of our souls or spirits,—for, being immortal, they never die, and therefore cannot rise from the grave,—but of *our bodies*, for, being the only part of us that die, consequently the resurrection of the dead can only refer to the body. It can only mean that the body will at the last day rise from the grave and be re-united to the soul, and this is what is meant by the resurrection of the dead. This I propose to prove from Scripture. St. John tells us in his general epistle, that although it does not appear what we shall be, yet when Christ comes "we shall be like Him" (1 St. John III. 2); and St. Paul that we shall be made "like unto His glorious Body" (Phil. III. 21); therefore, a consideration of the condition of our Lord's Body after His resurrection will elucidate the true nature of that body which we shall have at the last day.

1. The first thing we observe is, that the sepulchre wherein was laid the dead Christ was no longer found to be tenanted by His sacred remains, when the holy women visited the tomb early on the morning of the first day of the week. The napkin and the linen clothes were there, but the body they covered was gone. He was not there, He had risen.

2. St. Mary Magdalene was the first person who saw the risen Lord. He appeared to her as an ordinary man; she addressed Him as the gardener; but the moment she heard the well-known tones of His voice she knew Him, and said, "Raboni." She turned to Him and recognised that beautiful face, once so sad, now illuminated with celestial joy, for He had just triumphed over death and hell.

3. Christ was next seen by the two disciples who were journeying to Emmaus. They knew

Him not at first, because their eyes "were holden that they should not know Him;" but on His breaking bread and blessing it, they recognised the Lord, and He vanished.

4. The same evening He appeared to the Apostles in the upper chamber. The doors were shut for fear of the Jews, but His body passed through, and He stood before them and said "Peace be with you;" and showed them His hands and His side, which bore the marks of His passion, proving the identity of the resurrection body with that He had before He suffered. Eight days after that He again, in a similar manner, appeared, and commanded St. Thomas to examine the print of the nails that had transfixed Him to the cross, and to thrust his hand into His wounded side, in order that the Apostles and all others might attest the truth of the resurrection of our Lord's actual body.

5. Upon another occasion, He, seeing that His Apostles were troubled with unbelief, wished them to examine Him, saying "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I myself. Handle Me, and see; for a spirit hath not *flesh* and *bones* as ye see Me have."—St. Luke, xxiv. 39. Our Lord was not a spirit but a *real man*, with flesh and bones, like unto His brethren, and that flesh which He obtained from His virgin mother, with this only difference that it was glorified! But still further to prove His *corporeal* nature, He said, "Have ye here any meat? And they gave Him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And He took it, and *did eat before them.*" — St. Luke xxiv. 43.

From the foregoing observations it appears:—First, that Christ after His resurrection possessed the same body that He had before His decease. This is proved by the scars on His hands and feet wherein the nails that fixed Him to the cross had been driven; and also by the wound in His side wherein the soldier's spear had entered. And that is further shewn from the circumstance that the Apostles knew Him by sight, and Mary Magdalene recognised His well-known voice.—Secondly, that His Body was a substantial one, and not a spirit, is evidenced by its being composed of "flesh and bones," and that He had the power of eating food. Thirdly, that although our Lord had the same identical body after His resurrection as before, yet it was changed—He had no longer a mortal but an immortal body—He was no longer controlled by the laws of nature—it had the power of passing through substantial obstructions, as closed doors, and it was able at will to make itself invisible.

I will apply this to ourselves. Christ was the First Fruits of them that slept; and, as it was before observed, that we shall be made "like unto His glorious Body," we draw this conclusion, that if His Body rose again from the dead, so will ours—as He was, after the resurrection, composed of bones and flesh, so shall we also be flesh and bones—as he was recognised by those who had known Him before His decease, so shall we know our friends and relations, and they us, after our resurrection. If we shall rise again from the dead with the same bodies we have now, and which will become immortal—as our Lord's Body was changed, so shall we be changed, for "we shall be like Him," "like His glorious Body," and we shall reign with Him for ever.

O what an unspeakable comfort is this great doctrine, the resurrection of the body. What consolation to the bereaved husband to know that one day he will recognise his beloved wife who had gone before him? What joy inexpressible to feel that he who has lost a child or a dear friend, shall one day be reunited to them in the flesh; that they will recognise each other as they did aforetime while tabernacled in a mortal frame! O death, where is now thy sting? O grave, where is now thy victory? Christ our Saviour has conquered thee by His Resurrection, for as He rose from the dead, so also shall we rise from our graves at the sound of the last trump. Let us, therefore, frequently meditate on that comfortable doctrine, having put faith in our adorable Master, who has ascended into heaven to prepare a place for us, that where He is we may be also.

Easter, 1856. C. L.

CHURCH AND STATE.

It happened one day that some private business took me to a small town near the sea coast. Arriving late in the evening I took up my abode at the principal inn. On entering the general sitting-room, I found it occupied by half a dozen commercial travellers, who were enjoying the evening there after having finished their business. We were soon joined by another gentleman, like myself, a stranger, apparently about fifty years of age. He sat down, adjusted his spectacles, and pulled out a book which I soon saw was "The Census of Religious Worship," then lately issued. He continued to examine the contents of the work very carefully for some time, making marks and memoranda in various places with his pencil. On laying down the book and taking off his spectacles, he was addressed by one of the travellers: "That is a very curious book, sir, and brings to light a great deal of unexpected information."

Mr. Wilmot.—(I shall call the gentleman by this name, as I saw it written on the back of the book.) "Yes, it does; but I am inclined to believe that the Church is not so fairly represented as it might be."

2nd Traveller.—"For my part, I think it completely destroys the Established Church. I don't

see what right the Church can have any more to hold itself above the Dissenters. It is shown here that there are as many Dissenters as there are Churchmen; the Church is no longer the religion of the great majority of the people; and so, I think, it ought not to have any superiority or favour shown to it more than to any other."

3rd Traveller.—"Yes, sir; I quite agree with you: that report ought to put an end to all State assistance, and to confirm the voluntary principle."

Mr. Wilmot.—"I hardly understand you, gentlemen. What privileges has the Church now more than any of the sects? What favour does it receive from the State now?"

1st Traveller.—"Why, sir, is it not the State religion? and do not bishops sit in the House of Lords?"

Mr. Wilmot.—"The Church is the State religion simply because the queen and most of her ministers, as well as the greater number of the members of both houses of parliament, are individually members of the Church. But if any one chooses to change his religion and join some of the sects, he may,—with the exception of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Lord Chief-justice at the present time is a Presbyterian; and Lord John Russell, once prime minister, and lately holding office in the government, had his son baptised by Dr. Cumming, a Scotch Presbyterian minister. I think, when we see this, we can hardly call the Church now the "State religion."

1st Traveller.—"But the bishops in the House of Lords?"

Mr. Wilmot.—"That is an old established right, as old as there has been a parliament in England. But you must bear in mind that Dissenters have an advantage over the Church, of which the Church is deprived by the very law you are complaining of as giving it privileges. I mean this: any Dissenting minister, who can get himself elected, may sit in the House of Commons; and we know that many do: there are some in now. But no clergyman can: the law prevents him from sitting, even if elected. Now, as the House of Commons is the most important branch of the government, Dissenting ministers have actually more power in the State than bishops. More, because bishops do not now take part in general political questions, only in such as relate to religion or education."

2nd Traveller.—"What I think the point of the greatest importance to be seen from the census is the triumph of the voluntary system. That seems to me to be the thing which so completely condemns the Church. If the Dissenters on the voluntary principle could raise all that number of chapels, and support that number of ministers, what ought not the Church to have done with its vast endowments and exorbitant wealth?"

Mr. Wilmot.—"What do you mean by exorbitant wealth?"

2nd Traveller.—"I mean the immense incomes that some of the clergy have."

Mr. Wilmot.—"Pray look at this report. Here it is said that the income of the parish clergy is about £3,250,000 a year. This may look a large sum, but it has to be divided amongst 14,000 clergy, besides assistant curates. Now divide £3,250,000 by 14,000, and it gives about £230 a year to each. Not a large sum for a gentleman, I think! I fancy some of you commercial gentlemen would look rather astonished if you were told that a man was possessed of enormous wealth who had £230 a year."

2nd Traveller.—"But the bishops, and the deans and chapters, they have great wealth."

Mr. Wilmot.—"You wish to know what the whole Church property would come to, if equally divided among all the clergy? But it will be only fair, if you include the incomes of bishops and cathedrals, to divide it among all the clergy, curates as well as incumbents."

2nd Traveller.—"Certainly: curates ought to share it equally with others."

Mr. Wilmot.—"Well, then, look here: take page 12 of this report, and you will see that the whole income from Church property, not including Church-rates (of which the clergy get no part), is about four millions. The total number of clergy—including bishops, deans, canons, and curates—is about twenty thousand. Now, divide 4,000,000 by 20,000, and it gives just *two hundred a-year to each clergyman.* This is your exorbitant wealth of the Church!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

MAY-DAY.

"Miri (merry) is th' entré of May;
The fowles (birds) make mirie play;
Maidens singeth, and maketh play;
The time is hot, and long the day.
The jolif nightingale singeth,
In the grene mede (meadow) flowers springeth."

MERLIN, Part II.

So sings a very old English poet—older than Chaucer who follows in the same strain, and concludes thus:—

"Harde is his heart that loveth nought
In May, whan all this mirth is wrought,
Whan he may on these branches here (hear)
The smalle birdes singen clere,
Hir (their) blisfull swete song piteous,
And in this season delitous."

ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

The seasons must be sadly changed now, or else this poetic May was a poetic fiction. We rarely have more than a few days "jolif" and "hot," just as a foretaste of summer; and as to its being "mirie," that, alas! is, we fear, a bygone which we may hope, but scarcely expect, to return. In these days when every man is engaged in one continued struggle to obtain, perhaps, a bare living, perhaps a higher position in life, we have no time for recreation, no time for religion, scarcely time for rest. Life was not intended to be spent in one perpetual grind

from morning to night, and from week's end to week's end, like a blind horse in a mill, except, indeed, that even he when released at the end of his day's work has a little kick up, by way of frolic, on his own account. His example is followed by those few who, being tightly bound by the ties of respectability, which weigh so heavily upon most of us, go about for a little fresh air and recreation sometimes on a fine Sunday; and, though we blame them, we must not be too hard, remembering the little opportunity they have for relaxation on other days.

The cause of this evil is not difficult to trace, nor is the remedy difficult to point out, though not easy, perhaps, to adopt. Formerly there were many days in the year appointed by the church as holydays or festivals, when, besides appropriate religious duties, sports and recreation were encouraged. But as time advanced additional festivals were appointed, till they became so numerous as to interfere with the cultivation of the earth, and other needful occupations, besides leading to serious idleness. So high had this abuse grown that it became necessary to check it by authority, and in the sixteenth century it was reduced to reasonable limits. But as the population increased in density the struggle for a livelihood also increased, until it has arrived at such intensity, that unless labour is altogether abolished on fixed days, a man can scarcely dare to leave his occupation even to attend to the greater festivals of the church. Thus, ninety-nine persons out of a hundred now observe literally but one single festival in the year, viz. Christmas Day, and one fast-day—Good Friday.

To return, however, to the particular subject from whence we started,—

> "A mirie time it is in May,
> When springeth the summer's day,
> And damisels carols leadeth;
> On green wood fowls gredeth (birds sing)."
>
> MERLIN, Part I.

At least we will suppose it a merry time when these lines were written, some few centuries earlier than we can remember. We must confess we should like now to hear the damsels leading carols in the early summer sunshine, and the birds singing in the green wood—a weakness shared by most men who live in cities. Not being able to do so, we must content ourselves with trying to recollect how May-day was kept in the good old time.

Very early in the morning all young people troop into the woods and country to cut branches of thorn bush called "May," now in full bloom, and to gather bunches of wild flowers, with which they presently return laden. Then the great Maypole, wreathed with foliage and surmounted by a huge floral crown, is brought with ceremony and reared in some convenient open space. Then the maidens in their smartest attire, looking as fresh and charming as English maidens must look under such circumstances, join hands with the jovial young bachelors, all in their Sunday best, and dance in a circle round the pole while the musicians play lively measures, and the papas and mamas look on pleasantly, and speculate on the possible matrimonial result of any little flirtation they may happen to observe.

> "A lustie tabrere (taboureer)
> That to the many a horn-pype playd,
> Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
> To see those folks make such jouysaunce,
> Make my heart after the pype to daunce."
>
> SPENSER.—*Shepheard's Calender.*

At length the "light fantastic toe" grows heavy with fatigue, and the fidler's bows need refreshment. Here come the morris-dancers, men and women, gaily attired in fanciful dresses, decked out with ribbons, and dancing to the sound of tabor and pipe. There is "Robin Hood, the forester bold," duly accompanied by the maid Marian, and attended by his faithful squire, Little John; there is the fool, or clown, in motley-coloured coat, with cocks-comb hood and ape's ears, jingling his bells while jesting upon, and being cuffed by all around, successively; and there are the hobby-horses frisking and capering, and "disporting righte merrilie." Nor do the amusements cease with daylight, for bonfires are lighted, and the fun is kept up until the last straggler, tired to an impossible degree, "homeward wends his weary way."

May-day games were not confined to the lower or middle-classes, but were equally enjoyed by all from the greatest to the least. For example, it is recorded of no less a personage than King Henry VIII. that on May-day in the morning, in the seventh year of his reign, he rode a Maying with the Queen Katherine, and many lords and ladies, "from Greenwitch to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, where, as they passed by the way, they espied a companie of tall yeomen cloathed all in greene, with greene whoodes (hoods), and with bowes and arrowes, to the number of 200. One being their chieftane, was called Robin Hoode, who required the king and his companie to stay and see his men shoote, whereunto the king graunting, Robin Hoode whistled, and all the 200 archers shot of at once, . . which greatly delighted the king. Moreover, this Robin Hoode desired the king and queen, with their retinue, to enter the greene-wood, where in harbours made of boughes, and decked with flowers, they were set, and served plentifully with venyson and wine, to their great contentment; and had other pageants and pastimes."—STOWE.

King Charles I. by his royal warrant, dated 18th Oct. 1633, enjoined that "his good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation, . . . nor from having of May games, Whitsun ales, and morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports herewithin used; . . . and that women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church for the decoration of it, according to their old custom.—BRAND. — *Popular Antiquities.*

When the Puritans came into power, it appeared that they had an utter abhorrence of all recreations in general, and of May-poles in particular; and, accordingly, the long parliament issued an order in April 1644, for them all to be removed, under divers pains and penalties.

With the restoration of the monarchy May-poles were restored, but the recollection of their former severe treatment still lingered; as, for instance, appears in a work published in 1691, entitled "The Welsh Levite tossed in a blanket," where the author says—"I remember the times when everything in the world that was displeasing and offensive to the brethren went under the name of horrid, abominable, popish superstition. Organs and *May-poles*, bishop's courts and the bear-garden, surplices and long hair, cathedrals and play-houses, set forms and painted glass, . . plum-porridge and puppet shows, . . and at last Moses and Aaron, and the Decalogue."

A very compendious and comprehensive list of popish superstitions, from which even some modern successors of the Puritans might take a lesson.

Some relics of May-day customs still remain in different parts of the country, where the children from the adjoining villages come into the town dressed in their best, and carrying garlands of wild flowers, with which they parade the town, receiving in return any little gratuity that may be given to them.

In London, the still-surviving chimney-sweep's fête is a revival of the old May-day sports; it is popularly said to have been instituted by a Lady Montagu, early in the eighteenth century (though it may be traced earlier), who, having had her infant child stolen by gipsies, at length discovered him in the boy who came with a select party of sweeps, to sweep her ladyship's chimneys. One of the party who is called "Jack in the Green," is concealed in a leafy cylinder, and turns round and round (or, as a scientific friend expresses it, rotates rapidly on his own axis), while his companions, who are fantastically decked with ribbons, dance round him, to the music of a drum

and pipe. One person usually personates a female, probably derived from the "Maid Marian" of earlier days.

At Magdalen College, Oxford, May-day is still commemorated. There, very early in the morning, may be witnessed a most striking scene of poetic beauty. The Magdalen Bridge and the lovely banks of the river Gay, with spring's fresh verdure and dazzling white May; the almost adjoining noble college tower, through the pierced parapet of which are seen a range of little surpliced choristers, while their voices, chanting carols, softly descending through the fresh morning air, mark an era in one's existence when witnessed for the first time.

Here we must conclude our account of May-day as it used to be, and as it is, with one warning voice.

> "'Tis May! 'tis May! the flowers soon fade,
> And voiceless grows the sylvan shade:
> The insects fall 'mid autumn's gloom,
> And man is hastening to his tomb."

MANCHESTER CHURCHES.—No. III.

"Who say, let us take to *ourselves* the Houses of God in possession."—PSALM LXXXIII.

If you have not lived on a line of railway you don't know what "parties" are. The party spirit of Cantingham Eaves is certainly not that common kind which shows itself between Churchmen and Dissenters, Whig and Tory. As regards religion, indeed, we are all amicably arranged under the teaching of two Evangelical divines, one of whom "preaches the gospel" in an ugly square brick building, styled by the common people "Th' Dippers" (or Baptist meeting house); and by the educated, Bethesda; and the other in an equally ornate edifice, technically connected with the Church, and dedicated to St. Matthew, and therefore usually called St. Matthew's,—or, with a singular reduplication of the *s*, by those who desire to be very correct, St. Matthews's. It has been rather maliciously said by some people in a neighbouring parish, who are rather too fond of discussing *our* affairs, that the only distinction in the "common Protestantism" of the two preachers is, that one only believes that Unitarians will not be saved, and the other hopes they won't. When I tell you that there are in our congregation representatives of every Protestant sect, not excepting, if one may judge by their *mental* characteristics, followers of Johanna Southcote; and that many "go to hear Mr. A. preach" in the morning, and "sit under" Mr. B. in the evening, or, perhaps, once a month (on "Sacrament Sunday"), you will see that we are in our way a perfect "happy family."—The parties into which we are divided, oddly enough, concern the occupation of particular carriages in our daily morning train to Manchester. When you first come upon the platform to take your seat, you might almost fancy yourself at some wayside station upon "the Tadmor and Balbec Direct," so intense is the solitude that prevails. But arrived at your journey's end, you find a vast disgorging, at the Victoria Station, of commission agents and others, who must have started by the same train; and, after further observation, you find that each takes his place in some particular compartment in the carriages which stand ready to be fastened to the engine. And so strong is the attachment felt by some of the *habitués* to their accustomed compartment, that they have memorialised (we express all our wants and complaints to the directors by memorial, and a pretty life we lead them,—especially those of us who, being entitled to travel free, by reason of having built houses near the station, are by the non-privileged, maliciously termed "ticket-of-leave-men") to be allowed to pay *extra* to have the same seats always secured to them; arguing that as the occupation of one private and identical seat during two or three hours on each Sunday is universally allowed to be indispensable to every "respectable" Christian, so the right to sit in the same seat on each of the other six days, for five or six hours in the week, is also worth paying something to secure; and the argument—admitting the premises—is an exceedingly sound one. Not to enlarge upon either phase of this curious idiosyncracy,—it so happened that after the last conversation with my friend Smith, he attached himself to a party who diurnally discuss politics and prices-current in an advanced "body," whilst I was equally faithful to the quiet set who carry plethoric blue bags, pore over musty looking volumes, never open their lips, and occupy what usually goes by the name of the "sulky carriage." I fancied, as I told him, when we at length chanced to meet, that he had just returned from the embassy to the Bey of Tunis, lately undertaken by some of our leading theologians, with the view of promoting the supply of missionary arrowroot to this locality, in exchange for our indigenous "checks" and "tickings."

I assure you, he replied, that I have not left the neighbourhood for a day, and I have been as eager as yourself for a meeting, in order to "pick a crow" with you for your disparagement of pewed churches and their incumbents the last time we met.

Nothing was further from my mind, I assured him, than to speak disrespectfully of either. The pew system I hold to be radically bad, unchristian in theory and answerable in practice for much of the heathenism which has grown up at equal pace with it. But the well-to-do laity are alone responsible for the system. They have usurped almost all the parish churches, and now appropriate—as they allege, for the benefit of the clergy—almost all the new district churches as fast as they are built. The clergy find the system in use, and their (too often miserably small) means raised, mainly, by pew-rents. No one blames them for adhering to the arrangement which they find in force. It may be, that in some town churches, where the pews yield very little, all parties will, ere long, agree to substitute a guaranteed subscription for pew-rents, and so throw the area entirely open. But I am not over-sanguine of this being done, till church-going people think more of Christ and His poor, and less of themselves and their comfort in His public worship. A friend of mine, who has rather pertinaciously pressed upon public attention the manifold unrighteousness of the present system, applied to the lately appointed incumbent of St. Andrew's to relinquish the pew rents, and clear his church of the anomaly of enclosed pews amidst free benches. He offered to obtain such a guarantee, from persons of undoubted means, as would satisfactorily *secure* the whole amount of pew rents then received, which amounted to only £38 per annum. The offer was declined.

Doubtless, he said, out of regard to the interests of his successor. Besides, might not the incumbent fairly require the £38 (at least) to be "capitalised," and the amount invested in the funds, so as to realise annually the same sum?

Why so? I asked. There are two ways, besides an endowment, of supporting the clergyman. That which gets most people into Church, and appeals most strongly to their Christian liberality, must ultimately pay the best. So that a safe *guarantee* is all you want.

Besides, if the worst came to the worst, "the successor" might still have reverted to the pew rents. I know the refusal to make St. Andrew's an "Open Church" excited some surprise, because the incumbent had been one of the very few clergyman who, till lately, advocated "Open Churches, with endowments." St. Andrew's was one of the "Million" churches, as they were called, because built by a government grant of £1,000,000 sterling, expressly to provide for spiritual destitution in populous districts. St. Andrew's district contains 17,000 inhabitants. What, but the pew system, could have

brought the attendance—if we may use appropriate theatrical phraseology—to such "a beggarly account of empty benches?"

The Rev. Canon Richson (he replied) says it was "the ill-repute into which the Church and district had fallen."

Can any Church, I replied, be in worse repute than St. Barnabas, Pimlico? The Church has to withstand, and, therefore, will ever be in bad repute with, "the world, the flesh, and the Devil." Its holy doctrines, its primitive practices, its glorious services are, consequently, sure to be distasteful to the worldly, the selfish, and the irreverent. In spite of this disrepute, St. Barnabas is crowded, and yields £1,000 a year without pew rents, because the whole area is as free and open to every comer as a village green, before it is partitioned out, pew-like, into private enclosures. So would St. Andrew's Church, if it were thrown open to the *people*—rich and poor—of St. Andrew's district.

I must admit, he said, that it presents a good opportunity for the application of your system.

Call it not my system, I interposed. It was the apostles' system. It was the early Church's system. It is the system of every Protestant and Catholic country now, except this most self-righteous and self-deluding community, and its offshoots.

St. Andrew's Church, he continued, may be looked upon as a missionary station. It is the only Church for three or four thousand families. Perhaps not five per cent of these families can afford to pay a fixed pew rent. Why reserve, for the use of this small fraction, the greater part of the Church? Again, the very appearance of private ownership, whilst men feel as they do, would deter many who are disposed to come to Church from doing so. A respectable mechanic, from curiosity or a better motive, walks in ten minutes before service, as he ought to do, and opening the first door that comes, finds no one, enters and takes his seat. He is soon shown out by the apparitor, and put into a free seat. He will most likely never enter the Church again, and will mention what occurred to his friends. So that, although by the exertions of the able and active incumbent, and his most exemplary curates, the pews in St. Andrew's may all be, by degrees, let to well-to-do persons from *surrounding districts*, I agree with you in thinking, that the Church's main object can never, in such a locality, be effected, unless we treat the non-pew-holding portion of society as children in Christ—just as in any public place we, of maturer age, willingly treat our young people by giving *them* the advantage instead of ourselves. Even if the galleries were kept private, and let for stated rents, the whole of the floor might surely be thrown open. My own opinion, however, is, that the gradual introduction of a better system, will be attained by trying to get "Open Churches" built in neighbourhoods where the people want them, and where opportunity offers. In raising funds for this purpose, it is doubtless fair to look for the help of those who find themselves unavoidably linked to a system which shuts out from the church or narrows its access to the people immediately around them.

And if, I said, some few, instead of helping in this good work, seek to retard it by uncharitable representations, what then?

Leave them, he replied, to the reproaches of their own consciences and the silent comment which every reflecting person will make for himself, upon their obvious motives for such conduct. *Apropos* of St. Ann's Church, the way in which, I am told, it came to be finally closed against daily worshippers is rather amusing. A lady, residing near the Church—a Roman Catholic, by the way—being ill, was much fidgetted by the ringing of St. Ann's bell. It seems that the clergyman rigorously complied with this obligation of the rubric, although sometimes if, when the clock struck eleven, there happened to be no one but the clerk inside, the church-doors were closed, and the clergyman went his way. The lady preferred her request to the clergyman to silence his bell. He replied, that he could not so far forget his duty to the Church. Whereupon the fair invalid gently intimated that if the bell were not now silenced, she would, if spared, take care that the clergyman was never without a congregation in time to come. This hint produced the effect intended. The bell stopped, and with it the daily prayers, not, I suppose to be resumed, until the reviving spirit of Churchmanship shall reach even the rector of St. Ann's. In passing, I may just notice the fact (communicated by Mr. C. G. Rhodes, to the London *Guardian*), of the credence in St. Ann's Church having been removed at the time Daily Prayers (which the law of the land, as contained in the prayer book, clearly requires), were given up.

I understand, I said, that there is now a credence at St. John's Church, and that a "nonconforming" churchman tried hard to prevail upon the present excellent rector, whom no one ever called tractarian, and whose moderate and yet consistent churchmanship commands universal respect, to pull it down.

I believe that was so, he replied; and the rector said that as he had found it there, there it should stay; and there it has remained ever since; and I confess, though I don't altogether like your intonations, and M. B. waistcoats, and rubrical "novelties," I cannot see how what a writer of so high authority as Wheatley calls "the profane and shameful breach of the aforesaid rubric" by the "placing the elements upon the Lord's table before the beginning of morning prayer by the hands of a clerk or sexton" can be avoided, unless the bread and wine are placed either on the floor, or on a shelf (and the latter is surely the more "decent" course), until the proper time comes, as directed by the rubric, before the prayer for the church militant, for putting them upon the Lord's table. I have myself seen the clerk walk into the vestry with the elements intended for consecration wrapped in *his own* pocket handkerchief, and then *clap* them down upon the table. I *do* think you have done good in your reforms, though some of you carry things rather far.

Here my friend, who of course is a staunch Political Economist, became involved in a discussion on the Theory of Rent with a gentleman who sat opposite to him.

THOMAS CAPPOCK, REBEL BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

THAT truth is stranger than fiction has often been said, and shown by narratives and experiences of real life, which if invented by a Bulwer or a Dickens would have been pronounced far-fetched and improbable stories. The old lady in Marryat's story, who believed her sailor-son's "yarns" about mountains of sugar and rivers of rum without hesitation, when he told her that he had seen fishes fly, drove him from her, for a mendacious "young rogue." Bruce's account of the Abyssinians, and their cutting slices out of live oxen to eat upon their march was universally disbelieved, and it is said that on one occasion he could only vindicate its truthfulness by compelling a gentleman who doubted it, to devour a pound of uncooked beef-steaks or fight him with pistols on the spot. These remarks are suggested by the perusal of a scarce and curious tract in the collection of a literary friend* who has in the course of a long and useful professional life accumulated one of the largest private libraries in his neighbourhood, and what is still more rare, who possesses a thorough acquaintance not only with all his books, but with an infinite variety of facts illustrative of their subjects and authorship.

* F. R. Atkinson, Esq. of Manchester.

The tract referred to is entitled "An authentic history of the Life and Character of Thomas Cappock the Rebel Bishop of Carlisle," and contains, as the title page quaintly sets forth, his birth and education; "His Trial at large; and his Speech before the Court and Defence he made to prove he was forced into the Rebellion by the Testimony of Miss Humphrey, a very great Favourite of his:" "His Conviction, after a long trial; and the vile expressions he us'd in Court before the Jury, after they had found him guilty," and "his Behaviour whilst under Sentence and at the Place of Execution." This tract contains information respecting the singular character who figures as the hero, probably no where else to be met with; and although, even supposing Cappock to have been like many of his fellow-sufferers a martyr to sincere religious and political convictions adverse to the government which he resisted, it would hardly be correct to place him in our gallery of "northern worthies,"—a brief notice of his adventures may not be without interest, both of a local and general character, to many of our readers.

"Of all the counties of England" says Macaulay* "Lancashire was the most Jacobitical;" and none of the towns of Lancashire had a stronger Jacobite inclination, or retained it longer, than Manchester. In December 1745, Francis Townley, "a gentleman of a good family remarkable for being ready for a rebellion at all times," came to Manchester with a Commission from Prince Charles, the eldest son of the "Pretender," to form a Manchester Regiment in his service. Of this regiment Townley took the command as colonel. He was at Manchester about the 7th of December 1745; a guard was mounted every day, and sentinels placed at his quarters; "he ordered the said Manchester Regiment to be drawn up in the Churchyard in Manchester where the Pretender's son reviewed them, and he marched at the head of the regiment as colonel to Derby."† Their first day's march from Manchester was to Wilmslow; and it is easy to fancy the sensation which such an advent would produce in that most "deadly-lively" of semi-rural communities. Next day they reached Macclesfield, where the witness Samuel Maddox, who had been bound apprentice to an apothecary at Manchester but volunteered to carry the colours as ensign, "signified that he had inclination to leave the regiment and return home to his master at Manchester, but was intimidated from so doing by being threatened and told that if he did, he would have his brains knocked out."

The unfortunate regiment thus officered made its way to Derby, where the "rebel army," about 5,000 strong, halted for a few days, but being apprehensive of the Duke of Cumberland attacking them, they marched back with great precipitation till they came to Carlisle where Townley acted as Commandant of the Garrison, and was obliged by the Duke to surrender, on the 30th of December 1745.

Thomas Cappock, who was an officer, and seems also to have acted as chaplain, of the "Manchester Regiment" throughout its march, was born in Old Millgate in Manchester in July 1719. His father had been "a very eminent Taylor," but "having extravagant children, particularly two daughters, the poor old man was much reduced and compelled for his support to sell a few old clothes, which," proceeds the narrative, "is a very poor business in the Place where he resides."

Thomas was always a very untoward boy and had a brother named John as bad as himself. His education was at the Free Grammar School in Manchester, where his master could not manage him. His father, not having the means of placing him in any business (and his character in Manchester being already bad), wrote to his brother who was then principal of a college at Oxford, to undertake the charge of his hopeful nephew. This he kindly consented to do; received him in the capacity of servitor, and was completely imposed upon by the youth's artful conduct and pretended reformation. Cappock soon began to practice irregular physic, "afforded mirth and pastime to the looser class of students," and generally led so dissolute a life that he was expelled from the university and turned adrift on the world. The somewhat prejudiced narrator thus proceeds:—"Amongst the many Schemes that ran in his head to get a Livelihood, he thought nothing would answer his Purpose better than to turn Methodist Preacher. He had a good deal of low art and cunning, and at any Time could play the Hypocrite so well that very few could discover he was so wicked as in Reality he proved to be. He strolled up and down the Counties, particularly in Lancashire and Cumberland for some Time, (near three years) after leaving Oxford, and preached in divers Parts of the country.—About two Years and a half ago, he was at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and got himself introduced to some Methodists that were there; and by his Cunning he managed Things so well, that he became a very great Favourite amongst them, and *they liked his Doctrine exceedingly well;* but before he left them, they had reason to repent his acquaintance, for that what he borrowed and stole from them, in about three Months, amounted to near £200." Here we may notice how small is the test which mere preaching affords of real qualifications for the ministerial office; how serious a responsibility is undertaken by those who leave their lawfully appointed minister in order to hear one whose "doctrine they like;" and how dangerous is the conclusion too often formed, that preachers whose *doctrine we like*, must therefore be "preachers of the gospel."

"Our adventurer so far ingratiated himself with a worthy Divine, as to get a Promise of a Curacy in the County of Kent, if he would procure an Ordination from the Bishop, but this he was at a Loss how to effect. As he generally racked his Brain for Invention, after some Consultation with himself he determined to get the Curacy by forging the Bishop's Hand, and so obtained his Ends, for the old Clergyman had no Mistrust of a Trick of that kind being put upon him, not suspecting Cappock to be capable of such a Piece of Villainy.

"He continued but a short Time in this Curacy, for his behaviour plainly discovered what he was, and when he was dismissed, he thought proper to quit Kent fearing his Forgery might bring his Neck into the Pillory.

"Having bilked the counties and cheated all such people as confided in him he thought proper to retreat to Lancashire, and after tiring his Aquaintance in many Parts, he set out to pay his Father a visit at Manchester, where he led a very indolent life and associated with low persons and Jacobites, and all such as were disaffected to the government. The breaking out of the rebellion was (as he thought) a very lucky Opportunity to make his Fortune." He was active in enlisting soldiers, and was appointed Quartermaster in the Manchester Regiment. As chaplain he regularly preached and read prayers, and "had a good deal of respect paid to him by the principal officers of the Rebel army." When that body after retreating from Derby (as already noticed) reached Carlisle,—"because he was a great favourite amongst the Rebels, Mr. Hamilton the Pretender's Governor of the Castle of Carlisle, made him a Bishop, and this was done by order of the young Pretender soon after the city of Carlisle surrendered to the rebels." Upon this statement, however, Mr. Howard of Corby, quoted in the preface to the tract referred to, remarks:—"I think it quite impossible that Prince Charles Edward could ever have made a serious promise to such a man to make him Bishop of Carlisle; bishops you know are not made in that way either by Catholics or Protestants, and he was not likely to offend the whole people by any such nomination; it was probably a nickname or joke current at

* "History of England," vol. iv. p. 685.

† Samuel Maddox's evidence on Cappock's trial.

the mess of the Manchester Regiment which in the spirit of the times was transformed into a reality." He is, however, certainly spoken of by historians of that period as "he whom the Pretender's son made Bishop of Carlisle." Cappock was brought to trial for High treason on the 18th Sept. 1746, before a special Commission at Carlisle. He was arraigned as a "clerk," and appeared in his gown and *cassock*, then the usual and still the proper garb of a clergyman of the Church of England. Some particulars stated in the tract respecting his trial are curious, and not quite in accordance with what would now be deemed fairness towards a prisoner.

"The King's Counsel opened the Indictment, by acquainting the Jury what part the prisoner at the bar had acted in the late unnatural rebellion, and then proceeded to call their witnesses.

"*First witness called and sworn was* Benjamin Daniel.

"*King's Counsel.* Sir, will you tell my lord and the gentlemen of the Jury what you know relating to the prisoner, and where you first saw him. Speak out loud that you may be heard and turn your face to the jury."

After several witnesses had been examined, proving satisfactorily enough the prisoner's having been in arms with the prince's party, he was "acquainted that it would be a proper time for him to make his defence. . . But before he entered upon his defence the King's Counsel *observed to the Court and Jury* (!) how strong the facts charged on the prisoner in the Indictment had been brought home to him; and said that unless he could bring sufficient proof that he was forced into the Rebel service they could not avoid finding him guilty of High Treason."

Cappock then delivered, "frequently smiling and with uncommon assurance," an address to the Jury, protesting his fidelity to King George, and his innocence of any voluntary participation in the rising; and "he called Miss Humphrey to prove that she had helped to conceal him; and that a rebel captain had threatened to shoot her if she did not discover where the prisoner was; that she saw him dragged away like a dog, and they carried him into the Bull's Head, a public house at Manchester, where young Deacon was enlisting men for the pretender's service."

"There were several other witnesses" says the somewhat partizan narrative before us, "called to prove the force; but did the prisoner no service." After which "that worthy Judge Baron Clarke who presided on the Bench, summed up the evidence," very much in the style of the Irish Judge who in trying a person unknown to the police, for horse-stealing, said to the Jury "Gentlemen, Here is a man with a good character who has stolen a horse; *you'll find accordingly.*" After the charge was ended, the Jury, "in less than a minute's time, found the prisoner guilty of High Treason;—on which he turned round from the bar and laughed in their faces. . . He received Judgment of Death with some others, and behaved very undaunted when the Judge pronounced the terrible sentence. . . The morning before he suffered he preached a very treasonable sermon. He went to the place of Execution to outward appearances very chearful, in the first sledge, and was first ty'd up to the gallows. He read a treasonable sermon, and prayed for the Pretender, his son Charles, and all the Stuart family, and called his majesty King George an usurper, &c. and then gave the sermon to the sheriff. After hanging seven minutes, they were cut down and embowelled, their bowels burned, and their heads cut off."

Thus ended the career of one, who, whatever his faults, certainly manifested talent, energy, and courage, worthy of a better cause. His commanding officer, Colonel Townley, who having been sixteen years in the French service, hoped to have been exchanged as a prisoner "on the cartel," was executed soon afterwards; and we cannot better conclude this sketch, than with the following extract from another pamphlet in the same collection, proving at least, that cruelty to political opponents was not peculiar to Judge Jeffreys and the Stuart dynasty:—

"Kennington Common, was the place appointed for the last scene of their punishment, and, as the spectacle was to be attended with all the horrid barbarism, inflicted by the British law of Treason, a vast mob from London and the surrounding country, assembled to witness it. The prisoners beheld the gallows, the block and the fire, into which their hearts were to be thrown, without any dismay, and seemed to brave their fate on the scaffold with the same courage that had prompted them formerly to risk their lives in the field of battle. They also justified their principles to the last; for, with the ropes about their necks, they delivered written declarations to the sheriff, that they died in a just cause, that they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not, but their deaths would be afterwards avenged. After being suspended for three minutes from the gallows, their bodies were stripped naked and cut down, in order to undergo the operation of beheading and embowelling. Colonel Townley was the first that was laid upon the block, but the executioner observing the body to retain some signs of life, he struck it violently on the breast, for the humane purpose of rendering it quite insensible for the remaining part of the punishment. This not having the desired effect, he cut the unfortunate gentleman's throat. The shocking ceremony of taking out the heart, and throwing the bowels into the fire, was then gone through, after which the head was separated from the body with a cleaver, and both were put into a coffin. The rest of the bodies were thus treated in succession; and on throwing the last heart into the fire, which was that of young Dawson, the executioner cried, "God save King George," and the spectators responded with a shout. Although the rabble had hooted the unhappy gentlemen on the passage to and from their trials, it was remarked, that at the execution their fate excited considerable pity, mingled with admiration of their courage. Two circumstances contributed to increase the public sympathy on this occasion, and caused it to be more generally expressed. The first was, the appearance at the place of execution of a youthful brother of one of the culprits, of the name of Deacon, himself a culprit, and under sentence of death for the same crime, but, who had been permitted to attend the last scene of his brother's life, in a coach, along with a guard. The other was the fact of a young and beautiful female, to whom Captain Dawson had been betrothed, actually attending to witness his execution, as commemorated in the ballad of Jemmy Dawson.

OUR VILLAGE.

I HAVE been asked what there is to be found strange or wonderful in our village that I should take upon myself to write, and expect other people to care to read, about it. It has been demanded of me what there is in it to distinguish it, for good or evil, from scores—nay hundreds—of similar collections of houses and shops, men and women, virtues and vices, pride and poverty, which are to be found scattered broadcast over England, and known by other names than that which distinguishes our local habitation? I have been warned that if I suppose that a set of vulgar caricatures will go down—if I think that by indulging in a series of flippant personalities upon A or B or C or D, I shall further the respectability or interest of this publication—I have never been more mistaken in my life—neither "Our Village" nor the public will endure them. On the contrary, a fast friend, who has acquired a habit of dashing in upon me at unseason-

able hours, was pleased to fly into a paroxysm of delight when he saw the heading of this article, upon my table. "By Jove, old fellow," he said, "what a splendid idea! By Jingo (what a stupid knack that is which some of our young fellows have of never making a remark, without the assistance of either Jove or Jingo) its capital! Mind you pitch into old E. and Mother F. I'll get Fan (Fan is his sister) to draw a picture of G.'s hat, with his nose under it, by Jove, and you can have it printed."

Hardly had I got rid of my indiscreet young friend, when I was waited upon by our stationer, who is a great antiquarian. He kindly offered me any assistance in his power, as, of course, I intended to enter fully into the ancient history and antiquities of "Our Village," and proposed that I should incorporate into my sketch his unpublished treatise upon the position and functions of the parish pump, and his argument before our Archæological Society, upon the celebrated controversy as to whether Guy, Earl of Warwick, did or did not drink out of the iron ladle which was suspended therefrom, until it was stolen by a travelling tinker, in the year 1700. To each and all of these critics I returned an indirect, but, I hope, courteous reply. That I shall satisfy any one of them, I do not expect. I know that I shall be a great deal too smart for some, and a great deal too dull for others; that I shall pass by subjects that are really interesting, to prose away upon others that no one cares to hear about; that I shall treat serious matters with unbecoming levity, and that I shall be "confoundedly dull" notwithstanding.

To begin, then, I confess that "Our Village" is like any other country village; but I maintain that there is no spot in which the human family, to the number of 3,000, are gathered together, which does not present some features of curiosity, or contain some persons worthy of consideration. How many "mute inglorious Miltons," or "village Hampdens," there may be amongst us, only waiting for an opportunity to astonish the world, I will not stop to inquire. I am content to write about folks as they *are*, and leave what they may become to themselves and fate. I may be told that I am only bringing out a few old hacknied types, thoroughly well known before. I answer—"There is nothing new under the sun!" Do the two great novelists of the age *create* characters? No such thing! Their names, however absurd and comical they may sound, are all to be found in the "London Post-office Directory," or discovered doing other duty in "Bradshaw's Railway Guide"—their originals are living, and breathing and walking amongst us *somewhere*, however unnatural we may sometimes consider the picture. Have the Othellos, and the Cæsars, and the Juliets, and the Timons died with Shakspere, think you?—the Tom Jones's and the Amelias with Fielding, the Randoms with Smollett, or the Dr. Primroses with Goldsmith, any more than the Toots's, and the Murdstones, and the Bumbles will go out with Dickens, or the Becky Sharps and Colonel Newcomes become extinct with Thackeray? These great masters of their art, with their powerful microscopic minds, have examined the heaving mass of humanity before them, and picked out curious specimens thereof—they have become acquainted with their formation, counted their antennæ, like a naturalist with a beetle—unfolded their petals, like a botanist with a flower—discovered specks upon their pretensions, like an astronomer with a star—and then held them up and explained their peculiarities, like great moral lecturers, as they are.

So in "Our Village," I, with my limited mental vision, can find nothing new or strange; but as homely things, pleasantly told, strike sometimes, like old tunes, pleasantly upon the ear, I will venture to take my readers to "Our Village," and introduce them, with their permission, to some of its celebrities.

You may come within half-a-mile of "Our Village," without knowing where you are. We lie in wait for weary travellers, in a sudden bend of the road, at the foot of the hill. We spring upon him, as it were, and offer rest or shelter, meat and drink, before he has made up his mind that he has arrived at his destination. You have seen the road stretched before you for miles and miles, climbing up the hills one above the other, and winding amidst the vallies in long succession. The river follows you upon your way, dashing across your path, here and there—flowing away in an opposite direction—returning, twisting, shining, splashing across the road again, and then lacing the dark pines, like a silver thread in the distance. The bright stream has become quite a companion to you—you have listened to its bubble from the foot planks where it crosses the highway, in so shallow a flood that it scarcely wets the horses' knees, as they wade through it—you have gazed into its dark pools from the bridges which you have crossed, and have watched the dace leaping in the sunshine—you have been told of a short cut along its banks, perhaps, and have frightened the moorhen from her nest in the rushes, and seen her half run, half fly, along the stream, and plump down again upon the other side—you have watched the water rat at his work, and whilst stooping to pick some aquatic weed have heard a loud *splash* at your feet, and a long cloud of rising mud has shown you the place from which the pike has darted, and the direction in which he has gone—you have pondered uninterruptedly over the deeps, and the restless shallows have awakened new thoughts, or old recollections. There is no companion like a river!

Having lost sight of the stream, for a mile or two, as you pass through a cutting in the side of the stiffest hill you have yet encountered, you are not sorry to catch a glimpse of the parapet of a stone bridge, in the valley beneath. It hides, for a moment, your old friend, who has darted round by a way of his own, and is springing merrily over the stones to greet you. You may go quickly down the descent, for it is a steep one—you skim by the plantation—flit over the bridge—skip round the corner—and, then, Presto! you are in "Our Village."

Yes, there is the blacksmith's shop, and there is the blacksmith—uncommunicative old Cyclops that he is—smoking his pipe, over the half-door of his smithy. There is the inn, with its sanded passage, and the old hound basking in the sun under the porch. There is the shop of my friend, the antiquary, with last year's valentines, and the note paper, with a picture of the church, in the window. There is the church itself—not quite so grand an edifice, it must be confessed, as its picture represents—upon the hill side to the left. There is the little green, with the engine-house, shining white and round, like an overgrown daisy in the centre. There is the row of white cottages, with low diamond-paned windows, exhibiting the pickle bottles, full of sweet stuff, which I can remember as long as I can remember anything. There is the tumble-down old cage, in which we could not lock up a criminal if we had one. There is the barber—who sells fishing tackle and fireworks—in his white apron, at his shop door, lying in ambush for some one to gossip with. There is the water mill, with its ceaseless clack, clack, and there—there is Nelly Dale, the curate's niece, in her simple white dress and gipsy hat, with a bunch of wild flowers in her hand, and some good gentle thoughts in her heart, or it would not be Nelly Dale. "Our Village" belongs to Nelly Dale. Nelly is an orphan; her father was a lieutenant in the army, who married for love and beauty, and died an old man, careworn and penniless, at forty. The curacy of Nelly's uncle is worth about £180 a year. Of silver and gold Nelly Dale has none, save that which rings in the sound of her sweet voice, or glistens in her long bright curls. But, for all this, what I have said before I say again—"Our Village" belongs to Nelly Dale, and we are all her liege subjects, and slaves to command. You would puzzle me if you asked me to trace her title

to us. She did not take us by storm or a *coup d'etat*, you may be sure, for a forest fawn is not more unpresuming or timid than our Nelly. Were you to take a dozen of us, and ask each why he or she loved and respected her, you would get a dozen distinct answers in reply. You would be told, perhaps, "Because she nursed baby through the sickness, when mother and me were down;" or that "she made father forgive poor sister Sue, and got a good place for her away in London, where no one knew ought against her;" or that "she up and wrote to government folks about young Jim being transported for nothing, and got him let out;" or that it was because "the beadle was afraid of her." The idea of any rational person being afraid of Nelly! Or, perhaps, dropping particulars, one would generalise and say, "Because she is a right good lass, and has a kind word and smile for everybody."

For my own part, I think it is the exquisite grace with which she moves, and speaks, and acts—the utter unconsciousness of her own beauty and worth—her devoted admiration of the good common-place, honest clergyman who is her protector, and inferior in every respect—that constitutes the charm which has bound her so closely to all our hearts. Then she has grown up amongst us from a child to a woman, we scarcely know how, but we find ourselves leaning for advice or sympathy to-day, upon the same Nelly whom we dandled upon our knee, and twined daisy chains for yesterday. She has a knack of doing good, as if it were she who ought to be grateful to us for tolerating her services. But she is prompt and decisive in action, is Nelly, upon occasion—brave and resolute is Nelly Dale. Who dared to interfere between the drunken poacher, and his poor bruised and bleeding wife, but Nelly Dale? What ever brought tears into the bloodshot eyes of that bloated savage, and remorse into his hardened heart, till the power of Nelly's sweet pale face, and earnest voice was felt and heard within his wretched hovel? We shall see plenty of Nelly Dale, I hope, in "Our Village," for she is its good angel, but she must pass on upon her way for the present, for there is much to be said about other people and things, of which, if the reader cares to know, he may learn hereafter.

THE MONTH.

NOTHING has been done by parliament *for* the Church the last month, but what is of much more consequence, parliament has been prevented from doing anything against her. Lord John Russell's indirect attack upon the distinctive teaching of the Church, by means of indiscriminate religious instruction, and the ministerial attempt to reduce the Church's discipline to the vulgar Whig model of a central board, with irresponsible officials and arbitrary discretion, have both happily failed. *The Record*, and its supporters, who lose no opportunity of undermining the influence of the episcopate, and disparaging the institution of the Church of which they profess themselves members, opposed the "Clergy Discipline Bill," on account of the episcopal autocracy by which it proposed to override the inferior orders of the clergy. No sooner, however, does it discover that all real churchmen, headed by the good and able Bishop of Oxford, resist the bill, for its unconstitutional tendency, than this veracious journal thinks the measure rather desirable than otherwise. It is satisfactory to find the services of the Lower House of Convocation in pointing out the objectionable features of this bill, fully recognised by an able dissenting contemporary, the *Manchester Examiner*, whose fairness is worthy of the imitation of pseudo-churchmen. The Church's patient perseverance has at length triumphed, in seeing her legislature restored to as much activity as it might, perhaps, in the present state of parties, be good for it to exert.

A committee has been formed in London, with a view to direct the energies of churchmen aright, upon the Church-rate question. Nothing, surely, need be said to show the utter wrongfulness of attempting to release Dissenters from the burthen of Church-rates, whilst the Church is subject to Dissenting interference. Let our watchword be "The Church for Churchmen, and no confiscation."

Reviews.

"*The Lives of the Primitive Fathers.*" *By* W. PEARCE P, *of Trinity College, Dublin, Probationary, Fellow of the Guild of St. Alban.*—Masters. 1856.

As the production of a young man, this little work evinces considerable promise. The style is an attractive one, and the author throws himself thoroughly into the subject and treats it *con amore*. We believe this to be the great secret of success, and we confess to an utter dislike to those dry and marrowless annals in which such an impartiality is aimed at that the youthful reader obtains no guide in forming his estimate of character. We are not, therefore, disposed to find fault with the unhesitating faith with which our author chronicles legends that to less sanguine minds seem doubtful. We do, however, most earnestly protest against the use of expressions which are certain to be received with suspicion and dislike by the great body of churchmen, and espepecially by the very class for which such manuals are designed—"the many to whom larger and more learned works are inaccessible." [See preface. As examples, pp. 61, 89, and elsewhere.] Orders, penance, and matrimony are spoken of as sacraments, as if for the very purpose of giving prominence to a view which, however understood by theologians, must always seem to the majority of readers to contradict our XXVth article. So fond is the author of this expression, that from the force of habit, we suppose, he makes the daughter of Platian, a heathen and persecutor of the church, to have joined hands with Antoninus, the emperor's son, another heathen, in the *sacrament of holy matrimony*. Surely this is a mistake, or what are we to say to registrars' marriages. Do they celebrate *holy sacraments*? We strongly object to a very unnecessary note appended to page 92. If W. P. P will correct such blemishes, we are convinced that he may become not only a very useful, but a very attractive writer.

"*Our Own Story.*" By SELINA BUNBURY, Hurst and Blackett, 3 vols.

THIS is a very lively and amusing work, which deserves more attention, for several reasons, than an ordinary novel would merit. The authoress is one who is thoroughly alive to the popular fallacies of the day in religious matters, and these she exposes from time to time throughout her book in a very graphic and telling manner. Her sharp, well-defined sketches of plausible absurdities may peradventure do more to undermine their influence than many a graver book would accomplish. For instance, here is an amusing example of the singularly vague idea of the nature of a "Tractarian" which is generally entertained by those who are loudest in their outcry against the persons called by that name:—

"'Do you know, Miss St. Pierre, we hear your brother is becoming a Puseyite,' said a lady, confidentially, to me one evening at a Rookwood party.

"'What is that?'

"'Oh! you know that very well. However, a Tractarian.'

"At that time I really did not know exactly what the first term meant; the latter, when I heard it, I concluded

was another term for tract distributor. So I asked a lady in the room if she could tell me what was a Tractarian clergyman.

"'One of those clergymen,' she said, 'who encourage balls and plays, and go to all worldly places.'

"'Then certainly Basil St. Pierre is not one,' said I to myself; but not feeling satisfied with the answer, I repeated the question to a young lady with whom I was conversing.

"'Oh! a Tractarian clergyman is one of those disagreeable persons,' she replied 'who have pale faces, and wear long coats, and look mortified, and say people ought to fast and do penance, and that all harmless amusements are sinful.'

"The two answers were actually given to me the same evening."

Elsewhere we have an admirable description of the "valuable woman" of a parish, entirely given over to the *gynocratical* influence by the rector and curates, who were the first to succumb. One short scene will give an idea of this lady's "value":—

"Thus, when Mrs. Barrett, who was called the most valuable woman in the district, or the most active member of the congregation, came to pay a visit on Monday, and said,

"'Pray, Miss St. Pierre, how far did *you* go with our incumbent yesterday—did you go all the way? For my part I could not go *all* the way with him.'

"I stupidly answered, 'I did not go with him at all. Where did he go to?'

"And Mrs. Barrett reported this as satirical, whereas it was either stupidity or simplicity; for it never entered my imagination that she intended to ask me, figuratively, if I agreed with the "doctrinal views" which the incumbent had drawn from some not generally understood text the day before."

One of the best drawn characters in the book is a "comfortable rector," an individual whom most of Miss Bunbury's readers must number among their acquaintances, although we trust the race is less numerous than it was twenty years ago. With his portrait we will conclude our extracts, and leave our readers to judge of the book for themselves:—

"When he was a young and popular curate, a widow, with two daughters and a good fortune, had, as he used to tell her, taken a fancy to him; and how it came to pass history has not said, but the living of Rookwood was in the market, and the curate became the widow's husband and the rector of Rookwood. The lady and her daughters never called him anything but the Rector. Among all the dressy women of a manufacturing town, and in England they are dressy enough, few equalled the rector's wife and daughters; and when their open carriage, with the rector and his wife at one end, and the two young ladies leaning back at the other, with a liveried coachman and footman, drove rapidly through the streets, not the most invidious could say that there was anything there of the pride that apes humility. Indeed few things amused the good rector more than the notion of self-mortification. He laughed so very heartily at the idea of any one thinking it right or good to fast, that a young member of his congregation asked him once how he could keep his countenance when some of the chapters of the Bible were read in his church? Yet there was something in his laugh, in the way in which he seemed to put his heart into it, that made you laugh even against your will. When he was not out on a preaching or speaking tour, he preached twice on Sundays, and once on a week day, and usually buried, married, and sometimes baptised the higher class of his parishioners. When the clerk wished to signify to the curate that he was not to officiate at the first, he expressed it in the words, 'It is a scarf and hatband funeral, sir.'"

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We venture to ask those who take in our paper, and who think it capable of rendering service to the cause it advocates, to bestow some little exertion to obtain subscribers amongst their friends. The publication cannot be permanently kept up unless it pays; and it cannot pay, unless its circulation be increased, and unless churchmen who have *advertisements* to bestow, or are connected with institutions or societies which advertise, will help those who, at personal risk and expense, are endeavouring to spread church *principles*, and to promote church *union*, and church objects.

Correspondence.

OUR PROSPECTS.

To the Editor of the Church of the People.

Sir,—The great hindrance to the spread of what are distinctively called "church principles" has hitherto undoubtedly been their unpopularity. My object in this letter is to show that there is nothing in them, beyond what belongs to *all earnest* religion, which should render them permanently unpopular; and secondly, to remark, that many circumstances have recently come under my own notice which indicate that people are generally beginning to find out that high churchmen are both the most useful as well as the most faithful clergy. I have, in fact, within the last few months, had so many admissions of this kind made to me—from quarters most remote, one from the other—that I should encroach too largely upon your space were I to retail them. I will ask you, however, to insert two very striking instances from the very turbulent and disaffected diocese of Exeter (and I could match them with two very similar cases occurring in the city from which I write, on the very same day), which speak volumes.

The incumbent of St. Sidwell's, Exeter, who, for many years, has been the great object of abuse by the anti-church faction, had the satisfaction, I see by the papers, of witnessing his opponents at length give way, on last Easter Tuesday; while, in the very same week, the papers tell us that the world-famous Mr. Gorham has lost all favour with his parishioners, who are proceeding to put him into the Ecclesiastical Court.

What, then, it may be asked, has made church principles hitherto so unpopular? There have, I reply, been two causes:—1st, The appearance of novelty which attached to them, joined with some mistakes made at the outset; 2ndly, The secession to Rome of some who once for a season held them.

Now these two causes are, from the very nature of things, beginning to lose their effect. (1), Doctrines which appeared new twenty years ago, have now been proved to be old, and to be legitimate doctrines of the Church of England, though obscured for a season; and moreover, no one can doubt that the churches and services, as managed by high churchmen now, are really, as you observed in your last number, found to be attractive and popular. And (2), Are we not now at length getting rid of the bug-bear of Rome? It cannot surely be thought likely that when the great proportion of those who were stigmatised as Romanists and Romanisers twenty years ago, have continued steadfast to this time, they should now be contemplating defection. They have had to go through trying times, and if they have stood against the temptations of friends and the hatred of enemies for twenty years, as have the leaders in this movement, it amounts to a moral certainty that nothing can shake them. On the contrary, they have been all

the while quietly storing up patience and faith; and I am persuaded that they will yet live to reap the reward of their self-denying labours in the returning confidence of their fellow-churchmen.—I am, sir, faithfully yours,

ONE WHO HAS FOUGHT AND CONQUERED.

P.S. If churchmen would only *insist* on government making better appointments than they now do, and giving the Church fair play, I should indeed have good hope for the future.

John William Maclure, Esq. has been appointed secretary and treasurer of the National Society, for Manchester,—in place of Thomas Brooks, Esq. who has resigned.

Advertisements.

TO THE CLERGY, SCHOOLMASTERS, AND OTHERS.—A BRANCH DEPOSITORY of the NATIONAL SOCIETY IS NOW OPEN at Ridgefield, John Dalton street, for the SALE of SCHOOL MATERIALS of every description. All national and parochial schoolmasters and mistresses, subscribing 5s. a year, can have goods at members' prices.

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"THE HEIR, THE CHILD OF FRANCE." Song (in honour of the birth of the Prince Imperial). Poetry by J. E. Carpenter, Esq.; Music by J. W. Hobbs. 2s.—An elegant national tribute to the amity subsisting between the two great nations which have just won peace for Europe.

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And the People's Magazine.

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CHURCH AND STATE.

(*Concluded from page 38.*)

Mr. Wilmot's remarks on the incomes of the clergy caused a murmur of surprise in the company. Just at this moment, however, that gentleman was called away on business; on his return the conversation was resumed as follows:—

2nd Traveller.—"Two hundred a-year each! Why, that's not enough for a man to live upon, if he has a family! Then, sir, how do the clergy live?"

Mr. Wilmot.—"I believe the truth to be that most of the clergy, being sons of gentlemen, have some private fortune of their own, which they are not afraid to spend in the Church's cause."

1st Traveller.—"Well, sir, you have surprised me; and I honestly confess had I not seen your figures to be according to the report, I should not have believed you. People are always talking about the great wealth of the Church, and, of course, we always believe it has great wealth; and four million a year does seem a large sum; but it becomes very small when there are twenty thousand persons to share it."

2nd Traveller.—"But still I must hold out for the voluntary principle. The Church would do a great deal better if it stuck to that."

Mr. Wilmot.—"The Church does act upon the voluntary principle. Look what is said of building churches. The Church has above fourteen thousand churches, and is continually building more. This report says that between 1831 and 1851, that is, in the space of twenty years, there have been built *more than two thousand churches*, at a cost of more than *six million pounds*, and if we take in the endowment, probably one million more; so that there has been spent in providing churches and clergymen in England, in twenty years, more than seven million pounds; besides repairing, enlarging, restoring, beautifying those already built. Then, again, consider all the missionary societies and charitable societies which churchmen annually support, the sum total of which taken altogether must be immense; I suppose not less than six hundred thousand a year. This is also besides the efforts that are made everywhere to build and support schools for the poor; of which there are upwards of ten thousand; while Dissenters have little more than two thousand. I think the Church does not suffer by any examining of her condition."

2nd Traveller.—"But all that you have spoken of has been done by the Church on the voluntary principle; the same principle on which Dissenters act."

Mr. Wilmot.—"Exactly so; that is just what I am saying. I say that the Church has made immense efforts to benefit the people, both at home and abroad; has freely given enormous sums of money; and has begun and is now carrying on by means of societies, and by private local exertions, institutions of every kind towards promoting the spiritual welfare and present comfort and advantage of men in every place and every condition. No body of men will bear comparison with the Church in the number and vastness of these various efforts."

1st Traveller.—"But, sir, you forget that the Church is the State Church; helped and aided by the State with vast endowments which the State has given her. Of course, the Church ought to do all these things that you mention."

Mr. Wilmot.—"Pray explain yourself. I don't understand you. Tell me what the Church gains by her connection with the State?—what assistance the State gives her, or has given her?"

1st Traveller.—"Well, I cannot exactly say. Surely the State does give the Church a great deal—at least, it is a very common complaint against it."

Mr. Wilmot.—"Now, sir, before I answer your question, let me ask you, solemnly and seriously, whether you think you are justified in bringing charges against a religious body like the Church, which charges are not true? You know it is one of the things forbidden in God's law, to 'bear false witness against our neighbour.' That the Church is a *body* of men only adds to the sin, because you are saying false things against a

number of men, and not one only; things not only false in themselves, but, if believed, calculated to do a great deal of harm to the cause of religion; and, therefore, adding to the sin of the falsehood. The report does mention certain sums of money, voted by parliament to the Church, but it does not mention for what purposes these sums are given. I believe that they are chiefly paid to chaplains, at home and abroad; for helping to build chapels for gaols, lunatic asylums, establishments for reforming criminals. Thus, in the principal cities and towns abroad, where there is an ambassador or a consul, there the government pays part of the salary of a chaplain, and bears part of the expense of a chapel. It also provides chapels and chaplains for the troops at home; every garrison town has its chapel and chaplain; and also there are chapels and chaplains to gaols and lunatic asylums. Do you call this 'State endowment of the Church?' If you do, you must lay the same charge to Dissenters, for the government pays also Roman Catholic priests and Presbyterian ministers."

1st Traveller.—"Why, certainly, there is a great deal of truth in what you say. I never understood this before. In fact, we have got into such a common habit of speaking of the Church as a State institution, that we always couple with it the idea of State endowment."

2nd Traveller.—"But, sir, you won't deny that the State endowed the Church in the first place, and that all the property the Church possesses was given by the State?"

Mr. Wilmot.—"Will you tell me *when* the State gave the Church all this property you speak of?"

2nd Traveller.—"At the Reformation."

Mr. Wilmot.—"At the Reformation! The State give the Church any property at the Reformation! Why, sir, all history tells us that Henry VIII. and his son, Edward VI. robbed the Church of three-fourths of her property. They plundered the Church, sir; they did not endow it. What they did was to endow their favourites and courtiers with Church property; but they never endowed the Church with anything. Look at the tithes; tithes are the oldest Church property in England; they are as old as Christianity itself—at least, as old as the establishing the Church in Saxon times. It is now more than 1,000 years since, at a church synod, the landowners voluntarily gave and dedicated a tenth of the produce of their lands to the Church. But now, the Church is robbed of the greater part of this. Most of the tithes are in the hands of laymen, some of them hostile to the Church; some Romanists, some Dissenters."

3rd Traveller.—"But did not the State endow the Church at the first? Where did the bishops get all their vast wealth? Where did deans and chapters get their property, and parish churches their lands? If the State did not give all this property, where did the Church get it?"

Mr. Wilmot.—"I will answer your inquiry by asking one or two questions, if you will allow me. You see by the report that, within the last twenty years, there have been built more than two thousand churches; these churches are endowed with certain sums of money or certain lands, which yield some income to the incumbents and curates; where did these endowments come from?"

3rd Traveller.—"Why, of course, they are endowed by those who built them, or by some of the nobility and gentry who have given the land, or charged the incomes out of their estates."

Mr. Wilmot.—"Exactly so; and so are all the old parish churches, and all the Church property. The Church is endowed by the private benevolence of the old nobles, and the lords of the manors. The State, as the State, never endowed any out of national property. The king did, no doubt, endow many; but it was out of his own property, just as any nobleman or gentleman. The Church property is not national property, any more than your or my property. If the Earl of Derby or the Duke of Newcastle were to give a field or piece of land to any church for the support of a clergyman, would that property be national property, or would it belong to the particular church to which it was given."

3rd Traveller.—"Why, of course, it would belong to the church."

Mr. Wilmot.—"Then exactly in like manner all the Church property belongs to the Church, and is not national property."

2nd Traveller.—"If such be the case, then all comes back to the voluntary principle; and the Church is endowed by the voluntary offerings of its members."

Mr. Wilmot.—"*Exactly so. The Church is as much endowed by the voluntary principle as any body of Dissenters.*"

1st Traveller.—"Then how is it that the Church is so richly endowed, while Dissenters are so poor?"

Mr. Wilmot.—"Because Churchmen, in old times, understood their duty to God, and gave to Him their best. They did not 'dwell in ceiled houses, while the house of God was desolate.'"

2nd Traveller.—"But still you must own that the present Protestant Church is endowed with lands taken from the Catholic Church at the Reformation, and given to it?"

Mr. Wilmot.—"Certainly not: I admit nothing of the sort. I entirely deny that the Church of England, at any time, ceased to be a part of the Catholic Church, or became anything different from Catholic at the Reformation. The Reformers did not throw down the old Church of England, and set up a new body of their own making. What they did was to *reform the old church* by

putting away those things which were wrong, and which had crept in through ignorance and superstition. I will explain myself, by comparing it with what the State did in 1829 and 1832. Before 1829, no person could be a member of either House of Parliament, who was not also a member of the Established Church. In 1832, a very great change was made in the representation of the people in the House of Commons. The two changes are known by the names of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the Reform Bill. Now, I ask you, do you say that the State ceased to be the State, because these changes were introduced?"

1st Traveller.—"Certainly not: these changes were necessary and useful for the times, and, therefore, were done. But the State and government of England remained the same."

Mr. Wilmot.—"Exactly so; and this was just what was done in the Church. There had grown up in the Church many false doctrines, and many useless and superstitious practices. The bishops and clergy of the Church met together, and put these away—repealed some laws, and enacted others, for the reform of the Church—just as the ministry did in parliament, in 1832. But the Church did not destroy either the Catholic faith, or the Catholic character of the Church. I will read you what the Church says herself on this point. In canon 30 (the canons, you know, are the laws of the Church, just as acts of parliament are the laws of the State) she says:—'The abuse of a thing doth not take away the lawful use of it. Nay, so far was it from the purpose of the Church of England to forsake and reject the churches of Italy, France, Spain, Germany, or any such like churches in all things, which they held and practised, that, as the Apology for the Church of England confesseth, it doth, with reverence, retain those ceremonies, which do neither endanger the Church of God, nor offend the minds of sober men; *and only dissented from them in those particular points wherein they were fallen both from themselves in their ancient integrity, and from the apostolical churches, which were their first founders.*' Accordingly, in the Creed of St. Athanasius, the Church says:—'Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith.' In the other two creeds, we say that we believe 'in one Catholic and Apostolic Church.' In the prayer for 'all sorts and conditions of men,' we pray for the 'good estate of the Catholic Church.' The Church of England, therefore, calls herself a part of the Catholic Church, and professes her firm belief in the 'Catholic faith.' You cannot, then, for a moment believe that she intended to overthrow the Catholic Church in England, and to set up a new body, of man's making, in its place? She is often called 'Protestant' (though, remember, she never calls herself so), because she *protests* against the usurpation of the Bishop of Rome, when he claims power and authority over all churches."

1st Traveller.—"This, certainly, puts matters in a very different point of view; I never saw them in this light before."

The conversation now ceased, and, as it was late, I retired to rest.

RAMBLING NOTES ON THE EARLY DAYS OF ENGLAND.

No. II.

(Continued from page 36.)

THERE is another way in which the England of this day is also strongly linked to those by-gone ages, as well as by such essentially fundamental points of character as the love of peace, and respect for authority. That which I mean is the law of England itself. There are, probably, few Englishmen who do not know that the great principle of our laws, the principle of personal freedom, rests on a document agreed to between the king and the people of England as much as 600 years ago—the Great Charter of King John. (To be exact, it was obtained in 1215; 150 years after the Conquest.) The most important chapter of this charter provides that no Englishman shall be deprived of his property or his freedom, or receive damage in life or limb except after fair trial in open court. This great privilege, which we take as a matter of course, and so, perhaps, seldom enter into its real value, was wrung from the French kings of England after a struggle of a century and a half. And yet it was but a return to those ancient principles of law by which England before the Conquest had been governed for centuries. Under King John and his predecessors the people were continually crying out for what we should call Reform in the statutes of the country; but, instead of this "cry" resolving itself into the single word reform, it was for the "laws of Saint Edward, *i. e.* of Edward the Confessor, who was in reality the last of the legitimate English kings. This demand of the people (which was at last satisfied by King John in the grant of Magna Charta because he happened to be less able to carry out the systematic tyranny of the invaders than his predecessors) was, therefore, a demand for that old Anglo-Saxon state of personal rights which was enjoyed before the Conquest, and which we have never lost since the grant of Magna Charta. For the laws of Edward the Confessor in the eleventh century were the same code — revised time after time, according to circumstances — which had been established by Alfred the Great in the ninth. And when Alfred in the ninth century put forth his code, he prefaced it with a declaration

that it was only a selection made by himself and his council, from the ancient laws by which his predecessors had governed. I am speaking now only of the principle of the law of our country, that every Englishman shall be free and shall enjoy his rights until he is found unworthy of them by his fellows in a lawful manner. But if I had space to go more into detail, it would be possible to shew you that, not only the principle of your modern rights, but also the detail in many particulars may be traced back to the Great Charter, to the laws of Edward the Confessor, and therefore to the laws of King Alfred the Great, and to the laws of the ancient Kingdom of England even before his time—the 9th century. Now I think this shews, that our ancestors 1000 years ago, were anything but savages. We are the freest people in Europe: yes, and in the world too,—freer than the Americans. And our freedom is derived from the constitution of England as it is known to have been in the very first ages of its existence as anything like an united people. The common law of England,—that unwritten law by which our persons and our property are preserved, is most probably altogether derived in principle, and the statute law partly, from that same law which the Anglo-Saxon judges used, and which Norman tyranny could not overcome. I see something in this worthy to be proud of: that while other kingdoms have continued in comparative slavery,—and burdened by unjust tyranny until almost lately,—we in England have been, with the exception of a century and a half of Norman rule, a free people for 1000 years. And while our neighbours across the channel are ever tinkering at new constitutions, ours has been settled in substance and in principle, ever since the days of Magna Charta; so settled as to be an example of Justice and Freedom to all the world; and the actual basis of right and law in the great western continent of America.

Such were the foundations on which England's greatness and happiness was laid in the England before the Conquest; and it was not a people of savages who laid them so deeply and strong. But we happen to know something about them in their private life, as well as in their social condition. As I told you before, the first English historian, the Venerable Bede, wrote his book about 100 years before Alfred the Great, *i.e.*, nearly as long before the Conquest, as Queen Elizabeth lived before Queen Victoria. Now, in Durham Cathedral library, within a few yards of where his bones lie buried, there is a volume actually written by the hand of the Venerable Bede,—a very brown old book of parchment you may suppose it is at 1100 years of age; and in Jarrow Church vestry is a most uncomfortable chair of at least the same age, in which he used to sit at his studies. And part of the same church was built even before his time, and is the very building in which he used to minister.

I mention these things, relating to one single individual,—an Anglo-Saxon who lived 1100 years ago, and nearly three centuries before the Conquest—to shew you that there is a great deal of material remaining in England, by which we may be enabled to study even that distant age—in some particulars almost as if it were our own. But this is not all; for it was the custom of those days to ornament most of their books with a vast number of small pictures painted at the top and bottom and outer side of every page. These pictures did not always take their character from the contents of the book, but were very frequently illustrations of the domestic every-day life of the age in which they were painted. Now, you would be surprised to find how many of these ancient books are preserved in our own and in foreign libraries; and still more, to see what a clear notion they give us of the habits of our ancestors so many years ago. We are enabled to learn from them how the people of England were accustomed to dress in the days between King Alfred and William the Conqueror; and in fact even to make a book of fashions as they were in vogue among the ladies of early England. Their furniture, too, is pretty well known to us; and what sort of houses they had to live in. We can even tell what kind of tools the cabinet-makers used in making the furniture; or the masons, and carpenters, and smiths, in building the houses. We can also see them at breakfast and dinner; and very comfortably they appeared to manage these things. And not a few of the pictures in question take us down into the kitchen to see the cook at his or her useful and interesting employment. In fact, we could hardly have been better off if there had been an Anglo-Saxon "Illustrated News," to carry down cotemporary habits and manners to the subjects of Queen Victoria, as we have for the posterity of 2000 years hence.

I may say thus much about them in general. They lived in stone and timber houses, perhaps more of the latter than the former, which were furnished with some degree of luxury and much costliness. They also built churches of considerable size portions of some of which (and one large one at Stow, in Lincolnshire, nearly entire) remain to this day. In these churches they used the same Bible that we now use, and a prayer book very nearly like ours; they had also as great a dislike to the foreign usurpations of the Pope as we have, though afterwards forced to submit to them by William the Conqueror. There were men among them not unskilful in literature and such science as was known in those days. Bede, for instance, whose works on the Holy Bible, on grammar and science, fill, as I

told you twelve good sized octavo volumes. And others who, as the pictures I have mentioned shew, were able to use the pencil to good purpose, and to whom we owe an inestimable debt for the treasures they have handed down. They were so far advanced, at least, in manufacturing skill, that the Anglo-Saxon ladies walked about in silks and satins: woollen cloth was the common wear; and linen (some of which is preserved to this day) was not more rare probably than in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when every gentleman of fortune possessed one shirt at the least, and some two. Rings, bracelets, and necklaces were finery that no lady of the day could do without, and some remain which are as beautifully worked in gold and enamel as anything our jewellers can attain to now. Then the ladies were very skilful in embroidery and other needlework; and I think, but am not sure, that crochet was not unknown to them in those ancient days. The fondness for splendid dress was always one of the weaknesses of our nation. Two centuries before the Conquest a council of clergymen took upon themselves to pass a vote of censure upon the maidens and wives of the day for spending so much time in making their dress, and in adorning themselves with it after it was made. The very excess complained of indicates how clever and industrious, after their way, the Anglo-Saxon ladies were in these matters: and I am rather afraid too, after all, that these worthy clergymen may have been meddling with things that they did not understand; and that those they blamed knew better what was becoming and graceful than their censors, and so did not deserve the rebuke.

In short, although perhaps these ancient English people did not belong to what used in our own early days to be called the "silver fork school", they were people of no small intelligence and refinement; of very respectable learning, and considerable skill.

They did not certainly belong to the silver fork school, for the way in which their joints were served up at dinner, was by carrying them round the table on the spit which had served for the roasting. These spits were however of silver: and as for forks, I have met with an anecdote relating to their introduction some 500 or 600 years later which shows that English people got on very well without them till quite lately. It was this. A certain young nobleman travelling abroad purchased a silver or golden fork (I forget which) in Venice, intending it as an offering to his ladye-love at home. At his first visit after returning, he made the request usual, I suppose, in such cases, that the lady would accept this, and make use of it (it was precious in its way) for his sake. Of course she could not refuse; but the thing was *how* to use it, for forks were implements that had not yet come within the range of her experience. However nobody likes to confess their ignorance in such cases, so she waited until the ladies of the family could hold a consultation on the subject, when the foreign treasure was turned this way and that way, and after due examination determined to be a very pretty sort of comb, the three prongs of the fork doing duty for the teeth of that useful article of a lady's head-dress. So next time the fond man came to dinner what should he see but his Italian present duly applied to its supposed proper use, according to his wish; his lady-love had stuck the fork up in that portion of the hair which ladies bind at the back of the head; and there it was, displayed to the utmost advantage possible.

A COUNTRY BOY'S EDUCATION

IN THE NORTH OF GERMANY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

My father was the son of a shepherd and was himself a freed man; he had been in his youth in the service of a great lord (Count Putbus, a Swedish count, who owned large estates in Swedish Pomerania), and favourable circumstances had enabled him to rise somewhat above his station. From travelling, and from intercourse with educated people, he had gained as much mental cultivation as could at that time be attained in Germany by those who had not received a liberal education. He was superior to most men in understanding and spirit; and was in many ways cleverer, wrote German and signed his name more fairly and correctly than the greater number of generals and councillors of that day. In short, he was a handsome, well-bred man, at least for the little province of Rügen, and associated with the most respected clergymen, government officials, and lesser nobility of the neighbourhood. He was now a farmer under Count Putbus, and we lived at Dumseritz, the larger of the two farms which he held. It was an ugly place, that had been built bit by bit without plan; the house was new, but small; but around it there were beautiful meadows, fish ponds, fruitful orchards, and in the country beyond, hills, copses, barrows—graves of the Huns we called them—all in the wild but romantic condition of a primitive and very imperfect agriculture. As Goethe says, "Thank Heaven, nature had not yet been cleaned away," and she was all the more mirthful in her undisturbed wildness, with her birds and fishes, game and herds, and all seemed made for us boys to enjoy, as we roamed about after our father and his dogs. In the woods of Krewe, part of which belonged to Dumseritz, we constantly met our

neighbours and neighbours' children from Schoritz and Silmnitz, chiefly at the fowling places where we children encountered each other, generally as friends, but sometimes too as foes. It was a happy life altogether. The twenty or five and twenty years after the Seven Years' War, was a tranquil and cheerful time, when men felt themselves unusually comfortable and at their ease, and good-naturedly allowed the children to take their share of all visits, meetings, festivities, and journies to distant relations. The best of all, however, was that we were not troubled with premature book-learning, for the very good reason that there was no school in the neighbourhood, and a properly educated private tutor would have been too expensive for my parents. Yet I think we were pretty well educated for that period, from our sixth to our tenth years, as you shall hear.

My brother Karl, the eldest of us, was sent to Stralsund, where he lived with his uncle and went to school. I remember still what astonishment and alarm it created among us—which soon, however, passed into brotherly raillery—when Karl came home after one half-year, and would not condescend to speak to us in anything but High German. For we had hitherto been accustomed to hear High German only from the pulpit, or in reading aloud, or on solemn occasions in the first greetings of the visitors. But we, that is, I and brother Fritz, the third on the list, did not long remain behind him. In autumn and winter, the seasons when they had the most leisure, our parents taught us regularly; my father writing and accounts, and my mother reading; and with the stories and fairy tales, which she told with much grace, roused our young imaginations to try their wings. Our reading in these early years scarcely went beyond the Bible and Hymn-book, and I could almost say, so much the better for us. She was a pious woman, and a great Bible-reader, and I should think I had read the Bible through with her three or four times. Nor was the Hymn-book neglected. On Saturday afternoon the boys learned either some allotted hymn, or the Gospel for the next day; and as my mother was a kind and gentle schoolmistress, it was done with as much willingness as profit. In spite of her many wild children, her own rather weak health, and her large household, which it was necessary to manage with economy, she had more leisure than most people. When all the rest had long been buried in sleep, she would still sit up reading some pious or interesting book; she rarely went to bed before midnight, and was up again with the summer's sun. As I was just like her, and even as a boy scarcely needed any sleep (for which I was nicknamed the Lark), I talked and read with her many a night through the ghostly hours, both in those childish days and in after years.

That age, at least on the island of Rugen, was still an age of undisturbed Christian faith, and my good parents, and aunt Sophy, my mother's youngest sister, who lived with us, were faithful, pious people; while, in the clergyman, Mr. Stenzel, they had an exemplary preacher and pastor. Church was never forsaken for a single Sunday without the most urgent reason; if it was fine we walked, if wet we drove there. Nor might the elder boys omit the catechizing at afternoon service, but were obliged to cross the fields a second time. When our father could not go with us, he sent as our escort an old head-man on the farm, a true Bible-christian, named Jacob Nimmo, who was my especial protector. As I, a little fellow of ten years old, rejoiced in a very good memory, and was very fond of and well-read in the Bible, I gloried in the place allotted me by the clergyman at the very top of the class, where I had many bigger boys and girls below me, among others my elder brother Karl, and a couple of tall young ladies belonging to one of the neighbouring noble families, who had their hair dressed over immense cushions. Though I was generally very shy, I had great confidence in answering and reading aloud, and sent out my voice like a trumpet, which old Jacob seemed to reckon as a source of personal pride to himself, and went home with me triumphant.

Spring and summer did not pass over quite without schooling; but that school which my companions and I frequented, in the fields and woods, the meadows and heaths,—of the birds and the flowers,—was doubtless the best. Still my father did not allow us to run about quite aimless and unchecked, but generally contrived to give us something to do or to see after on our expeditions. At the seasons when all hands in the country are full, particularly at seed-time and harvest, we elder ones were obliged to help to the utmost of our small powers. We were generally sent to look after the cattle or the pigs, and I earned much praise for my conscientious care not to lose any of them.

Our daily life at home was modified by the manners of the age, by the circumstances of the family, and by the characters of my parents. The manners of the age were strict and formal, and children and servants were always kept at a proper distance by their parents and masters, though there was also much warm-heartedness and kindliness. Just as it is now the fashion to assume a careless and indifferent air, it was then the custom, even among the lower classes, to strive after a certain polish and good breeding. We elder boys were brought up almost severely. We were not allowed any effeminate indulgence in clothing or shoes. If a message were to be sent to a friend or neighbour living some three or four miles off, the pony was caught and saddled,

the note delivered to one of us, and away he galloped without cloak or great coat, through sunshine, rain, or snow-storm. In winter when my father drove to see distant friends, in his one-horse sledge with its tinkling bells, we might hold on at the back or side as best we could, and if we found it cold might run by the side to warm ourselves again. I remember when I was a boy of about nine or ten, sleeping away the evenings in a chair in some strange house, while the men were playing cards, and how my father would shake me up at eleven or twelve at night, and I tumbled into the sledge giddy with sleep; how he would purposely upset the sledge once or twice so that I had a good roll in the snow, and how I had always to be on the alert when we came to a village, to open the toll-bars for him. Woe to me if I had ever betrayed a look even of womanish shrinking as I tumbled about in the snow!

I have just said, that every one in those days strove to attain a certain outward polish and refinement. For common meetings, however, common manners sufficed, but on more solemn occasions, such as marriages, festive dinners, &c. what great preparations were made even among such small people as we were! I am referring now to the years between 1770 and 1780. At such times everything was done in the house of a worthy farmer or simple village pastor in the same style as it would be in that of a baron or some noble officer, with the same formality and ceremony, but with more stiffness and awkwardness, and therefore more absurdly. It was the age of perukes, which lasted from Louis XIV. to the French Revolution, the age of foreign hypocrisy, of Jesuitical sham refinement, of fine mannered phrases and flourishes. I laugh yet when I think of a room full of company in those days. The portly "madam pastor," or "madam farmer," as they chose to be called, and her daughters moved slowly towards their guests with many ungraceful bends and courtesies. Round their hips were thick woollen cushions, their thickly powdered hair, often false, towered up in three several stages of curls, and they tottered about on feet squeezed, like those of the Chinese, into the smallest possible high-heeled shoes. The men were as stiff after their manner, but they were more genuine than the women. Among them the great events of the Seven Years' War had somewhat broken down their admiration of all that was French. They were caricatures of Frederick the Great and his heroes. Immense boots reaching above the knees, with heavy silver spurs and white ruffles round the knees; in their hands a long, gold-headed cane, a large cocked hat on the stiffly waxed curls, and a long pig-tail; ugly as it was, the costume was not altogether unmanly. And the boys? Even these poor little creatures must take their share. Oh, what a terrible martyrdom they underwent at such festivities! It took at least a full hour to powder the hair, and stiffen and smooth the pig-tails and curls with wax and pomatum and pin them into the right form, and when three or four boys were to be got ready in a hurry, the wax was laid on with an energy which often brought the tears into our eyes. And when at last the poor boys appeared before the company, they were obliged to make a round and kiss the hand of every lady and gentleman present with a profound reverence. But the drollest part of these mimicries of fashionable life was the use of the High German dialect, which was considered at that time and in that island as something out of the common way. And with good reason, for few knew how to manage it properly, or could speak it for a quarter of an hour without breaking the laws of accusative and dative at least a hundred times. It was considered absolutely essential to good manners to murder High German for at least ten minutes after the company assembled; it was not until the first heat of ceremony had cooled down, and the first awkwardness occasioned by the superfluity of compliments had passed off over a cup of coffee, that the company could condescend to the every-day level of their genial native Low German. Even broken bits of French were thrown in here and there, and country squires and farmers, meeting on horseback in the lanes, would greet each other genteelly with fine French phrases.

[This sketch is taken from the German of *Ernst Moritz Arndt*, well known for the distinguished part which he bore in the War of Liberation, and for his noble patriotic and sacred lyrics.—*Ed. C. P.*]

(To be continued.)

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WHAT are they? Who shall read them? It is plain that there are great facts, existing and capable of being seen, in society, in politics, in religion,—facts which, read aright, seen as they really exist, would solve many difficulties, and teach both us and our rulers much that neither we nor they are probably aware of. But the misfortune is that men—sects, parties, and schools—see the facts through a "haze of subjectivity," through their own preconceived notions, instead of as the facts are. The "right of private judgment" is maintained as if it gave a right to ignore facts. Truth is not regarded as absolute and in the nature of things, but only as "what every man troweth." A supposed right to hold any opinion a man may *think* true, is substituted for the duty of holding only that which *is* true; and so, especially in religious questions, the light by which alone men, and especially the great majority of men—those who are without much leisure or instruction—can safely interpret the sacred volume, namely, the light of primitive custom, historical evidence, and church authority, is undervalued or altogether put aside.

On the subject of the "Signs of the Times," and the meaning and significance to be attached to them, whatever is said by so able a thinker, so erudite a scholar,

and so thoroughly good and single-minded a man as the ex-minister of Prussia, deserves our respectful attention. He has naturally fixed upon those points which are salient in his own country, and he views them, as we take leave to think he needs must view them, less comprehensively than they would be viewed by an intellect, equally informed and perspicuous, if imbued with the Catholic faith derived by our own from the Primitive Church. M. Bunsen was led to write and publish the series of letters,* which the accomplished translator of "Niebuhr's Life" has placed in a very readable shape before the English public, by the issue of a pastoral letter of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Mayence, in which the Bishop roundly charged upon the Reformation, that it had destroyed German unity and the greatness of the German nation, and that since that event Germany had "done little but help to destroy the kingdom of Christ upon earth and to set up a heathen view of the world." Although we cannot concur in much that M. Bunsen has said, it is impossible to deny that there is a good deal in the aspect of affairs in his own country, if not in ours, to call for such utterances as his. The two great signs of the times which he points out are, "the Spirit of association with its liberty", and "the Hierarchy with its tyranny." The former he terms "the genius and the demon of the dawning day," the latter "the waning planet of departing night." Two other signs of the times are "the ever-growing aspiration of the nations after freedom of conscience, and the ever-increasing manifestation of the desire of the Clergy for the suppression of that freedom and the persecution of those of a different persuasion."

After an elaborate retrospect of what voluntary effort has done, in the way of philanthropy and religion, and reviewing the history of the establishment and progress of the Catholic Hierarchy in Germany, since Ulphilas,—he proceeds to point out violations of liberty of conscience by the dominant Protestant churches abroad, and the dangers arising to the state and to popular liberty, from the assertion of the rights of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, with respect to the three great corner stones of the state,—marriage, education, and property. In Letter V. an interesting and instructive sketch is given of the dispute between the church and government in Baden (both Roman Catholic), from 1853 to the present time. Many of the incidents of this struggle,—such as the arrest of the archbishop and his interdicting the performance of religious services,—remind one of our own contests with the Roman See. The dangerous organisation and action of the Jesuits, in both Romish and Protestant countries, are ably sketched. Intolerance in all ages and phases,—Hellenic, Roman, Teutonic, Russian, Austrian, Tuscan, Sardinian, and French, are depicted by striking examples. Then follows "an historical retrospect and solution of our difficulties on the bases of a truly Christian polity," which, so far as we understand M. Bunsen's theory of "the Church of the Future," seems to be akin to English congregationalism without creeds or bishops; and about a hundred pages are devoted to details respecting the organisation of the Prussian "church," which from our "stand-point," and viewed through the medium of the best translation, we confess to have found rather difficult of comprehension.

We heartily concur with M. Bunsen in the sentiment which he has elaborated in more than one eloquent passage, that "self-seeking is the essence of sin, and the root of evil and of all the miseries of humanity" (page 439); and would accept no less cordially this further position, if duly subordinated to the former, that "he who in the sphere assigned him, whether it be high or low, labours faithfully for right and freedom, is labouring for the overthrow of the enemies of the kingdom of God over the whole earth."

M. Bunsen is powerful in shewing the inconsistency of those German Protestants who hold with Dr. Stahl, a member of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Council of Prussia, in the following opinion expressed by him in a discourse delivered to the Evangelical Association at Berlin, on the 29th March, 1855:—"Toleration is the child of unbelief; the demand of freedom of conscience as a right in legally governed states and constitutional nations, is a part of that work of destruction and revolution which characterises modern science, and which menaces the tranquillity of Europe."

That such views as these are held and acted upon by the heads of Protestant churches and the rulers of Protestant states in Germany at this day, just as they were by the protestant reformers in Scotland, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Independents who colonised Rhode Island and Massachusetts, may teach us all a lesson. In much that is now going on we detect the operation of this same spirit. What are the attempts of dissenters to prevent churchmen from taxing themselves for the reparation of their sacred edifices, and for maintaining the people's free and open worship, and this at a time when the registration returns shew that four-fifths of all marriages, and a much larger proportion of all burials, are voluntarily solemnised in connection with the church? What are the mobbings of "Puseyites,"—the imprisonment of conscientious churchmen for superadding the church's blessing to a previously unconsecrated union,—the attempt to overwhelm with law expenses, suit after suit, clergymen who are merely conforming, as they believe, to the doctrine and discipline of the primitive church, as retained or revived at the English Reformation? What is that spirit by which the Church of England is still prevented from managing its own affairs—reforming its own abuses—disciplining its own members—providing apostolically and amply for its own, that is, for Christ's poor? What is the spirit which, for two centuries, resisted any appointment of colonial bishops—still withholds from churchmen in the colonies the plainest rights of citizens, exercised without hindrance by every other denomination, to self-government and self-legislation? What is the spirit which assails clergymen for refusing to read the Church's service over persons who have died out of her communion?—a refusal entirely conformable, as we learn from M. Bunsen, with the view adopted by the "Evangelical Kirchentag," in Prussia, in 1853:—"Art. IV. ..... He who does not choose to belong to her communicants, nor to recognise the authority of her ministers, cannot claim from her the rights of marriage and Christian burial." Verily, like the client who, till he heard his cause pleaded in court, had no idea what an ill-used individual he was, we have had some difficulty in avoiding the conclusion, from a careful perusal of M. Bunsen's animated protest against dominant churches and hierarchies abroad, that no one of the irregular evangelical bodies whose fate he bemoans, is much worse off than the faithful clergy of our own "established" church;—what with privy council, secretary of state, and registrar-general — what with Ditchers, Brocks, and Westertons—what with baitings in vestry and in the House of Commons—and the unmeasured bitterness of a puritan and semi-infidel press.

We confess that we have no sympathy with that Evangelical "liberty of prophesying," which means, if all experience deceives us not, liberty of persecuting. Nor can we quite understand the salvo which M. Bunsen, a Protestant of the Protestants, puts in (p. 291) in favour of refusing to Unitarians and something more, "who do not believe in Christ or God," the right which he asserts for Anabaptists and every other offshoot of self-styled Evangelical fanaticism to proselyte from the true Church, and to organize and preach to congregations of their own. Are Baptists to disregard our Lord's command "Suffer little children to come unto me," and to treat

* "Signs of the Times. Letters on the dangers to Religious Liberty in the present state of the world, by C. C. J. Bunsen. Translated from the German, by Susannah Winkworth. Smith, Elder, and Co. 8vo. pp. 517.

virtually one half of the human race, under the age of puberty, as children of wrath or heathens? Are Quakers and others who disuse or "deprave" the sacraments instituted by Christ Himself—are the Antinomians, who from so many pulpits undermine the foundations of morality by tacitly or expressly disparaging "good works"—are all such, we ask, to be by churchmen welcomed, and worked with in all things as "our Evangelical brethren," when those who acknowledge Christ as their Lord and Master, but have metaphysical difficulties in recognising the Trinity in Unity are as invariably vilified and *tabooed*? We at least have not so read our Bibles, and we feel bound to repudiate such false liberality, such unfaithfulness to the Church and to her divine Head.

Another illustration of what seems to us an inconsistency in the application of principles, is afforded by the Chevalier Bunsen's views with regard to marriage. He not only, so far as we can gather, would allow persons to unite themselves in marriage by civil contract and without any invocation of God's blessing upon such a union, but would support the preposterous claim of the Baines school, that *all* marriages should be effected by a non-religious form, leaving it to those who like to superadd a religious ceremony, and this in a country where the optional non-religious contracts of the Registrar's office have been hitherto used in an infinitely small minority of cases. How such tampering with the religious usages of the people can be held to consist with a due regard to the conscience of Churchmen—clergy or laity, we cannot quite understand.

So strenuous a Protestant as M. Bunsen could hardly be expected to spare the "Puseyites." He asks, for example, "what gave Puseyism its power in Protestant England? The want of intelligence among the Evangelicals, the one-sidedness of Methodism, and the impotence of the philosophy of the sceptical eighteenth century. What has thrown Puseyism into the arms of Rome? Its toying with a conscious lie,—with a self-seeking hierarchial principle on the domain of Protestantism." (p. 244.)

This to Germans, spoken by a German, might perhaps give a rough idea of what is intended, though incorrect in matter of fact. But a philosophic Englishman, even of M. Bunsen's way of thinking, would hardly so express himself. By Puseyites are of course intended those churchmen *par emphasis* who adhere strictly to the doctrines and rubrics of their church, and to the principles and practices of the apostolic churches. We would not underrate either the strength or the weakness of our opponents—rationalistic or puritan. But surely "church principles" have made way, because they *are* the principles of the church; they must make way, because we only ask to have, as the Apostles had, daily prayers and weekly communion; because we would have, as they had, rich and poor meeting together with equal freedom in God's house; because we would have, as the early Christians had, the psalms and prayers and creeds of the Church gloriously chanted, not mumbled or *preached*; because in an age when, as Bishop Butler truly said of his time:—"we may observe a wonderful frugality in every thing which has respect to religion, and extravagance in everything else,"—Christians give due honour to the symbol of their salvation, and worthily expend upon God's house some of that gorgeous ornamentation which the wordling prefers wasting upon his own. Again, we say, that it is no "lie," but a simple matter of historical fact, that the same, or nearly the same form of words "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," which were spoken with power by our Lord in ordaining the first overseers (or bishops) of His Church,—the same words which there is every reason to believe were used by the apostles, and also by those whom the apostles and those who followed them similarly ordained—have been till now and are still actually spoken in the consecration of English Bishops. No *Churchman* will deny that those words are now spoken with power. We may safely leave such as are not churchmen to deal with the facts as best they can. Nor can it be with truth denied that as a rule "Puseyites," and those prelates and fathers of our Church, who, if now living, would, by the orators of the "Evangelical alliance," be called Puseyites,—those theologians who equally withstood Puritanism under Cromwell, and Popery under James II.—have ever been the strongest bulwark against Romish corruptions. They have proved them to be corruptions by proving them to be modern; and by a simple appeal to the universally admitted records of the Church—by which records only the books of our Bible can be proved to be the word of God—they have ascertained and vindicated "the faith once delivered to the saints," and St. Paul's plain-spoken condemnation of all who "preach any other Gospel," or who add to or take away from one tittle of that Faith.—There are some other Signs of the Times, not alluded to by our author, which yet we feel constrained to notice. The first is the increasing tendency to place considerations relating to the accumulation of *wealth* and to the interests of property above or in lieu of that true statesmanship which would aim at the physical, moral, and spiritual *welfare* of the whole people,—a tendency equally disastrous whether it is seen in a people uneducated, because, as Mr. Baines shows, to educate them would cost money,—in a more and more ground down and yet ever increasing pauperism,—in the permitted depopulation by fever and want of whole provinces in Ireland in 1847 at the bidding of the economists,—and in the deliberate unhousing and leaving to perish year by year,* of thousands of industrious peasants in Ireland and Scotland, in order to enhance the money-rental of the "cleared" estates.—Another sign of the times is the total apathy of the laymen of our communion, as to their duty of giving not money only, but time and actual *work* for the poor, for the Church, for Christ. Add to these the "unpardonable sins" of traffic in church livings and the cure of souls, and of the virtual shutting out of the masses of the nation and the appropriation by the well-to-do and religiously inclined minority to their own use of the national edifices for public worship, and no more is needed to account for the godless and uncared-for state of the people at large, which, if unhappily characteristic of what M. Bunsen calls "Protestant England," is a scandal to universal Christendom.

But it is time for our notice of this remarkable book to be brought to a close. There is true wisdom in such thoughts as the following, which we find scattered throughout its pages:—

"We know of no theological system amongst Christians, which in itself would necessarily lead to intolerance and persecution so long as it remained within its own ground."—(p. 20.)

"In zeal is truth; and in every enthusiasm some truth is revealed."—(p. 96.)

"Centralisation is incompatible with the training of the people to true freedom."—(p. 139.)

"Civil liberty has never displayed any vigour except where it rested on self-government in the lower spheres of common life."—(p. 238.)

"The Christian's life finds its divinely appointed and permanent sphere in the practical following of Christ in the family, the Church, and the State; and its aim and object is the development of a free, conscious moral personality, or of the spirit. The most beautiful of all the divine services is a life well pleasing to God."—(p. 423.)

Such passages as these go a very long way to rescue M. Bunsen, as a consistent Protestant, from identification with the untoward theology of Exeter Hall.

Our testimony is scarcely needed to the elegance and

* See *Times* article and parliamentary debate on the Pollock evictions in April 1856.

solid merit of Miss Winkworth's translation. One or two expressions might perhaps be modified, so as to be rendered more generally intelligible; as, for instance, the epithet "Confessional," which seems to be used throughout somewhat in the sense of our word denominational. She has enriched the text with explanatory notes, which perhaps might be multiplied with advantage, in regard to some of the German celebrities, whose names are new to most English readers. We subjoin from one of these notes the following account of the concordat between the Pope and Napoleon for the re-constitution of the Gallican Church in 1801, which offers a sufficient answer to Romanist impugners of the Anglican Church, as Erastian and state-controlled:—

"This concordat, signed by the Pope on the 18th of August, 1801, re-established the observance of Sunday, and restored the old days of the week; deprived the state of all churches still used for government purposes, and where none were still standing, obliged the government to assign some other public building for divine worship. It ensures to the Catholic religion the free exercise of its rights, but it is nowhere called the religion of the state—the future head of the state might even be of another confession. Protestants have equal rights and privileges with Catholics; Jews retain the civil rights which were granted to them during the Revolution; all who have purchased church lands from the state retain undisputed possession of them. The first consul enters into possession of all the powers and privileges enjoyed by the previous sovereigns of France, *nominates the archbishops and bishops*, and receives from them the oath of allegiance; is further authorised to make *any police regulations affecting the Church which may be required for the public tranquillity*. The Pope confirms the archbishops and bishops, and they nominate directly all the parochial clergy, *who are confirmed by the government*, and a suitable salary is to be accorded to them," &c.—(p. 8 5.)

THE MOON.

See yonder fire! It is the Moon,
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.
LONGFELLOW.

A FIERCE discussion respecting the moon's rotation was lately raging between Mr. Jelynger Symons, her Majesty's inspector of schools, on the one hand, and those of the public who write to the *Times*, on the other hand.

The question is, apparently, a very simple one, since both parties are agreed as to the phenomenon, but differ as to the proper way of describing it. Does the moon rotate on its own axis, in the course of each revolution round the earth?—or, does it not?

Now, in order to relieve our readers' anxiety, we beg at once to observe that we have no intention to introduce here a discussion on the subject, nor to illustrate our own particular view by comparing the moon to an obese gentleman turning round in front of a fire, or walking round a table, or by incomprehensible discs of card, or in any of the other methods suggested by the newspaper correspondents—each rendering the question clearer than noon day in his own sight, and more obscure than a London fog to anyone else's.

But, in point of fact, we are rather glad to have the opportunity of saying something about the moon, wherein we take an interest. Not so once, because, in our early days, when the moon shone bright of a winter's night, we often deceived ourselves with believing that the ground was covered with snow, and we began to form all sorts of little projects concerning snow-balling parties, and snow men; and, on discovering the mistake in the morning, we felt highly indignant to find our hopes all "moonshine."

Subsequently, we looked upon the moon as a deceiver, cold and heartless, casting its silvery light abroad—glittering, but powerless—hiding in its deep shadows more than it revealed by its light; a young idea, indeed, to look no further than the surface.

Then, "a change came o'er the spirit of our dream;" and, while in a state of transition from bachelor to benedict, we took to reading poetry, and learned to hold the moon in very high esteem indeed. By-the-bye, we never, even then, could understand the connection between the moon and poets, unless it be true, as some affirm, that the poet, with "his eye in fine phrensy rolling," must necessarily be demented—in point of fact, a lunatic, or one whose disordered intellects are acted upon by the influence of the moon—an opinion from which originated the term "lunatic," and which has not yet altogether disappeared from among the unlearned:—

But lover, poet, or astronomer,
Shepherd, or swain, whoever may behold,
Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her:
Great thoughts we fetch from thence (besides a cold
Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err):
Deep secrets to her rolling light are told:
The ocean's tides, and mortals' brains she sways,
And also hearts, if there be truth in lays.—BYRON.

However this may be, it is quite certain that no one ever wrote a poem without feeling a certain amount of esteem and affection for that luminary. We could—but that we hold our hand—exemplify this with quotations in blank verse or rhyme from every English poet, from the greatest to the smallest. The moon certainly possesses great influence over mankind; its soft, peaceful rays shed a calm over troubled spirits, soothing bitter pain or corroding care, and stilling the effervescence of anger; and drawing our thoughts from self and worldly troubles to the contemplation of itself and the other heavenly bodies, which form the grandest objects within the range of sense; wherein the earth, our world, so vast as it appears, is but one planet of many revolving round a sun a hundred times as large,—together forming a system placed in boundless space, a single system among myriads. How vast, then, how incomprehensibly vast, must be the power, the majesty of Him who formed them all—who appointed to each its course—who knows and orders every incident upon each of them! We often think that if the moon fulfilled no other purpose than this it well deserves our reverence.

Nor is it only on the stately trees,
* * * * *
Or craggy mountain, robed with majesty,
* * * * * *
That thus the moon with magic power rests,
And clothes them with a grandeur of her own;
But every little stone upon the way,
Each landmark set to guide the traveller,
Each straw-built hut, or stile that checks the path,
Or crazy barn, or rick by rustics trimmed,
Has given to it soft and touching shades:
The moon expressive smiles on little things;
Nor needs the mind a guiding hand to point
How she is faithful counterpart in this
Of the all-consecrating church.—MORRIS.

She serves yet another purpose in the flood of beauty she pours on all things, for the finer feelings vibrate in harmony with a perception of beauty which each person more or less possesses; and those in whom this perception is strongest, have the greatest capability for intellectual and æsthetic enjoyment.

This description of lunar influence is, like all rules, liable to exceptions, and we have still fresh in our memory an example which happened one beautiful night on the Mediterranean. The sun had not long set upon the mountain coast, diminishing in the distance, tinting it with those glorious hues seen only in southern climes, while the deep azure waters darkened into ultra-marine,

and "the stars came forth to listen to the music of the sea;" then the moon rose in clear, untarnished splendour, and, sailing aloft, silvered the masts and cordage with a beauty—more evanescent it is true—but surpassing Elkington's electro-plate. A select party of passengers, assembled on the quarter-deck, sang melancholy songs until we, at least, became quite sentimental; and at length our illustration (a young English lady) became so affected by the scene that she asked for a cigar and resolutely smoked it, in spite of our cautions.

We *must* wake ourselves up now and cut short the random way in which we have been "mooning about" (to use a very expressive phrase, not discoverable in Johnson's dictionary) ever since we began this article, and until we have little time left for a more important part of the subject—for which we beg to apologise; and ordering out our private broomstick, will mount at once and ride off to the moon.

That luminary is situated at an average distance of 237,000 miles from us, and measures 2,160 miles in diameter; so that its surface is about equal to to that of America, and its circumference may be compared to the greatest length of Asia. It is observable that the same side is always turned towards the earth, which has led some persons to imagine that it is not a globe in form, but only a flat disc, like a well-polished saucepan lid.

Our first duty must be to deny positively that it is composed of green cheese, according to the popular juvenile theory, and to state that it *is* composed of mineral substance like the earth; that it has an extremely rugged surface, covered with volcanic mountains, and ranges so vast that the central hollow of one volcano is fifty miles across; and instead of presenting the mild, placid character usually imagined, it forms one arid, chaotic mass. Some of the mountains are, however, very beautiful objects when seen through a powerful telescope; the exterior rising in rough ledges or terraces, while the interior on the contrary is smooth. Their height is very great—many exceeding Mont Blanc, which is 16,000 feet, and one measures 25,000 feet in altitude. The dark patches called seas are in fact barren plains; there is not any water on the surface of the moon, nor can there be, since it is demonstrable that there is no atmosphere worth mentioning: and these facts lead to another question that attracted much scientific attention lately, viz.: "The plurality of worlds," since they decide that the moon must be uninhabitable by man or animals such as exist upon the earth. But, taking into consideration the prodigal creation of beings adapted to exist in every clime and under every circumstance this earth affords, and the lavish profusion of creatures discoverable in endless variety of shape, colour, and structure, formed as it were to exhibit the Creator's infinite store of invention and wisdom—we may well imagine the possibility of some race adapted to inhabit the moon and planets, differing of course from anything we know or can imagine, yet capable of existing, and enjoying existence, and glorifying its Creator.

We should like to say a great deal more about our favourite moon; to describe more particularly its structure, and tell of its motion in the heavens and its influence upon terrestrial tides, and weather, and magnets; to relate how modern observers have actually been enabled to map out its surface more minutely than that of Russia in an ordinary atlas, and even on so large a scale as ten miles to an inch. How they have made models of particular mountains and districts, and have in fact stared so pertinaciously in her face that, had she been feminine (as poets affirm, on account of her frequent changes), she would long ago have hidden her face, or turned her back on them, which, probably, in their greedy thirst for knowledge, they would be delighted to see. This, and a great deal more, we should like to say, but we really must conclude—thus,

Hail to the lovely queen of night,
In all her chastened glory bright.—RICHARDSON.

CHURCH PRINCIPLES IN ACTION.

The pressure of other matter last month prevented our then noticing an account with which we have been favoured, by the Rev. John Light, the laborious and exemplary senior curate of Ashton-under-Lyne, of an early service with Holy Communion lately celebrated in the parish church of Ashton. We notice it now, as we desire especially to render our periodical the medium of communicating amongst churchmen in this and other dioceses, practical illustrations of faithful churchmanship. The service was celebrated for the purpose of affording to such of the scholars and teachers, and other members of the congregation as had on the day before undergone the rite of confirmation, the opportunity of pledging themselves in participation of the Body and Blood of Christ to their Saviour's service. It was also designed to testify, "in breaking of bread and in prayers," their regard and love for a much respected fellow-teacher, who was about, after many years of service, to depart for America. Four hundred teachers and other friends were assembled in the church, and one-fourth of this number partook of the Holy Communion. After the service was concluded, the Rev. J. Light delivered a feeling address; and, in bidding farewell to him who was soon to leave them, said:—"Amid all vicissitudes and trial, cling, dear brother, steadfastly to the old faith of your fathers. Hold fast the form of sound words enshrined in the Liturgy of your Church, and faithfully and manfully uphold and defend them against all gainsayers. Beware of all temptation to fritter away any of your religious principles as a Church of England man; and, above all things, strive by a life of practical piety, to attract those who are now alienated from God, to the Saviour of sinners." We will only add, that our friends would much oblige us by transmitting any notices which they may think useful for publication.

DANGEROUS FANATICISM.—The "Clerical Journal" for May 8th, gives the *following* account of some proceedings in Sweden, which seem to show that religious enthusiasts who forsake the guidance of the church, will generally fall into similar kinds of error. "A herdsman of the village of Langmiel, their chief, gave out some years ago, that he was inspired by the Holy Ghost, and that he *alone rightly understood the true sense of the Bible.* He *despised the church*, rejected infant baptism, and all the warnings and exhortations of his spiritual guides appear only to have confirmed him in his delusions. He denied his own children baptism, and *won over to his views various women* as disciples, *who met him in conventicle for Bible-reading, praying*, prophesying, and *who joined with him in the most absurd acts of devotion.*"

HOW MUCH CAN I AFFORD TO GIVE?—Such was the thought of a young curate in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, just before he placed a crown piece in the offertory plate for the Church Penitentiary Association. As he withdrew his hand he felt the pocket in which he had that morning, as usual, deposited his watch:—it was empty. The thought that he had been robbed flashed across his mind, when looking down he saw it hanging, and it fell into his hand: it was outside his pocket, and only supported by a knot in the short ribbon attached to it having caught on a button. How was it that it had not fallen in his hurried walk through the streets to church? God, who had spared him that loss, was thus teaching him that He could at least save the value of a watch. He knelt down, resolving in thankfulness to increase his offering, and with a better faith in the assurance, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

He that hath one hog, makes him fat; and he that hath one son makes him a fool.

THE BRAVE CAVALRY OF BALAKLAVA.

A TRIBUTE TO THEIR HONOURED MEMORY, FROM A SERMON PREACHED ON RESUMING PAROCHIAL DUTIES, APRIL, 1855, BY THE REV. W. N. ST. LEGER, INCUMBENT, ST. MARY-LE-TOWER, AND MILITARY CHAPLAIN AT IPSWICH, LATE OFFICIATING CHAPLAIN OF THE FORCES.

St. Luke, 19 c., 41 v.

"And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it."

We have here an expression of tenderness and pity, which must in vain be looked for from any other than our most compassionate Redeemer! We cannot designate it, only "patriotism." 'Tis true, that she whose name is evermore called "Blessed" was a Jewish maiden, and that He was born of that Holy Virgin! Yet there is something in the emotion which our blessed Saviour manifested, if not different in kind, far greater in degree than that which mere love of country would suggest. We find here pity and compassion for the ignorance, prejudices, and sins of His countrymen—of those who cruelly persecuted Him, and who were about to take away His life. Let this heavenly charity teach us how to feel for, and how to speak to, those who may have done us wrong, or behaved themselves unchristianly towards us. Let us endeavour to follow the holy example of our blessed Saviour in feeling for our enemies pity and forgiveness. Let us sympathise with their sorrows and be ready to relieve their distress. Let us endeavour to banish from our minds all anger and all malice. And let us devoutly pray God "to forgive all our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts!" We may have much provocation: we may have to contend with base sordidness, or worse—with demure hypocrisy. But let us remember that those same degrading passions assailed Him, who is our example, and he has taught us to pity and to forgive.

Having now directed your devout meditation to the pity, tenderness, and mercy of Him, who has taught us how to feel for others' woe, and who in weeping over Jerusalem has consecrated patriotism and elevated it, to the rank of a Christian virtue—I may not deny myself,—for gratitude impels me, and circumstances plead my justification.—However unwilling to speak of personal interests before a public assembly, I may not deny myself, for I am in the house of God, and I will not omit to express my fervent gratitude for that signal mercy, which in the midst of *unexpected* sorrows and afflictions was granted to myself.

To that mercy only could I turn and on that only depend through scenes of danger in which no earthly power could save,—for earthly power itself was smitten even in its robe of pageant and suffered all the pangs and agonies of pestilence and death while in its dress of manliness and honour,—at once its garb of bravery and its shroud! Youth, health and vigour withered beneath the destroying blast, while one who was without these blessings, and with him childhood and infancy were saved—saved in a foreign and unfriendly land—saved by no earthly power, but by God's pitying mercy! Here—in this holy place, will I speak devoutly of that mercy and offer up my gratitude and praise!

Nor shall I forget you—for, I have spoken of patriotism—you brave and honoured dead! This holy church you knew, and, perhaps, in the dread battle-hour, may have called to mind, some words and promises of mercy, which you had learned here! I speak, my brethren, of those gallant cavalry, who were personally known to some amongst you,—of soldiers who have worshipped with you here—of regiments, which, as oft you saw them march through your streets—called up in your minds, the sentiment of national pride and confidence! With reverence I speak of them—for they were patriots! With awe I speak of them; for they are now numbered with the dead! And with sincere and warm friendship I shall ever speak of them, for during the preceding years they had all been in my spiritual charge. It was ever my happiness to be acknowledged by them, as their friend, as well as their spiritual instructor. It was not from any sordid feeling, that I have laboured in my military duties here,—but it was from a just appreciation of the military profession—its high sense of honour—its unselfish nobleness of sentiment—its loyalty—its bravery—its perfection of manliness! It was this which ever animated and encouraged me to teach those brave men to adorn their high profession, which we loved so well—to adorn it by a willing and religious obedience, as soldiers and servants of Christ,—and if servants of their queen—her servants for Christ's sake!

Those noble soldiers went out, not to a brave battle field only, but to a human shambles—to a sanguinary slaughter—to an Aceldama—a field of blood! Death in every variety of horror, has revelled and rioted amongst the doomed, the helpless, the unresisting brave. The battle-field was the place of safety, notwithstanding its thousands of slain. The camp, the bivouac, the hospital,—these were the enemies that could not be vanquished—that knew no pity and could not be appeased! Our want of due preparation for meeting a foe of such numerical strength as Russia, seemed like infatuation. It was a frantic expedition. Going up to the Crimea unprovided and unorganised as we were, was like suicidal insanity. The result is now felt to the inmost heart by the highest and lowest families throughout these kingdoms. Tell us not of victory, nor of the restoration of peace. We have, none of us yet, a mind for anything but grief and sorrow.

But if war be glorious, and if valour be the soul of chivalry and of war, we have an example of heroism bequeathed to us by those patriots who fought and those who died, to which we can find no parallel! We find nothing in history, in the sober truthful records of modern times, nor in the exaggerated stories of classic antiquity, to compare for one moment with the chivalric heroism, the manly fortitude, the Christian devotion of life to duty, which those brave cavalry exhibited before God and their fellow-soldiers, as they moved off, at that awful hour, to that most dread and deadly charge. Nothing like it in history, as regards so many men. We have read of individual bravery. But our cavalry have bequeathed an example of the unanimous fortitude of numbers of men, of different dispositions, minds, and tempers, moving on to certain death as bravely as ever they were seen on parade or review!

All honour, to their memory! And while I pay my dutiful and heartfelt tribute to all, I will call to mind one who, Sunday after Sunday, with calm and thoughtful devotion in this holy place, worshipped that God whom he was so soon and so suddenly to meet.* The devout Christian—the heroic soldier! He taught his noble-hearted soldiers how to live, and he led them on to death. All, honour, to their memory. In the performance of their duty, in the service of their Queen and country, they fought and they fell! And while we pay homage to those brave men, let us devoutly pray Almighty God to stay the ravages of war, and in his own good time, to restore to all nations of the earth, the blessing of peace. And for ourselves, let us henceforth strive to lead Godly and religious lives. And let us pray, that all those evils which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought, and by the providence of God, they may be dispersed, that we being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto God within His Holy Church through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

* Major Hackett, 4th Light Dragoons.

THE MONTH.

ENGLISHMEN have been celebrating the peace in one way and Frenchmen in another. On the Sunday after Ascension Day we added to our services a collect, composed by the Primate; whilst every preacher endeavoured to edify his auditors with a sermon for the occasion. French cathedrals and churches had already rung with *Te Deums* and jubilant services. Are these national peculiarities? and must we conclude that Englishmen prefer preaching and Frenchmen praise? If so, we confess to a decidedly Gallican taste so far as peace celebrations go. But seriously, why did not our rulers appoint a solemn day of thanksgiving? Surely our overworked population have not too many religious holidays, for in fact, save Sundays, they have but one in the year, Christmas Day, as the state does not recognise Holy Thursday. We have before us an account of the public rejoicings after the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and we cannot but think that it would have formed a capital precedent. "Queen Elizabeth," says the historian, "after passing through the streets (of London), with her heroes and statesmen, knelt down at the west door of St. Paul's, and openly and audibly praised God who had thus delivered the land from the rage of the enemy." Those were the palmy days of preaching, too, when a sermon of an hour's duration was thought rather a short one, and so the chronicler reminds us that there was a sermon, "wherein none other argument was handled but only of praise and glory to be tendered to God." Why then, in our day, could not the "three estates," instead of scattering themselves over the London churches, have done as they did in Queen Bess's time, and have attended the Metropolitan Cathedral. Dean Milman or the new Canon, Melvill would have preached an excellent sermon, unless indeed they had given up the pulpit to the Primate; and churchmen, like ourselves, might have sung our *Te Deum* with the aid of the assembled London choirs; and foreigners would have seen that our services, if less ornate than theirs, are capable of quite as much dignity, pathos, and expression. We cannot say that we think any better of the Jew Lord Mayor for attending church on that day, simply because we prefer sincerity to policy. We never feel complimented when we see dissenters at church on public occasions. Here in Manchester we were spared so great an anomaly as a Jew in our chief Christian temple, for the mayor and corporation, who attended the cathedral in great force, are, though not all churchmen, at least professing Christians.

"Exeter Hall has beaten Benjamin Hall"—as the Bishop of Carlisle not very happily put it—and the Sunday bands in Kensington gardens are silenced. The multitudes that flocked to hear the bands show the popular taste for music; will the Church then meet this want by choral services and open churches, or are the people to be driven to public-houses and tea gardens? We fully agree with the sentiments of the Bishop of Exeter, if the Church is not prepared to offer some substitute, it is a mockery to suppress such amusements.

The May meetings have passed away with pretty much the usual amount of excitement, and with much less controversial acrimony on the part of the speakers. Most of the missionary societies report increased means, with the exception we are sorry to see of the Church Pastoral Aid Society. Has not the home mission stimulus enough for frequenters of Exeter Hall, or is the falling off to be attributed to the inconsistencies of Lord Shaftesbury, the chairman, who seems to have presided on the same day at the *Wesleyan* Missionary Society? At a meeting of all denominations on the Sabbath question, "one speaker very ludicrously avows that he loves the Church and Dissent too well to rank himself as belonging to either, whilst Dr. Bunting professes that he does not know whether he is a Dissenter or no." We shall look out for a new sect, for whom a new name must be invented, perhaps the Nondescripts would do; really such dishonesty is too serious for a smile.

In Manchester, there has been the customary Whitsuntide procession, and the school children and teachers have had their tea parties and trips into the country. The numbers were larger than usual. The sermon at the Cathedral was by the excellent Rector of Bury, and the musical service joined in by so many hundred voices was most efficient. We have to record the munificent donation to the Cathedral of Manchester, of two altar chairs and an altar cloth, now in preparation, by Mr. William Andrew, of Ardwick, a gentleman who fully acknowledges the duty of giving to God of his substance, who has been connected with the schools of the same church for nearly half a century.

At Aylesbury Parish Church, on the 4th of May, the offertory was devoted to the purchase of a new communion service, in silver gilt, from the manufactory and chaste designs of Mr. Keith, in Regent-street; and of a small service for the communion of the sick. The reverse will bear an inscription suitable to the occasion, of which it is intended to be an enduring memorial. Another fund of nearly £200 has been raised for a more transitory commemoration of the peace, by a dinner to the poor and festivities for the school children. The fine old church has recently been restored in a very perfect manner under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott.

We have again to report conversions *to* the church. A Baptist preacher has forsaken his heresy—another dissenting teacher has been admitted to the holy order of deacon—and more than one of the recent perverts to popery have come back to us. We rejoice to see that the recent attempts to tamper with holy matrimony have been defeated as they deserved, thanks to the Christian boldness of the Bishop of Oxford, and the House of Peers. It would have been a monstrous attempt at compromise to have allowed registrars to celebrate unions with a deceased wife's sister, when the law of the church, which is, of course, equally the law of the state, declares them to be incestuous. The law of marriage in Scotland really does need setting on a different footing altogether; it seems that if a boy and girl were to call each other husband and wife for fun, it would be a marriage according to Scotch law, should a witness be mischievous enough to report it. We need not say what the effect of such a state of things is on morals.

Poetry.

VILLAGE CROSSES.

Father, what legends vague and wild
Do the gray old crosses tell,
As they stand encircled with lichens mild,
Whilst many a maiden, many a child
Pass by to the village well?

They tell thee, son, how in days of old,
To the far-off Holy Land,
Troop'd mailed knights and warriors bold,
Palmers in sable and princes in gold,
To war with the Moslem band.

They also speak with a clarion tongue
Of the lives our fathers led,—
How morn and eve when the church-bell swung,
With swords ensheathed and bows unstrung,
They knelt 'mid the silent dead.

But still more loudly these crosses tell
Of a faith once only given:
In whose pure light the martyrs fell,
When the hissing of flame was the parting knell
Of that faith's first-born to heaven.

Reviews.

"Jottings on Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell." By W. P. P. Longman and Co. 12mo. pp. 45.

A DESULTORY but entertaining essay upon the lives and writings of three of the (in some respects) most remarkable women of our time—Charlotte, Emily, and Ann Brontë. The author deprecates criticism on the ground that his paper was "written in the intervals of engrossing pursuits"—the case more or less with all of us,—but it may afford to those who have not read the striking productions reviewed in it, a fair idea of their character and tendency. With regard to the parentage of the three sisters, we are told that their father, "the Reverend Patrick Brontë—then living at Penzance—married, against the wishes of his friends, a very delicate young lady, in whose constitution the seeds of that English plague—consumption—was already sown broadcast, soon to bring forth fruit a hundredfold. He was possessed of but a narrow income, but fortunately was appointed to the perpetual curacy of Haworth, near Keighley, in Yorkshire. Thither he bore his bride, and there they passed their honeymoon. Like many others, they awoke from this happy dream, to find the material world all around them, with its stern and unbending realities, its hard features, and its gloomy looks. Mrs. Brontë's family refused to hold any communication with her; and her husband, who was a fastidious, unworldly, and strange character, was, by nature, unable and unfit to afford her much comfort or solace. These circumstances, coupled with the horrible consciousness that she bore in her bosom the seeds of an early death, caused the young wife to spend her days in a seclusion as perfect and as holy as a nun's. Shut up in a quiet parsonage, in a remote village, surrounded with bleak hills and barren moors; deprived of intercourse with those to whom her love was constrained by all the ties of nature and affection, this woman must have spent a life much akin to that of St. Frances de Chantal. Such parents would, it may be supposed, produce extraordinary children; such children extraordinary books."

The following clever hit at some of the absurdities of the Minerva press school of fashionable novels, gives a good idea of our reviewer's style, as well as not in aptly illustrates the sensation created by Miss Brontë's earliest production, *Jane Eyre*:—"here is no doubt that Charlotte Brontë created a new epoch in her branch of letters. Before her, we had an orthodox conventionality in "Novelism." We had "nice young men" for heroes, and for heroines, young ladies—good or naughty, as it best suited the tale—dressed for the most part in white book-muslin (we write this in fear and trembling, but we believe that to be the expression) and blue ribbons. There were conversations that were always overheard by the right people at the right time; and rich Indian uncles, possessed of bad livers, very properly and discreetly dying at the right time, leaving fortunes of fabulous amount to nieces and nephews, who were greatly in need thereof. But these "nice young gentlemen," and young ladies in book-muslin and blue ribbons, and rich Indian uncles with bad livers, were no longer to "strut and fret their hour upon the stage." No! behold a change! They were doomed. Suddenly, there came—without flourish of trumpets literary, or beating of drums critical—a small, pale, and by no means beautiful, woman. Those tiny fingers, those small hands, were to wield a sceptre more potent than any of their predecessors. That delicately-formed head was to be the fountain of thoughts that should revolutionise the whole world of letters. That insignificant looking woman was, by the force of her intellect, to grasp at and realise ideas that were to astonish us; even when we supposed them the product of the well-trained mind of *a man*. This impetuous little spirit burst amongst us, compassed about on all sides as we were by conventionalities, broke through all the opposition that could be offered by her puny opposers, defied their principles; and *Jane Eyre* caused a revolution that shook to its centre the very stronghold of King Antiquated Twaddle; even the cut-and-dash "Maga" declares that '*Jane Eyre* remains one of the most perfect works of modern times.'"

A Letter, addressed to the Lord Bishop of Ely. By the Rev. JOHN W. H. MOLYNEUX, B.A. incumbent of St. Peter and St. Gregory, Sudbury, Suffolk.—Sudbury: Fulcher London: Parker, Strand; and Palmer, Lamb's Conduit-street. Oxford: Parker. Pp. 46.

OUR readers will remember that in our last number we referred to the Church of St. Peter, Sudbury, as being the best instance within our knowledge of a *perfectly free* church—a church *for the people*. In the pamphlet before us, we have the views, upon this most important subject, of the gentleman who has been mainly instrumental in working out this entire freedom.

We need hardly say that we commend the pages of Mr. Molyneux to the most attentive and impartial perusal of all who feel any interest in the religious well-being of the masses. They contain, what we must consider a plain, fair, and honest appeal, on behalf of that which *ought* to need *no* appeal—the equal rights of poor and rich in God's house.

"It is not," says Mr. Molyneux, "any private opinion in support of which I write,—it is no limited interest that I advocate,—I write in the cause of common sense, as opposed to an absurdity which would not be endured in the affairs of ordinary life. I write in the cause of liberty and freedom, as opposed to restraint and exclusiveness. I write in the cause of the many against the few, where the few are guilty (often unconsciously) of selfishness and spoliation, and where the many are helpless and indifferent. I write in the cause of Christ against the world," &c.

Again we commend these pages to the politician. The question of places of amusement—whether they should be open on Sunday—has of late been much agitated. Mr. Molyneux asks—by the way, we think, with much point—"Is it any matter of wonder that there should be a demand to have such places open to the public on Sunday, when the churches are not freely open." But on that popular principle, "freedom," do we think Mr. Molyneux writes most strongly,—seeing that this principle exists and has such vast power. "The question now is, what are we to do with it? Quench it, or check its progress, we cannot if we would. What can be done, and must be done, is to give it free scope and development where alone its evil effects can be restrained and counteracted. That is, in churches free and open to all." "Happy will it be for the Church and nation, if we practically learn that the multitude may, without danger, freely go anywhere and do anything if they may freely go to Church and worship God." Mr. Molyneux, in conclusion, reminds the clergy, in this matter they must look to Him whose "kingdom is not of this world" for that help and support which will never fail them: and under Him to those whom He has called to be the rulers of His Church on earth.

Going heart and hand with Mr. Molyneux in all that he has here written, we cannot close this notice without expressing our earnest hope that one, at least, of those rulers of the Church may be so influenced by this appeal from one of his most earnest clergy, that he will, at any rate, back him in his noble efforts on behalf of Christ's poor, and not allow himself to be influenced by the outcries of Mammon worshippers, and enemies of the Church over which God has made him an overseer.

Our readers cannot better please us than by reading this pamphlet, and persuading their friends to do the same.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"An Ex-Chorister."—We should advise our correspondent to apply to the proper authorities. We regret the evil complained of quite as much as he can do, but we hardly see how it would be lessened by the publication of his letter. We have done our best in various ways to promote an improvement. If "An Ex-Chorister" will put his letter into the form of hints and suggestions on the behaviour of choirs *generally*, we shall be glad to give the public the benefit of his experience.

Correspondence.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Church of the People.

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to the article on "Manchester Churches" in your number for this month, in which I am represented as having communicated to the London *Guardian* the fact that the removal of the credence at St. Ann's Church was coincident with the discontinuance of daily prayers. What I did say was the very contrary to this. The credence was not removed until the alteration in the church consequent upon the appointment of the Rev. H. W. M'Grath, in 1837. Daily prayers had been discontinued many years before, though up to 1837, I believe, it was the custom to open the church twice every day, morning and afternoon, for a quarter of an hour.—I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

CHAS. GEO. RHODES.

10th May, 1856.

THE FORM OF PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING FOR THE PEACE.

To the Editor of the Church of the People.

Sir,—Several Churchmen of my acquaintance, who venerate the prayers of the Church as having the religious sanction of Convocation, are not a little dissatisfied with the *manner* in which occasional alterations are from time to time made in the authorised service on the appointment of public festivals and fasts by royal proclamation; and I think that you will deserve well of the PEOPLE for whom you write, and of the CHURCH, which is the people's richest treasure, if you help to expose any unauthorised meddling with the canonical psalms, and lessons, and prayers of the Book of Common Prayer.

Of course I am not objecting to the principle of a general thanksgiving on any proper occasion, such as the termination of a war may well be considered to have been; but I am of opinion that the responsibility of drawing up such forms and making changes in the liturgy ought to be intrusted to no other power than CONVOCATION, which might nominate a standing committee for this purpose. At present, these forms come down directly from the privy council to the clergy, without any accompanying direction from their diocesans, or authority for their use. They are, therefore, clearly illegal, being in direct contravention of the Act of Uniformity; and we can hardly be surprised if some of the clergy ignore the order in council altogether, and prefer the canonical psalms, lessons, and prayers of the day to the ill-advised changes and the lengthy and wordy compositions which proceed from Lambeth.

Considering who the present advisers of the Queen are, their enmity to the church, their jealousy of her authority, and their refusal to grant us our constitutional rights in Convocation, I think that the laity would do well to encourage the clergy to resist in this, as in other religious matters, the slightest infringement of the people's rights and undue stretch of the royal prerogative. If the clergy consent to use these forms, let them be requested at least to do so under protest, until all the powers of Convocation are restored. — I am, yours faithfully,

A CHURCHMAN.

Liverpool, Whit Tuesday, 1856.

Advertisements.

MANCHESTER CHURCH SOCIETY.—At a Meeting held on the 9th of May, 1856, it was Resolved—

(1.) That with a view to increase the circulation of "The Church of the People" (a periodical published monthly by Kent & Co. London, for the promotion of Church principles, and as an organ of communication between Church Unions), and to its ultimate conversion into a Weekly Journal, a Publication Fund of £100 be raised by Subscriptions of Churchmen, one-fourth of which shall be expended under the direction of the Editors, in advertising the Paper.

(For every £1 so contributed, ten copies monthly may be had, on application to the Printers, or six copies will be posted free to Subscribers at a distance, the residue being circulated gratuitously).

(2.) That the proposal of the Bristol Church Union for a Meeting of Delegates of the various Church Unions throughout the kingdom, receives the approval of this meeting, and that the secretaries and any members of the Committee who may be disposed to accompany them, be authorised to attend such conference on behalf of this society.

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THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the above Society, will be held at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, London, on Friday, the 6th of June. The Chair will be taken at Twelve o'clock. Members will as usual have the privilege of introducing any friends who may wish to be present.—By Order,

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The Church of the People

And the People's Magazine.

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OUR VILLAGE.

No. II.

I have explained the nature of Nelly Dale's property in our village to be purely of a moral nature—that sort of Christian equity by which kind hearts and soft voices acquire a control over what does not really belong to them. She does not touch a shilling of our rents—I wish she did. No, our territorial landlord is a very different person, I can tell you. See now, there is *the* house, The Grange, that you are now passing. It had a moat round it at one time, which has been partly filled up and made into a "ha,-ha." Observe the live stock in the park—you may count them by hundreds; look at those fine cows, suggesting inexhaustible supplies of rich milk. What do you think of the black oxen on the other side of the stream—may not a man feel proud of such a breed? Hark to the tinkling of the sheep-bells upon the uplands—you will not find one limping foot upon this pasture. What is that sound? why, the ring of the woodman's axe to be sure! See what noble trees they are thinning away! it seems almost a pity to fell such fine timber, does it not, and right in face of the house too? Perhaps it is to open a wider view of the estate, you may think. Well, you must cut down a good many more trees before you can see to its utmost limit in this direction. It extends far beyond those waving corn fields, up to where you see those three firs standing alone upon the hill top,—all the rich meadow land on either bank of the stream which laces those distant woods like a silver thread, up to the second mill, belongs to it. Go to the miller, and ask him how many sacks of wheat he grinds a week, and you will be astonished. That high wall to your left is the kitchen garden; it is five acres. You may catch the gleam of the hothouses and pineries a little further on.

A fortunate man is Sir Vaughan Balcaraign, Baronet, you may think, doubtless, to possess so princely an estate. Why, such a property in Germany, would be a dukedom, and Sir Vaughan would be a Prince of Saxe Something, or other, and have a court and an army,—aye, and would be able to pay for them too, which is more. Ah! so he might—so he might. Let me point you a moral by taking you a little closer to the house. You have been admiring nature, and God's gifts scattered over it—such must always be grand and beautiful. Now, let us look at the back ground which man has daubed into the picture. In the midst of what was once a flower garden, but now over-grown with weeds and incumbered with rubbish, stands a deserted mansion, cold and soundless, steeped knee deep, as it were, in a pool of ruin and desolation, which has soaked into, and corroded its uttermost particle. There is no breath of life in the tall chimneys, no sight in the broken and shuttered windows, no welcome in the moss-grown porch. The house is dead, and so are the hopes, and the pleasures that it once held. The estate has been mortgaged even beyond its value, the mortgagee is in possession, and makes the best he can of it. The Grange is of no use to him—or, indeed, to any one else—it is too large, too out of the way, too much out of repair for any sane tenant to look at it a second time. The land has passed through the hands of six generations of Balcaraigns, as though they were so many sieves. Each one finer than the one before it. It was but little that was shaken down into that of its present nominal possessor, who was, when last heard of, a billiard-marker in the capital of that enlightened monarch, King Ferdinand of Naples.

The three last Balcaraigns—son, father, and grandfather, have all had an infallible scheme for recruiting the fallen fortunes of their house, and redeeming the incumbrances upon its land. The first was the South Sea Company, the last—hazard! canals and railroads formed the middle turn between the systems of gambling which the world acknowledges and applauds, when successful, and those upon which it cries out "fie." I am bound to say, that the transactions of his forefathers, though noted down in large books an

carefully prepared schedules, tied up with the most business-like red tape, and deposited in irreproachable boxes and safes, and pigeon-holed receptacles of imposing appearance, were not one whit less reckless or extravagant in their nature, than those more simple methods of conveyances which young Sir Vaughan adopted, dice-box in hand, at the "board of green cloth," by which official designation he was wont to typify the gambling table. However, he is spoken of as a profligate spendthrift, and they as respectable but unfortunate gentlemen. Peace be to their ashes. Of Sir Vaughan, I know no more than that he is a gambler by nature—mind I do not defend such a character for a moment—and a beggar by circumstances. Per Contra! I have heard many good actions attributed to him, which I believe. Look at the old house, now as the sunshine falls upon it. The sun does not refuse to shine there because it is broken down, and desolate. Let us not refuse in our turn to throw a good word upon the poor young fellow,—you see I have a morbid sympathy for vice—an outcast in his youth, cold and hungry, perhaps, in a foreign land, standing alone friendless and deserted, like the ruined home of his fathers, with moral cobwebs polluting the darkened chambers of his heart. It is worth coming down to our village upon the twenty-fourth of June, specially to see the mortgagee in possession. I invariably associate him with clean shirts, he is so very white, so delicately smooth, so cool, his features are so carefully plaited down into shape, and he fits himself so accurately; the only drawback to the comparison is that he is never tumbled, not he. *He* never looses the buttons of his disposition, or has his temper pulled out of the gathers. He is always spick and span inside and out. I conclude that some unseen process of starching and ironing is always going on about him. He is not over and above communicative, to any of us down here, at least. He has one or two common-place expressions, which he keeps in stock for all occasions, and pronounces slowly and distinctly, letting them out of his mouth as if it were a trap. When he has delivered an opinion or remark, he has a habit of adding "yes, yes," with a sort of smack of his lips, as though he had tasted himself and liked the flavour. I suppose he must be wonderfully clever, because he has made so very large a fortune for himself. My friend, the antiquary, tells me he can vouch for his possessing a very superior order of mind, as he once expressed a wish to read his work upon the great parish pump question, which, as the honest little antiquarian very truly remarked, was more than most people could comprehend. I never saw him angry but once, and that was when a deputation waited upon him during one of his annual visits, to request that he would read a paper at our Mechanics' Institute,—we like to get great men to come and lecture to us. He could not think of such a thing. "Bless the people!" he said, several times very much disturbed; "bless the people, what had he to lecture about?" but he "yes, yes'd," and tasted himself as usual afterwards, and appeared to be as palatable as ever.

I must not forget our Mechanics' Institution, by the way. It stands back out of the High-street. It is built upon the model of Noah's Ark, as rendered by Dutch toymakers, of course without the boat-like bottom with which that most unseaworthy craft is provided. It has not the cheerful appearance of that structure, however,—its designers having evidently come to the conclusion that education is not a thing to be trifled with, to be made easy or attractive, to suit the whims and fancies of the lower classes. Therefore, the reading room has been made one of the most painfully low-spirited apartments I ever had the misfortune to enter. A little learning is a dangerous thing, without doubt, in our Athenæum, for in winter the winds of heaven hold a soiree round its table, and in summer there is imminent danger of suffocation from want of proper ventilation. The lowest tender for gloom had evidently been accepted in forming and furnishing the place; the very hardest wood, and shapes most inimical to the repose of the human form, had been selected for chairs and seats; the windows are never cleaned or opened, and the fire-place is constructed upon the principle of giving out the maximum amount of smoke and dust for the minimum degree of heat. No one ever laughs in the reading room; in the first place it is forbidden in one of those ghastly placards which you see hung like malefactors around the walls, and in the second place the deep gloom which pervades, checks in the bud all unseemly hilarity. If you want to see a man reading "Pickwick" without a smile, you must go to our Athenæum. I was taken up so sharply by our managing director (who is, as he tells one, "a strictly practical man") when I suggested that to induce people to leave their homes in the evenings to frequent the Athenæum and use its library, a little more cheerfulness and comfort should be provided,—that I don't mean to mention the subject again. Mine host of the Cat and Bagpipes acts upon the erroneous principle I advocated, and has a full bar parlour every night,—but then you know he is not a "practical man."

I have one consolation,—I have Nelly Dale upon my side. Our strictly practical director, Mr. Stumpup, who is also an eminent statist, does not get on well, by the bye, with that young lady. He will prove to you, Sir, by facts, hard

facts, and plain figures, that the mischief that girl does is beyond belief. He can make it quite clear to the dullest capacity, that $\frac{3}{8}$ of a boy of fifteen years old is thrown out of employment out of every hundred souls by what you please to call her *charity*. "If we had two more such idle meddlers in the village, Sir, poor-rates would be up a farthing in the pound. I can prove it—two and two make four, I believe, Sir! Your young lady sentimentalists can't get over *that*, I think, hey?"— Nell does not understand statistics, but holds to her old course of cheering words and kind works, and so sacrifices her $\frac{3}{8}$ of a boy per annum, remorselessly!

I have overtaken Nelly Dale in the main street of our village where I left her two months ago—shame upon me for neglecting her so long—and am walking on with her towards the parsonage. There is a man worn and dusty with travelling sitting by the road side before us. He has taken off his shoes, and is cooling his swollen feet in the little brook. One of them is cut badly, apparently with some sharp stone, and is bleeding into the clear cold water; but he does not heed it. His dress is old and ragged, but it seems to hang upon him gracefully notwithstanding. There is an indiscribable something about him that interests us; and as he is so absorbed in thought, gazing into the rapid stream, he does not notice our presence, we stop and regard him for a moment more closely. It is a handsome face—careworn and sad, though. He has evidently seen better days, his hand is small and delicately formed, and upon one of his fingers there is an expensive ring. What sharp eyes women have. I should not have noticed it. Nelly said that she should like to give him some lint and plaster for his wounded foot. Perhaps he had to walk many more miles before he reached his home. But I thought it would hardly do for her to accost a person of his appearance, because you see we were convinced that underneath his clothes he was a gentleman. If he had been a labourer it would have been very different. So Nelly agreed with me that it could not be helped; and so we passed on, giving one parting glance to the fine face and manly figure, dejected as it was in spirit, or worn out with weariness and toil, reposing there so silently, like the ruin of a man, still gazing into the water, and moving not.

"Look at the old Grange," I said, as we mounted the hill. "How fine it looks in the sun-set."

"It makes me sad," said Nelly Dale, "to look at it. There is, to my mind, an almost human expression of pain and sorrow in its ruined aspect like —— like the countenance of the man we saw by the stream below. I laughed at the far-fetched comparison, and went in for my evening's chat with Mr. Dale.

The evening passed away quickly, and I lit my cigar and took my leave about half-past ten, after having lost two hits and a gammon to the curate at his favourite game. My nearest way home lay through the churchyard. I cannot tell why I began to think about the Balcaraigns, and to direct my gaze through the gloom to where the past generations lay in their last slumber. I did so; and there I saw the figure of a man, laying upon the dank grass. I turned his face from the sod, and saw that it was the same that we had encountered upon the road side. Upon the gravestone under which he had fallen was written: "Sacred to the memory of Sarah, the widow of Oliver Balcaraign, who died 18—." I remembered that she had expired a few weeks before, praying fervently that she might be spared to bless her absent and erring boy. He had returned too late. Sir Vaughan Balcaraign —the gambler and outcast—lay perishing of cold and hunger upon his mother's grave!

RAMBLING NOTES ON THE EARLY DAYS OF ENGLAND.

No. III.

(*Continued from page 53.*)

In what I have said hitherto, my remarks have had reference to that period of our history which was comprised in the centuries between Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror. I shall now call your attention to a later period, and without keeping strictly to any chronological plan, endeavour to set before you some characteristics of those ages which lay between the days of the Normans and the century preceding the Reformation,—of which, I need not tell you, we are even better informed than of the earlier ages of which I have been hitherto speaking.

It is necessary for me just to remind you, in passing, of the remarks which I made before respecting the Conquest:—That, whilst it took the government, the high offices in church and state, out of the hands of the English and put it into those of their Norman conquerors, it did not permanently alter the character of the people, their manners, or their laws. The buoyancy of the old English element of the nation was such, that after being kept down by an iron rule for many years, it did in the end gain the ascendancy; and in doing so, it gradually assimilated the constitution and habits of the country (as far as they had been changed,) back again to their original and more native condition. As the Romans Romanized their conquerors, the half-savage nations of Germany—so the Old English Anglicized the Normans. So that England to this day is as little like France as it was in the days of Edward the Confessor or even of Alfred.

But there was one particular in which the England of the period we are now going to consider *was* changed, either by Norman habits, or more likely still, by the natural advancement of the nation in the course of years. I do not think there is any record, before the Conquest, of any Englishmen ever leaving the island for military purposes. Our intercourse with the continent in those early days was confined exclusively to commercial transactions; and no troops being required for foreign service, the army, occasionally raised in the form of our modern militia for home purposes, was very far indeed from being of such a character as to constitute England an essentially military power. Under the rule of the Normans and Plantagenets it was very different. All the higher classes of the nation were, from their earliest manhood, brought up as military men; and there was probably no period for some centuries in which there was not a large body of troops, though not quite a standing army, immediately available for home or foreign service. Thus England became a military power, like other countries, and stood less alone than formerly among the nations of Europe.

In this way, what is called the Feudal system became as completely developed in England as elsewhere. I cannot stay now to say more about this, than that the name is given to a peculiar state of society—quite unknown to us in this day—by which the rights and duties of property were almost universally connected with military service. The king could call upon the nobles to provide him with so many officers and men for an army; each noble had several others of lower rank, of whom he had a right to claim a contribution of so many troops in proportion to their rank and property, towards making up his quota. And thus, from the higher grades of society the duty of serving in the army descended down to the common soldier, who was obliged to follow his immediate master when and wherever he was required.

Closely connected also with this military development, were the institutions of Chivalry, of which a shadow yet remains in our orders of knighthood,—the Order of the Garter (the most honourable decoration in the world), and the Order of the Bath, both coming down to us from the time of the Crusades. But I must pass by Crusades, and Chivalry, and the Feudal system—each of which would furnish us with interesting subjects for a lecture—and proceed to some remarks upon the Englishman's *home* during this period of our history, such as I lately glanced at in the earlier period; for after all, there is nothing which exercises so great a social influence as home in England.

Now, in considering this portion of our subject, we must take care not to fall into a mistake that is very common among many—especially among the popular writers of the day—of making our own habits, and age, and everything, the one true standard of perfection. To read some books—Mr. Dickens's for instance, with all the good that he has in him—one would think that whatever does not fit in with the particular notions of the age of railroads, must certainly fall short somewhere of the measure of perfection. There is something of the notorious self-laudation of our friends and relatives across the Atlantic, in this sort of thing; and as we see the fault very plainly in other nations, we ought to take some little care, at least, to avoid it in ourselves. Our forefathers of early England were, no doubt, destitute of many things which to us have become almost necessaries of life; but it does not necessarily follow that we should pity them, and say "poor things," because they had not the same sort of luxuries that we have. We ourselves should find it a great privation in this day, if our railroads, and electric telegraph, and penny post system, were suddenly to be annihilated; and yet there are very few of us who do not well remember the day when the world jogged on very happily without them,—and although these things are wonderfully convenient and great helps towards growing rich, it would be difficult to point out any real improvement that has been caused by them in the happiness and the goodness of the English people or any other.

We must therefore judge of different periods, in all respects almost, by different standards; and must remember that, in respect to the homes of our early forefathers, their wants were far fewer, their manners more simple, and their ideas of comfort and enjoyment much more limited than our own.

But, perhaps, it was the general hospitality for which England of early days was so famous, that did in reality underlie most of the domestic arrangements of those times. People of any substance seldom lived alone—that is, with merely their own families about them—in the ancient days. In the castles of the nobility and in the halls of the country gentlemen, there were always such large numbers of friends and retainers (in addition to those who were actually the servants of the house), that such households must have been more like little colonies or patriarchal tribes, than so many separate families. Moreover, it was the universal custom of those days for the whole household (numbering perhaps some hundreds, and including all who were not actually engaged in servile employments), to take the chief meal of the day toge-

ther in one great room, which was called the hall. Until the latter part, I think, of the last century, it was thus the custom for the king and queen always to dine in the presence of their subjects, (probably until the illness of George III. necessitated privacy, since which time the custom has not been revived,) and generally with a large company of their higher officers and household sitting at table. Hence, the banquetting hall was always the most prominent feature in the larger dwellings of ancient England, and has given its name to many of our country mansions. Some of these dining rooms, as we call them now, still remain, as large as churches and capable of containing from 200 to 2,000 or 3,000 guests. At their upper end there was a platform, raised some 12 or 14 inches above the floor, on which a table was placed across the room for the use of the master and mistress of the house and their more honourable guests, and this was called the dais or high table. On the level floor of the hall were several rows of long tables, extending lengthwise from end to end; and at these lower tables all the other guests were seated in regular order according to their respective ranks. On a certain part of these tables was placed a large ornamental piece of plate—the great salt-cellar—which formed the well-known boundary between master and servant, and distinguished them as plainly by their position as if they had not sat at the same table. So you often meet with the phrase, "to sit below the salt," as implying a humble position,—not that such a position was in the least degrading, but that it was one way of marking those respective stations of life which must be, and ought to be, marked in every well-ordered society; and which are as much marked in republican countries (after all their boasts of equality) as they are in our own.

Thus, you see, dinner was always an important affair with an Englishman, and had, as it has to this day, very great influence over all his other arrangements and habits. And when you come to think how many mouths had to be fed every day in these great halls, you will suppose that there must have been great kitchens to match them. And so there were: and some of them had fireplaces so large that it was possible to roast two or three oxen at one of them, with a few sheep here and there, and haunches of venison to fill up any spare corners. Gridirons ran on wheels, and were sometimes 5ft. square, as one now remaining at Christ Church kitchen, Oxford. These kitchens always communicated with the halls, through a small room (in some places, and in others only an open sort of arched window) which went by the name of the Buttery hatch; and the whole arrangement, as it may still be seen in many great houses and colleges, gives one the idea that our forefathers were not behind ourselves in attending to the comforts of the dinner table, though they did live 500 or 600 years before the nineteenth century. Except these great apartments, there were, however, but a few rooms in most country houses of that day. Of the great numbers that lived there, some of the higher ranks had chambers opening out of the great hall, or else forming part of an adjoining long gallery; but the great body of retainers and servants made the hall their quarters both by night and day.

In towns, as you will suppose, things were rather different. The practice of England and all western Europe has always been to build towns in streets of continuous houses, not as in Eastern countries, of detached villas and cottages. And as such large bodies of retainers did not live with the merchants, who had their permanent residence in towns, or follow the nobility in their occasional visits there; there would not, of course, be the same necessity for those arrangements which in country mansions were connected with the great hall. Towns and cities, too, in early England, were very much crowded together; and the houses took an upward direction instead of a lateral one, when they increased their number of apartments. They were built sometimes of stone, but far more generally of a massy framework of timber, the spaces of which were filled up with brick or rubble, and plaster; and perhaps not unfrequently with Devonshire cob, than which there is no older building material in the world's history. The outer face of these timbers was often very elaborately carved, and all the gables were narrow and high-pitched. And to gain room in the upper stories they were made one to overhang the other, so that sometimes opposite neighbours were able to shake hands across the street from their garret windows. A few such old houses are still left in London back streets. But the oldest and most beautiful remains of this kind of street architecture are to be found in Chester, Stafford, and Shrewsbury, though even there they are giving way to stucco and plate glass.

These, however, were the houses of the more wealthy and refined classes, whether in town or country. In the back streets of towns, unseen by most eyes, but well known to the clergyman and the doctor, there are now, and there were in those days too, row after row of miserable dwellings, where the poor were huddled together without regard to cleanliness or health, or morality. Narrow streets, close pent houses, want of all drainage and ventilation in fact, bring the cholera into our towns and villages now; and the same causes brought the plague, time after time, in the

centuries under our notice; and there was hardly any place where people congregated together, which was not decimated two or three times in a century by dreadful diseases, which became so very dreadful only on account of these causes. It is so still with the cholera, and will be with that and other diseases, until landlords and tenants will learn that the fresh air of heaven is the best preservative from their attacks; the one so build, and the other so *use* their houses, that all families may have access to pure air, and room to breathe it, and some opportunity of living like respectable Christian people, instead of being degraded to dwelling places that are like pig-sties.

But let us turn to pleasanter subjects. The interior walls of all the better class of houses—such as those of merchants and the gentry, were, from the earliest days we have any record of, hung with coloured cloth or embroidered tapestry. The windows filled often with stained glass of gorgeous colours. The ceilings were brilliantly painted with armorial bearings or other subjects, in which there was much display of colour and gold; and the floors were either left of bright polished oak, or else, as in halls and rooms in common use, strewn with rushes. The tapestry with which the walls of rooms were decorated was generally home-wrought needle work, as thick as carpets, in which one generation after another had its share. In cottages and tradesmen's houses the wives and daughters employed their leisure chiefly in spinning (they seldom got hold of novels to pass away the time in those days), and among the upper classes, they engaged as busily on tapestry-work as many ladies now do on crochet, and those tormenting things of unintelligible use which go by the name of "anti-macassars." But whether the anti-macassars of these days will last for 1,000 years, as some of the beautiful needlework pictures have, which were worked by the fair fingers of 1,000 years ago, I leave you to judge. It so happens that our most valuable knowledge of the Conquest is derived from some needlework hangings of many yards in extent, and generally called the Bayeux Tapestry, which was wrought by the wife of William the Conqueror and her maidens; and there are many other specimens remaining of great size, and almost as valuable. With such tapestry, too, the interior of churches was often hung; and on occasions of grand processions through the streets of cities, the fronts of the houses were richly decorated with it, as now it is the custom to hang out a few flags. It was one characteristic of our ancestors that they were seldom contented with bare walls. We cover the interior of our modern houses with paper-hanging, and the practice is derived from that of hanging up embroidery, but we are often content with plain and rude painting. And besides, the richness and beauty of the ancient practice—to say nothing of its more lasting and solid character—must have far exceeded anything we can show; indeed, our house-decorators are beginning to find out that, if they want to improve in that art so necessary to good taste, and in some measure to our comfort, their best course is to go back to some of the examples left us by the old English of 500 years ago.

To my thinking, people who accustom themselves to live in constant sight of nothing but white paint and black paint, and grey paint, and drab paint, get very much more cold-hearted than those who imitate the beautiful world of external nature by surrounding themselves with colours pleasant and warm to the eye; and I hope we shall soon grow so proud of rich colours in our houses and elsewhere, that drab will be alike unknown in house and heart. There is no decorator like nature; and I am sure the more we copy the principles of the natural world in these things, the more we are likely to be in the right. But, certainly, if the grass and the flowers, and the sky, were all as sombre and cold-looking as we have been accustomed till very lately to make our houses and churches, and public buildings, we should have lost half the pleasure which the sense of sight was designed to afford us. It is an odd taste to like white-wash, and grey-wash, and drab-wash, better than the gladdening colours which we meet at every step in the natural world; and I don't think if a comparison were made between our taste and that of our ancient forefathers of early England, that we should come off with anything like credit in this matter.

But, to return—You will see that rooms which were made so beautiful in themselves as those of our ancestors by all this artistic decoration and good taste, wanted little furniture for show, such as there is in our modern houses; and still less that multitude of things which ladies call nick-nacks. Solid oaken furniture, richly carved, often relieved with gold and colour in the shape of heraldic decoration, and still more often with similar tapestry to that with which the walls were beautified; here and there a beaufet displaying the rich enamelled gold and silver work of the day. Such was the "furnishing" as the phrase is now. If we can picture to ourselves such an interior, we shall probably have a tolerably correct idea in our minds of what those houses were in which our forefathers lived and died—the homes of five centuries ago, where all the generations of long-past ages went through the same round of joys and sorrows, of youth and manhood and old age, that we are now going through; where those had their daily dwelling-

place who laid the foundations of that greatness and happiness which it is ours to enjoy; where dignity and taste, and industry, and art, and beauty, were assuredly as little wanting, at the least, as they are in this day of increased knowledge and abundant discovery.

CHURCH PRINCIPLES AND CHURCH UNIONS.

THE maintenance of societies of strict and faithful Churchmen, united by community of exertion in behalf of, as well as love towards, our pure and Catholic Church, was never more important than at present. In every locality Churchmen should bestir themselves to form such unions, or to extend their scope and usefulness wherever they exist. As an illustration of the topics which may at this time appropriately engage the attention of Church Unions, and which call for the energetic action of Churchmen, who value the holiest doctrines of their Church, and desire even to be permitted the liberty, allowed to every other denomination of Christians, to regulate their religious edifices and services in their own way, we give insertion to the following

REPORT

Read to the Manchester Church Society (late the Church Union for the Diocese of Manchester), at its annual meeting at the Palatine Hotel, on June 13th, 1856; and for which, we are informed, the society is indebted to its excellent president, the Hon. Colin Lindsay:—

Your committee, in meeting their fellow members of the Manchester Church Society to-day, on its first anniversary since the division of the Chester and Manchester Church Union into two separate and independent associations, have to call the attention of Churchmen to several important subjects now agitating the church, and which call for the solicitude of Churchmen.

I.—The most important is that concerning the doctrine of the Church of England on the Presence of Christ in the Holy Communion,—a doctrine now about to be argued and adjudicated on in the courts of law. The case is this:—Some time ago Archdeacon Denison, in a series of sermons, maintained—First, the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Communion, under the form of bread and wine; secondly, that that Real Presence was brought about by the act of consecration by a priest lawfully ordained; thirdly, that both the worthy and unworthy receive the blessed body and blood of Christ,—the former to their benefit, the latter to their condemnation; and, lastly, that worship is due to the Lord, present on the altar under the form of bread and wine. While the archdeacon maintained these points, he emphatically denounced transubstantiation, and unequivocally declared his assent to the Articles of religion. The Rev. W. Ditcher, taking exception to the archdeacon's doctrine, resolved to bring him into court for trial for heresy. He endeavoured to induce the late and the present Bishops of Bath and Wells to grant a commission of enquiry, which they declined to do,—at least the late bishop, after enquiry, so far decided the case, by simply admonishing the archdeacon to be more careful for the future in his doctrinal statements. This not satisfying Mr. Ditcher, he applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately proceeded to grant a commission, according to the act now in force.

The commissioners, who were all of one party (the one opposed to the archdeacon) reported to the primate that there was *prima facia* evidence for the court to hear and decide. The primate, however, perceived that it would be against the interest of the church and the happiness of her members to proceed further in the matter, and he decided against the case being brought to trial,—the issue of which was uncertain, and as whatever that issue was it would not bind the church in *foro conscentiæ*. The Rev. Mr. Ditcher then applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a mandamus to compel the archbishop to proceed with the case and to adjudicate thereon. The judges very reluctantly granted it, which they did on the ground that they had no discretionary power. This important case now is on the point of being argued by lawyers, pro and con, in a manner revolting to the feelings of all right-thinking men,—each party knowing full well that the decision of the court (the judge being a layman), whatever it be, will not be worth the paper on which it will be inscribed, and will be treated with the contempt that will be justly due to it. Now, it is not the province of your committee to express any opinion concerning the doctrine of the Archdeacon, but there will be no objection to their stating what the Church of England forbids to be taught as doctrine on this subject, and what her rule is concerning the preaching on matters of faith. The only opinion concerning the doctrine of the Holy Communion that has been declared heresy by the Church of England is *transubstantiation;* or, as the Churches of Rome and England define that word, the change of *the substance* of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ; so that the bread is no longer bread, and the wine no longer wine. This doctrine is forbidden to be taught by the clergy; but there is not a word said against that of the real "presence of Christ under the form of bread and wine." With respect to the rule or canon of interpretation of Scripture, it was laid down, in 1570, "That preachers were not to preach anything as of faith, except that which they have learnt from the Sacred Scriptures, *as interpreted by the Catholic Fathers and ancient Bishops;*" and throughout the whole of the canons of 1603, the decisions of the church regarding both doctrine and discipline were based on Scripture and the interpretation of the church. So that in the case of the Archdeacon, now about to be heard in the Court of Arches, the whole teaching of the Church Catholic, from the days of the Apostles, must be unravelled; for unless he has preached against this testimony, he cannot be condemned, at least legally according to the principles of our church. Your committee would, therefore, earnestly exhort the union of all Churchmen, to rouse themselves from the lethargy which has fallen on them, for this case is one of no ordinary nature; since, if the Archdeacon should be condemned, his sentence will be *deprivation of his living*, the consequences of which are frightful to contemplate; for all who teach the Catholic verity of the Real Presence, in contradistinction to Transubstantiation, will be also deprived, which cannot but end in a great and fearful schism. Let all true Churchmen arise, and fight for their liberty, which is now so seriously attacked. Let all who value the purity of the church now rally round the Archdeacon, not in defence of his assertions, but in defence of the right of preaching doctrines not forbidden by the church, and not inconsistent with the generally received teaching of the church. Your committee would, therefore, conclude this portion of their report, by expressing a hope that subscriptions may be raised to assist the Archdeacon in obtaining the services of the best counsel this country can give.

II.—The most important point next to be considered is church ornaments. A few months ago the Hon. and Rev.—Liddell was proceeded against by one of the churchwardens of the district of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for having candlesticks and a cross on the altar; also for having a variety of altar cloths, suitable for the several seasons of the church; and further, for having a rood-screen, surmounted by a rood or cross, &c. It is not disputed that, as a whole, the *con-*

gregation worshipping at the church are perfectly satisfied with the ornaments and arrangements therein in every respect. The case was heard before Dr. Lushington, in the Consistory Court of London, and judgment was pronounced against Mr. Liddell; whereupon the Rev. gentleman appealed to the Court of Arches, and from thence it will probably go before the Queen in Council. That these ornaments are recognised by the Church of England is evident, from the fact that her first rubrick enjoins that such ornaments of the church and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministrations, *shall be retained and be in use*, as were in this Church of England, by authority of parliament, in the first and second year of King Edward VI.; and, moreover, that the Church of England more than once expresses her desire of keeping to the ancient rule, and declares that she only desired to depart "from them (*i. e.*, the Churches of Italy, France, Spain, &c.), in these particular points (*i. e.*, ceremonies), wherein they had fallen both from themselves in their ancient integrity, and from the apostolical churches, which were their first founders" (canon 30, 1603). Lights on the altar do not symbolise Transubstantiation, but the Real Presence of Him who is the True Light of the world. The cross represents our redemption, and the several altar cloths, seasons of joy or sorrow, and of fitting commemoration of the departed who have glorified God in their martyrdom. The roodscreen and its rood, fit representation of the barrier between this and the next world, with the hope of the cross set before us to stimulate us to exertion. The Church of England never condemned this holy and edifying symbolic representation of truth. Your committee would, therefore, urge all Churchmen to stand up for their rights and liberties, and to demand that the glorious apostolic paraphernalia of Holy Church be preserved in all their integrity. That symbols are necessary as external representations of truth, is easily proved from the usages of the world. How does the sovereign appear on state occasions? Clothed with the royal robe of sovereignty, holding the sceptre and sword of justice, the head surmounted by a golden crown, and the throne adorned with all the magnificence of earthly beauty. Now suppose all this was abolished, and our Queen appeared in the House of Lords simply as an ordinary woman. How would her office and dignity be viewed? Would not the people by degrees forget that she was the Lord's anointed, and consider her in the same light as the Americans do their president? So likewise in church matters. If we give up our ornaments, the people may come to forget their church and the doctrines she teaches.

III.—With respect to church rates, your committee feel considerable difficulty how to address you on this subject. For on the one hand it is clear that the land is charged, and has been so charged, time out of mind, for the repair of the fabric and maintenance of divine service; and on the other hand, since the repeal of all those acts of parliament which excluded Romanists and Dissenters from the privileges of the state and the liberty of worshipping according to their conscience, they have to maintain their own worship in addition to that of the Church of England. Your committee, therefore, think that no legislation can be of any service under the existing circumstances of the church. The church has lost, mainly through the neglect of a former period, a large number of her children, and she is now reaping the bitter fruits of her want of regard to the spiritual requirements of former years. Your committee would deprecate any such change of the law as would render it illegal to levy church rates at any future time, when the church shall have regained her former ascendancy in the nation.

IV.—Your committee rejoice to be able to state, that the Convocation of Canterbury still continues to deliberate. Your committee regret, however, that the York Provincial Council is still prevented from exercising its functions. It is to be hoped that the measures now resorted to by the members of that body will ultimately end in the restoration of its active powers.

V.—The last important point your committee would call your attention to, is the final Court of Appeal. At present, all cases of heresy are finally decided by the judicial committee of the Privy Council, which may be composed of persons of all sects,—and, consequently, utterly unable by education to decide such delicate questions as those of Christian doctrine. Your committee rejoice to perceive great efforts being made to rectify this state of things; but your committee would state, that no measure can be deemed satisfactory to the church, unless the court consists of the *Spirituality*, that is, the bishops of the church, who alone are invested with authority to decide on all controversies of faith.

A COUNTRY BOY'S EDUCATION IN NORTH GERMANY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

(Continued from page 55.)

We had lived on in much the same manner till the beginning of my seventeenth year, and my parents could hardly have thought of giving me a liberal education, when suddenly, by the kindness of some friends, the necessary funds were provided for sending me to the High school at Stralsund; and in February, 1787, I entered the second class (the next to the highest in Germany), and went to board with the "Rector" Furchan. That was a change indeed! The poor, shy, ill-dressed country boy had to make his appearance among a crowd of youths belonging to the first families of the Pomeranian capital, many of whom gave themselves no slight airs of superior aristocracy and refinement. I wore a green coat of home-made cloth, and on better occasions one of grey plush, made from an old coat of my father's, and cut considerably too large by the country tailor; my boots were of much the same rustic fashion. It may be imagined how eagerly the fine city peacocks fell upon the poor country crow, and how shyly the crow avoided them at first. Meanwhile, necessity has no law, and when one or two ventured to attack me somewhat ungently, I felt the hot blood of the Arndts boil in my veins, and ere long a couple of the fellows were felled at my feet. I was soon left in peace as far as this was concerned, for in the whole class there was but one boy in whom I could have met my match, and he never offered to tease me. In other things, too, I was ere long able to rank with the rest, for the class had been a good deal neglected, and by the help of private lessons in Greek, I quickly worked my way upwards, and was promoted to the first class.

My position in Stralsund was much as follows:—For the first year and a half of my residence there I enjoyed the friendly assistance of which I have spoken above, but which afterwards ceased, as my father's circumstances had considerably improved. In several houses I had a standing invitation to dinner, for my father had so many friends and acquaintances in the city, that there was quite a rivalry to have me as a guest for either dinner or supper. Of these invitations to supper, however, I rarely took advantage, for I found that they robbed me of too much time, and that it was better to content myself with a crust and a glass of beer or water at home. Even the dinners were not without their dangers. In the first place I lost a good deal of time by them; but this was the least part of it. The worst was that the mode of life was far too easy and luxurious for a youth of seventeen or eighteen years. Nearly all the houses where I dined belonged to families of standing and wealth, and the custom of the country was to show an unbounded kindness and hospitality. The thunders of those political storms which were soon to break over us, were as yet heard only faintly muttering in the distance, and meanwhile the whole mode of life in those days was comfortable and cheerful, its chief aim was

enjoyment, either of mirth and gaiety, or by the help of literature and art. Here I must say something of the people.

Stralsund is a great city, gloriously known for its prosperity and misfortunes, and for the many great struggles of which it has been the scene,—struggles ennobled by the names of Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Charles XII, and other heroes. In the middle ages it was, next to Dantsic the old capital of Lower Pomerania, the most powerful and splendid city in Pomerania, and its market-places, noble town hall, and three largest churches still bear witness to its ancient magnificence. Within a few years after Stralsund was founded, early in the thirteenth century, it outgrew the power of the Princes of Rugen, and afterwards of the Dukes of Pomerania, and during the following centuries it was dependent but in name,—in fact it was almost a free imperial city. These feuds with the princes often isolated it from the neighbouring country, and confined its citizens within the circuit of their own walls, and a small territory belonging to the city in the Island of Rugen, and thus a peculiar dialect grew up, as was the case in the glorious old city of Cologne, quite distinct from that of the surrounding province, and which is to this day distinguished by a certain softness and weakness of tone and accent very unlike the robust and energetic character of its citizens. Like the other more considerable cities of Swedish Pomerania, Stralsund had preserved from the days of the powerful Hanseatic League, down to our own age of change and destruction, very great and valuable liberties, together with an extended jurisdiction, and large property belonging to its magistracy and its various foundations in Rugen and Pomerania. Even under the rule of Sweden and up to the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire, it maintained a proud position as a venerable relic of the past, and in my youthful days the remains of its old splendour still invested it with a certain dignity. The magistracy, that is the burgomaster and his council, still kept up a sort of majesty in the city and the very numerous estates and districts under its jurisdiction, the various guilds and boards of its citizens performed their functions with an honourable reserve and uprightness, and each individual citizen trod the streets of his native city with a prouder step than that of other citizens, from the consciousness that he was one of a community of such ancient and glorious renown. The city of Stralsund, too, might well boast of its tall handsome race of men, and was noted, like Corinth among the Greeks, for the beauty of its women.

The manners of the time aimed, as I have hinted, chiefly at securing enjoyment and pleasure; the highest and deepest happiness or misery, the highest and deepest questions and conflicts were never dreamt of by the great majority of people. But while there was much laxity, more than was right in some respects, there was still enough left of the old faith and uprightness—of the somewhat rigid yet venerable customs and characters of the former age, to bind society together, and give it a certain external propriety and dignity. Individual evils were richly compensated by the almost universal comfort, integrity, and kindliness. Into the midst of this society I was now suddenly thrown, and found my position but too pleasant; especially when my father or uncle chanced to come into the city for business or pleasure; and we received a round of invitations to dinner and supper, on which latter occasions our meetings often lasted till late in the night. But I did not lose myself either in a vain and idle gaity, or in more intoxicating pleasures, but always kept my good resolutions firmly before me, and might rather have been blamed for being too grave and recluse in my daily life, than for any frivolity or excess. Within the last few years circumstances had occurred in my family which do not belong to my story, but which had left a deep impression on me; and I came to Stralsund in a very earnest temper of mind and with very grave resolutions, to which I was never unfaithful for a moment during my whole residence there. I was strong, active, and healthy, and I was determined to remain so at whatever cost. From the amusements of that gay and pleasure-loving society, from the many enjoyments of my father's house at Lobnitz, I resolutely tore myself away to my studies, and yet more resolutely to the voluntary toils and hardships to which I was then accustomed to subject myself. All the woods and shores for eight or ten miles round Stralsund knew my rapid steps, in the long walks or daily bathing expeditions, which I continued even through October and November. The hours spent thus, or in society, were necessarily taken from sleep. Fortunately I wanted but little, yet I should probably have taken more had I not felt so much in need of all that could harden and strengthen me.

But let no one suppose that I was always a solitary and joyless recluse; no, I, too, found comrades, and very dear and excellent ones with whom I enjoyed many a long walk and sledging party, many an hour's skating or foot-ball, and many a merry excursion on foot through the lovely scenery of Rugen. To my inestimable advantage, however, my father's house always remained the centre of all my thoughts and feelings, and in however many places and circles I found a friendly welcome, none attracted me so strongly as the home in which my whole life was rooted. My father was now living nearer Stralsund, in a much larger and more comfortable house. The French revolution and other events of the time, had raised the price of corn to a very unusual point, and all who held land were accordingly very prosperous. In her present house, my mother could make up twenty beds, and as the children grew up and brought their companions home, the house was often filled with guests who brought life into the family circle, and with whom we discussed all the great events of that stirring time.

The autumn of 1789 had come, and with it the customary public examinations. My father was present, and I was distinguished, among others of the better scholars, by a public commendation. I was to remain another year in the school, but about a dozen of my friends were leaving for the universities, and several days passed in a round of invitations and farewell suppers. This was probably too much for me. I fell into strange moods and battles with myself, and I fancied that if I remained in my present position, I should become a mere weak, effeminate trifler. I must shake myself free, but what to do I knew not. One fine afternoon, however, I left the city, by that gate where Charles XII. had once slept on straw in a niche in the wall, and wandered forth to seek some new employment. In the morning I had been transacting some business for my father, and had received sixty pounds, which I sent out to him. I had about thirty shillings in my purse, and with these and a bundle of linen under my arm, I took my departure, having first written to my father as pathetic a letter as though I had been going to the North Cape or the Straits of Magellan. I chose the high road to the south, as the one on which I was least likely to meet with acquaintances, and marched steadily on till night-fall, when I reached a little village. Here I found there was no inn, so I entered a shepherd's house, and asked for a night's lodging. The people looked at me with surprise, but took me in; and as they had no bed for me, gave me a few pillows and a blanket, with which I made a bed on the floor of the hayloft, and slept like a prince. The next day I continued my journey, avoiding the towns where I feared questions, and sauntering through the woods in the most splendid summer weather. On the third day I thought myself far enough away from home to take a service in a

strange neighbourhood, and I began to enquire at every large house and farm I passed, whether they did not want a book-keeper. After encountering several denials, I came in the afternoon to the house of a Captain Von Parsenow. He was a kind old man, and on hearing my question he made me come in, ordered dinner for me, begged me at least to stay the night with him, and then entered into a long conversation with me, in the course of which he drew out of me all my history.

(To be continued.)

GERMAN RATIONALISM AND THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

THE remarkable academy which Messrs. Cobden and Bright have rendered famous was not originated by them. Nor was its formation due to those seven gentlemen of great respectability—gig-keeping and otherwise—who met at the Manchester Corn Exchange, and cradled the Anti-Corn-law League. The Manchester School dates, we suspect, even further back than that "illustrious Scotchman of the name of Smith," who three quarters of a century ago invented a new science. Who may most justly be considered the original founder of that school we forbear to speculate; but, whosoever he he was, we may be pretty sure that the selfishness of human nature must, very early in the world's history, have found him abundance of scholars.

Upon the subject of the production and distribution of national wealth, we do not of course mean to deny that much that is valuable may be said. As domestic economy is an important element in the happiness of a family, so social *economy*,* in its proper sense, might be a safe guide in the promotion of social happiness. But if philosophers devise "a science of *wealth*" which excludes all reference to happiness,† if they base that science upon motives which lead men to devote themselves exclusively to making money and bettering their condition, and if they take no note whatever of those higher principles which ought to deter men, and do deter many, from this exclusive devotion to self, those philosophers teach, at best, but half the truth, and "half truths," it has been said, "are the greatest of lies." Nay more, if that science professes to be a complete science of social management, and if it teaches the duty of men towards society, and of society towards its members, apart from God, apart from Christian charity, apart from consideration of an immortal soul and a future state, we do not say that such a science is *necessarily* ungodly, unchristian, and degrading to man; but we do say, and all experience shows, that the perverse and selfish tendencies inborn in all men, and not entirely rooted out of any, will too surely make the doctrines of that science a pretext for much that is unjust, unfeeling, and irreligious in social institutions, and individual conduct. Such has been the case with the so-called science to which the name of "political economy" has been, as Archbishop Whateley allows, improperly given, and especially with that extremely one-sided and repulsive development of this science, which is taught by the "Manchester School."

We do not suppose that all the votaries of this school are indifferent to the Christian faith or the obligations of Christian love. We know that even men who sport with animal life are not of necessity cruel, as the amiable suggestion of Isaac Walton to his brother fisherman, in impaling a worm upon the hook, to "do it gently, as if you loved him," sufficiently proves. But we must not blind ourselves to the *tendency* of opinions. If we find in many of those who profess membership of that school, and if, in the sphere of its especial illumination, we perceive a manifest disposition to undervalue the great and immutable truths of the Catholic faith, and to exalt money-making into the highest virtue, and the science of wealth into the noblest of sciences, it behoves us to point out the fact of this conjunction, and the conclusions to be drawn from it.

So complete, indeed, we have it on the highest authority, is the enmity for ever set between the true worship of God and every form of mammon-worship—scientific or practical,—however we may all of us try, like the young ruler who "had great possessions," to join the two services together, that a school based upon the sole importance of wealth cannot fail of being unfavourable to that full, implicit, and self-denying Christian faith which animated the first Christians, and which is again happily reviving with the revival of primitive doctrine and usages in our own church.

These observations seem to us to be borne out by a publication which has lately appeared intermittingly, and promises, to become chronic, in the head-quarters of the Manchester School.* We refer particularly to two papers, one by Mr. J. D. Morell, M.A., upon German literature and philosophy; and the other, against the supposed tendency of the present age to disparage money-making. Mr. Morell's paper *seems* as if intended to show that the anti-Christian speculations of German philosophy are a great aid to truth and progress; that the hitherto "unchallenged facts" of Revelation are many of them merely fables; and that all existing forms of Christian faith are equally erroneous. Whether all this was intended to be shown, or is shown, or not,—it is obvious that in the degree that it is shown, the resistance which a true Christian faith offers to mammon-worship is borne down, and mammon-worship is likely to become more prevalent amongst men. And we cannot dissemble our disgust at seeing doctrines so dangerous so recklessly put forward.

We believe that Mr. Morell is amply qualified to deal with the difficult subject on which he has written. To show that the tendencies (we do not say intentions) ascribed to his paper are not ill-founded, it will be necessary to quote briefly from his analysis of the views, often misty and unintelligible enough, propounded by the leaders of different German schools. Thus Kant, he says, "showed that the human reason, in attempting to arrive *by a speculative process* at the knowledge of supersensual realities, such as the essence of the soul, or of the universe, or of God† becomes *involved in hopeless contradictions*, from which it can never free itself by any scientific procedure." True, we say, and therefore a divine revelation has been given to inform us. Not so, it appears, thought Fichte. "We can *never* arrive at these realities, he affirmed, and that for the obvious reason that they are *no realities at all*, apart from the percipient and thinking subject 'the *me*.'" Both these Germans failed, says Mr. Morell, "in laying hold of any great central principle or method by which * * the perfect harmony of thought, nature, and human history can be made apparent. *This final step was left for the*

* The Greek words *oikos* and *nomos* necessarily imply *management* or *regulation* by a supreme power.

† "It is not with happiness but with wealth," said Mr. Nassau Senior, the Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, in his lectures to that body, "that I am concerned as a public economist; and I am not only justified in omitting, but am perhaps bound to omit, all considerations which have no influence on wealth."

* "Manchester Papers," a series of occasional essays, May, 1856. London: Whittaker & Co.

† "Who can read, without indignation, of Kant, that, at his own table, in social sincerity and confidential talk, let him say what he would in his books, he exulted in the prospect of absolute and ultimate annihilation; that he planted his glory in the grave, and was ambitious of rotting for ever. The King of Prussia, though a personal friend of Kant's, found himself obliged to level his state thunders at some of his doctrines, and terrified him in his advance: else, I am persuaded, that Kant would have formally delivered atheism from the professor's chair, and would have enthroned his horrid Gonlish creed (which privately he professed) in the University of Königsberg."—*De Quincy's Autobiographic Sketches*, 1. p. 268.

philosophical genius of Hegel." (p. 98). We have vainly attempted to find out from Mr. Morell's account of it, "the real elements of common sense" which he says Hegel's system contained. We quote the following, in the hope that our readers may succeed better:—"Take the idea of being *per se*, and consider what it involves. The moment you begin to apply the power of thought to its analysis, you find that the whole conception you can form of it is the negation of all determining attributes. This idea accordingly, like all others, divides into two opposites; being on the one side, and negation on the other; and it is only when you take these two parts into account, and put them side by side, that you can listen as it were to the ear of reason—to the process by which thought passes over from nothing into the first and barest conception of existence. Beginning then with bare existence, Hegel has shown in his logic how thought rolls onward in its course by this triple dialectic process, gaining one category after another, until it has deduced the forms of all existence, of all the phenomena in nature, and, finally, of all life and intelligence itself." (p. 103). Is it, we ask, for the sake of jargon such as this that we are called upon to surrender the proved facts and undoubting faith of Christianity?

But it is when we learn the brood of heresies which were hatched by Hegel's followers, that we can best understand the value of his labours. Some thinkers, Mr. Morell tell us, "deplored the twilight in which Hegel had left the great questions relating to religion, to God, to immortality. These, accordingly, formed a school at the extreme right as it was termed, which, while it availed itself freely of the Hegelian logic, uttered its voice strongly in favour of the divine personality, the existence of a spiritual world, and the necessity of a positive Christian faith for the peace and progress of the human mind." Mr. Morell proceeds:—"The party which stands next in the Hegelian scale was composed chiefly of the personal friends and pupils of Hegel himself." They maintain that "the divine essence is immanent in the world, but *only* in the entire consciousness of humanity." The term immanence implying, as Mr. Morell explains, "the *unity of the intelligent principle in creation, with the creation itself*," or, in other words, mere pantheism.

The Young Hegelian Party, like all other "young parties," Mr. Morell seems to admire as "the more energetic as well as daring;" amongst them, he says, "*God and the world became identical terms*, and *Pantheism draws itself nearer and nearer to the atheistic side of the question.*"

The notorious—but, we suppose we shall be told, thoughtful and virtuous—"Strauss, was the first who *stepped out of the cloud* in which the Hegelian philosophy had enveloped religious questions, and pronounced clearly his dissent from the historical truth of the Evangelical narratives."—"Müller's great principle was that those *myths* which always penetrate a nation's early life," express themselves in the narratives of the life, death, and resurrection of our Blessed Lord. Feuerbach, "the next in order of developement, leaving the path of negative criticism, has taken up the question of the essence and genesis of religion as a universal fact of human nature. Religion, according to him, is a man's relation to *his own essential humanity*. The consciousness of God is really the *self-consciousness of man*. The divine nature is no other than human nature idealised and personified."—"It can hardly fail to strike the philosophic reader that the system of Feuerbach well nigh completes the cycle of speculation, and lands us again very near the point of view from which it started as a popular system during the French Revolution: I mean the system of pure sensualism in which man and his personal enjoyments become the Alpha and Omega of all human interest." No doubt it does; and as money is only sought, for the command which it gives of the means of enjoyment, intellectual and physical,—we thus find German Rationalism and the Manchester School ultimately at one in the "stand point" which makes sense and the material means of gratifying it the "sole god of man's worship and admiration." At this point, however, we are bound to say that Mr. Morell barks back, and points out some of the obvious and startling objections to this sensual and materialistic philosophy. Still we are at a loss to account for the tenderness with which he treads amidst the blasphemies of these German infidels, and for the language which he himself uses. Thus he speaks with approval of the "weakening of the notion that this world is governed in all its detail by a special providence," a notion upon which depends all faith in the efficacy of prayer. "The principle of willing submission in the subject,"—"the flesh put in antagonism with the spirit, time and eternity,"—are treated as "romantic" notions. "Most of the theological terms which we even now employ, and not a few of the current theological ideas are clearly traceable,"—not to holy writ, but—"to the Greek speculations of the third and fourth centuries."—"Amongst the other Evangelical bodies which form so large a portion of the religious life of the country," he finds "the old Roman Literalism, the repose upon law, statute, verbal authority, the demand for fixed dogma in the form of distinct propositions, the claims of which lie above the power of human criticism."—He concludes,—after expressing the opinion that "we are not yet out of the conflict which modern ideas have perpetually waged against the Romanesque world,"—with this astounding and uncomfortable announcement:—"the storm will one day be over. And does *any one* think that his belief will rise triumphant in that day over the ruins of hostile creeds? Poor dreamer!" &c., &c.

Now, as He who cannot lie pronounced that the gates of hell shall not prevail against his Church,—that is the visible society of men founded by his Apostles, and duly governed and kept together in sacraments and ordinances by them and their successors ever since to this day,—we take leave to hold that the one Catholic Faith which *we* have received as members of that Church,—built, as it is upon far stronger foundations than man's individual opinion,—neither has been, nor can be, in the slightest degree so shaken; nor do we suppose that any person trained in this faith by a consistent churchman, whether parent or minister, will be unsettled in his allegiance to it. But we do unfeignedly regret that so able a writer, and respectable a publication, should aid in unsettling the "private judgments" of those whose only dependence, whether as "Churchmen" or Dissenters, is on some vague and fluctuating "Evangelical" Protestantism,—which, like the orthodox churches of Geneva or Boston, may traverse the whole range of belief, from Calvin to Socinus, before they are aware of the frightful declivity upon which ill-assorted "alliances" and misguided leaders have left them. But it was the striking coincidence of positive mammon-worship on the one hand, with the negation of Christianity on the other, which we proposed to illustrate from these "Manchester Papers." Being, on Mr. Morell's showing, "thrown back upon the essential elements of the Christian *life* as the only thing for which it is worth our while to contend" (p. 116); (or, as Pope expressed it:—

> For forms of faith let graceless bigots fight,
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,—)

we are next to see what sort of scope and manner of "life" is contemplated by the conductors of the "Papers" before us. Under the quaint title of "Veils and Faces," we have a laboured and really clever and amusing argument in favour of money making and money loving. "The game of money getting," says the

writer, "all the world over, is after all only another name for exertion, emulation, ambition, adventure, success, power. We can see no reason to expect its disuse—none even to wish for it. It is so general, so universal; its good is so practically acknowledged, that a thousand platitudes from pretended sceptics do not damage it in the least." Pursuing his argument, the writer thus cruelly sneers down such as advocate the Christian view,—that all property is a trust, that the love of money is the root of all evil, and that not the getting of money, but self-perfectionment, the securing of God's love towards ourselves, and the salvation of souls, are the main ends of man's being here. "The men whose principles are supposed to flow from the high fountain of the Christian code, whilst they talk of the mammon of unrighteousness, of the riches of the world, which too fleetly fade away before the solemn hereafter, are themselves not unfrequently the most retentive holders of money and the keenest aspirants after secular gain. Walker the millionare, who is a worldly man and a covetous, becomes Walker the beneficent, if not the beatified, when he has endowed a church and emblazoned his recent escutcheon upon the stained glass of the great eastern window. * * * When a fluent dignitary of any church makes a set at 'filthy lucre,' we may guess that there will be a collection after the service;"—with much more of the same kind. Passing over the irreverence exhibited by the writer towards persons and subjects usually, by right-minded persons, treated with respect, we cannot but see in his line of argument, and throughout the paper before us, a laboured justification of "those besetting basenesses of human nature now held so invincible that the influences of them are assumed as the fundamental axioms of economic science."* It is a strongly-drawn representation, caricature, some may think it, of the *ethics* of the Manchester School. And since moral elevation and an implicit Christian faith must co-exist, and can only be found in close connection with each other, we cannot but trace the present attempt to lower the standard of each, to one and the same false and miserable theory of God and man—the world and the church.

We have only left ourselves room to say that the third paper in the series, on popular amusements, is well written, and well calculated to counteract the mistaken cheerlessness of certain schools of *religion(?)* among us; and that the sketch by Mr. Albany Fonblanque, entitled "On circuit," sustains his inherited reputation for ability and caustic satire; although we confess ourselves unable to see in what way its arguments against the county and civic honours immemorially paid to judges, mayors, and sheriffs can be sustained, without proving equally fatal to everything like *state* or *ceremony* in royal, or national, or ecclesiastical observances.

DOINGS IN LONDON.

(From our special correspondent.)

Having been lately in London we have attended a few celebrations; some account of which, we think, may interest our readers. To take them according to dates, May 21st:—On this day was celebrated the 202nd festival of the Sons of the Clergy in St. Paul's Cathedral. Being possessed of a pink ticket we were admitted at the north door, and found a capital hearing place in one of those peculiar galleries which are built over the singular closets which overtop the stalls in the choir of this remarkable church. The service was strikingly beautiful; for with all its coldness, and its unchristian style of architecture, it must be confessed that St. Paul's is excellently adapted for music—and the combined choirs certainly did their duties well. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. A. Jerenine, D.D., sub-dean of Lincoln Cathedral, and Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. And if it was not remarkable for any great display of learning or of oratory, it was certainly a warm and earnest setting forth of the claims of the poorer clergy to the sympathy and (shame that we need write it) to the *alms* of their more wealthy christian brethren. The Rev. Dr. referred feelingly to the noble deeds both of men and women in the Crimea—an allusion rendered more taking by the presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, in the Royal seats, who wore on the breast of his general's coat, his fairly-won Crimean medal and clasps—we say *fairly*-won, as the highest praise to one in his exalted station, meaning that he literally fought for it like the true Briton that he is, and did not have it conferred because of the Royal blood which flows in his veins. But (and pity that a *but* should be) opposite to him sat the *Jew* Lord Mayor of London—strange was it to see this co-religionist of those who cried "crucify Him, crucify Him," joining (at least by his presence) in the worship of the crucified One, whom he must believe to be an impostor; and sad was it to think that the authorities of this great and ancient church charity, should have so far lowered their standard as, in some sort, representatives of the Christian Church, as to seek the countenance and patronage of one who denies the Lord that bought him, merely because he is high among the wealthy of the earth. We do not, however, wish to be uncharitable, and we will therefore here say that we are glad that the Lord Mayor himself has had the grace and good feeling to request a Christian Alderman to preside for him at the usual annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to be held in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, on the 19th instant.

June 3rd:—For this day was announced a Choral Festival, in Westminster Abbey, in aid of the National Society for the Education of the Poor. We are sorry that so sonorous a title as "Choral Festival" was given to this afternoon service, which was kindly allowed by the Rev. Lord John Thynne, the sub-dean, to endeavour to raise some part of the funds lost to the society by the withdrawal of the usual Queen's letter. The service was a very good one, as the programme will shew, and the combined choirs did well, but it was no Choral Festival properly deserving the title.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Responses ..... *Tallis.*
Chant ..... *Sphor (arranged by Turle).*
Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis ..... *Ebdon in C.*

Anthem.—"He that shall endure unto the end." (St. Matt. xxiv., 13).—*Mendlessohn.*

After the Sermon.—Part of xcv. Psalm: "Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord."—*Handel.*

After the Apostolic Benediction.—"Oh where shall wisdom be found." (Job. xxviii., 12).—*Boyce.*

The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lichfield, with his usual earnestness, and we were happy to observe almost more than his usual vigour. His text was, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Hosea iv. 6. We regret to state that the collection only amounted to £130, while the society has lost more than £9,000 a-year by the withdrawal of the Queen's letter by government. Amongst those present we observed the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Oxford, St. David's, Salisbury, &c. The Archdeacons of Bristol, Middlesex, Salop, and Westminster; Lord John Thynne; Canon Lonsdale (the secretary); Dr. Wordsworth, W. Cotton, Esq., &c. The choirs were those of the Chapels Royal, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. George's, Windsor, and the Abbey. The prayers were intoned by the Rev. E. Antrobus, in a very clear and musical voice. The blessing was pronounced by the Bishop of Lichfield; a decided improvement, by the way, on the way of proceeding at St. Paul's, where, at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, Dean Milman

* Froude's History of England.

gave the blessing, although the Archbishop and several Bishops were present; as he also did at the anniversary meeting of the Charity Children, although the Bishop of Lincoln stood above in the pulpit, while he (the Dean) was invisibly stowed away somewhere under the dome in a red baize pew, whence none but those quite close could hear his voice. This anniversary was held on June 5th. The service was announced for twelve o'clock at noon; and although we presented ourselves just before 10 a.m. we found a crowd there before us. Thanks, however, to the kind courtesy of a member of the acting committee, aided by the academic gown and bands, we found ourselves most happily placed in the centre of the dome; curious was it to observe the gradually filling nave—the still more slowly filling amphitheatre; the first-named was slightly raised towards the west, so that it looked like an elongated Exeter Hall, covered with a perfect sea of heads. The amphitheatre contained the children, and when all were assembled the various costumes made them appear like garden parterres of verbenas or geraniums. One patch red, another blue, some blue and yellow, others pink, some pink and blue, while others were all green; very pretty, indeed, was all this to behold; and very grand, indeed, was it to hear when the assembled thousands burst forth at a given signal with the old 100th Psalm;—a proceeding, by the way, altogether contrary to church rule—a jubilant song of praise—before the worshippers have prepared themselves by the before-ordered offices of confession and absolution.

The children sung in remarkably good time and tune—for such a vast number—in the coronation anthem, 113th Psalm, 104th Psalm, and the Hallelujah Chorus, as well as in the responses of the service, and were nobly backed by the choir, the organ, and some brass wind instruments, which last came in with excellent effect in the choruses. The Bishop of Lincoln preached the sermon, upon the duty of neither diminishing from, nor adding to, the commands of God; and we could have desired but one thing more in the sermon, viz., that the excellent prelate had possessed more physical power, so that every one of the many thousands present might have heard his manly, independent, and truly Christian statement of the duty of Churchmen with regard to education—viz., to have no hand in any system which was not based upon the religion of the Church, as set forth in the catechism. We felt for the poor Lord Mayor who was again thrust into this Christian temple, like a puppet to fill the great chair, while the Bishop showed the fallacy of a system which allowed all sects to be educated together, while the Bible might be read, for of course the Jew would object to the New Testament, the Romanist to the authorised version, and the atheist to any version at all. And we felt sorry for those, too, who had placed poor Mr. Salomons in such an unwise position. We should be glad, too, if Dr. Milman would tell us why, when a service begins after twelve at noon, the *Venite*, *Te Deum*, and *Jubilate*, with the morning Psalms and Collects are used, unless it be for the purpose of needlessly lengthening an already long service.

We do not wish only to find fault, and will, therefore, say that the arrangements were excellent, and the *coup d'œil* such as can be seen in no other place, and at no other time.

But although not a Church Festival, we may not forget the great peace rejoicings which we witnessed on the Queen's Birthday. The church had already returned thanks on the 4th ult., and now came the state.

At ten a.m. we took our stand on the parade ground, at the back of the Horse Guards, and there witnessed the review of the household troops by Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, Lord Cardigan, Lord Hardinge, &c. &c. The bands played merrily, and the little review passed off capitally. Before two p.m. we walked into the Mall, just in time to catch sight of Mr. Speaker in his gilt coach, going to present the birthday address at Buckingham Palace: a queer, almost antediluvian, looking affair is this state coach—so heavy withal, that the two funereal-looking Flemish horses could not go above a foot-pace with it. After a quarter of an hour's pushing in the crowd, we saw the royal cortege approach. The well-known features of the Duchess of Sutherland tell us the Queen is close at hand; but a beaming smile from another face in the same carriage attracts us,—and before it rolls past we have just time to raise our beaver in respect to the pretty, graceful bow of the Princess Royal. Without being beautiful, this royal daughter of England certainly possesses an expression of great sweetness and winning grace. But here is the Queen and her handsome consort. Right well did our sovereign lady look, and most gracefully did she bend to the hearty good wishes of the crowd on her birthday, shouted forth as they were, as Englishmen only can shout. But the cream coloured state horses have drawn her within the gates of St. James's, and we go off to look for some luncheon.

Just before four we return in time to see the Queen and her retinue go home to Buckingham Palace; and then watch the carriages and the hundreds of elegant and elegantly-dressed ladies they contain,—and then for a rest until night, when we turn out to see the fireworks and illuminations. The National Gallery, Admiralty, and Horse Guards (on both sides), were very brilliant. Then we went to the Green Park, and took up a position between Stafford House (the Duke of Sutherland's mansion) and Buckingham Palace. On one of the lower roofs of the latter sat the Queen, under a sort of marquee; and at 9 30 she gave the signal which started the grandest display of fireworks we ever did, and probably ever shall, see. Not one display but three we had the benefit of. The Green Park close to; a little to the right, in the distance, Primrose Hill; and to the left Hyde Park,—all contributed to our amusement. The illuminations in the neighbourhood, too, made the whole heavens around light; the arch near St. George's Hospital, with the Duke of Wellington on the top, shone gloriously. Opposite, Apsley House looked as if it were on fire all round the top, as did also Devonshire House. Bridgewater House was the most beautiful, and did great credit to the taste of Lord Ellesmere; while the poor Duke of Sutherland's "Peace" was very unlike the one at which we were rejoicing, for it never was *concluded*. That reminds us that the same was the case at the Treasury, for when we saw that design (and very grand it was) the "c" in "Peace" was invisible; which led a horrid joker near us to say he "supposed the next would be a *naval* war, as the 'c' (*sea*) was quite excluded from the peace by the lords of the Treasury." To tell of all the illuminations would take too long. The Royal Exchange was the most beautiful of public, while Lord Ward's (Dudley House) was the most successful of private, buildings. The former, with its spirals of light round its columns, and its well-known scriptural motto literally written in letters of fire, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," was the gem of London proper; while Dudley House, literally blazing inside and out, carried off the palm at the west end.

But who shall tell rightly of the crowd—when "God save the Queen" had signified the conclusion of the fire works, and the echoes of the 10,000 rockets had died away! we began to move,—we had not above 100 yards to go to reach the Mall, and we were an hour getting there. Such a dense mass of humanity never before was squeezed through an opening 60 feet wide—it really was dangerous;—but at last it was over, and then we traversed the streets to see the illuminations, which,

though splendid, were far from general. Great George-street, Westminster, was the most generally lighted of any that we saw. But every tale should have its moral, and for our moral we went to the abbey on the Sunday afternoon succeeding, and were well rewarded for standing all the service — which was excellently said, and all the sermon, which was excellently preached by Dr. Wordsworth, from the words, "The land had rest forty years." It certainly was an eloquent sermon, and the preacher's ascetic looking person and energetic manner added great force to his exhortation to do as did Deborah, and give God the glory; and to shew our thankfulness for peace in works less evanescent that mere meteoric corruscations.

Dr. Wordsworth appears to be taking his turn in preaching at the abbey, for on Sunday the 8th inst, he preached on the sabbath question, and was less happy because less practical. He appeared to have been frightened out of his propriety by reading the sermon of Dr. Hook, of Leeds, preached on Sunday, May 25th, in which he said "recreation (on Sunday) was not only allowable but desirable," and got on so fast in theory that we much fear it was an eloquence which would not find an echo in the practice of any but the most close cropped puritans, or the immediate followers of Sir Andrew Agnew.

THE MONTH.

No reasonable person can doubt the justice of the sentence which has consigned William Palmer to a murderer's fate. The evasion by which he limited his denial of the murder to the mere question of the medium of strychnine was, we think, rightly considered by the chaplain to be tantamount to a confession of guilt. Whatever the secrets locked up in this miserable man's breast, he has gone to his account with them unconfessed, and, therefore, it is to be feared, unshriven. It is satisfactory to know that nothing was left undone to bring the criminal to a sense of his crimes, and we are now left to reflect calmly on the causes which led a man, possessed, as his whole deportment shewed, of no ordinary self control, to such an awful amount of villany. A Christian will at once reject the notion which some people have taken up from the phrenological examination of Palmer's head, that he had tendencies which impelled him to crime, for every believer in revealed religion must be convinced that he had the same facilities for an honourable Christian life which belong to others, had he sought that grace of God which we are assured in Holy Writ is sufficient for us. The moral of his career is the gradual progress of sin—the fatal effects of admitting one ruling passion into the heart. "Covetousness, which is idolatry," evil communications, these were the things which led William Palmer into the paths of the Destroyer.

We hope that this sad case will open the eyes of all to the abominations of the race-course, and the wickedness and dishonesty of betting. Would to God that our gracious Queen had, at such a time, refused her presence at Ascot. Her Majesty's example would have been quickly followed by that of the aristocracy and gentry, and thus this great snare which has ruined thousands would have fallen into disrepute and contempt.

In Parliament, we have to notice the conversation between Lords Shaftesbury and Portman and the good Bishop of Salisbury, on the subject of Communion Tables in cemetery chapels. Lord Shaftesbury seemed to have conjured up in his own imagination some phantom connected with masses for the dead. Lord Portman was simply arrogant and impertinent, and took upon himself to represent the sentiments of hard and ungodly men who set their Bishop at defiance. That neither of these Peers can realize a higher idea of a mortuary chapel than that of a shed to keep people out of the wet, we can understand from their antecedents, and we can afford to pity their ignorance; we do, however, protest against their being allowed to measure the feelings and wishes of other churchmen by their own. The question is not whether the Holy Communion is administered at funerals or at consecrations, but whether there can be such a thing as a chapel without an altar. Universal Christendom has ruled that there can not, that the altar, in fact, sanctifies the building. If our burial boards forbid Christians to erect altars in the places where the Church's office for the dead is performed, let them be consistent and get an act of parliament to forbid consecration altogether, and to call them cemetery sheds. The Bishop of Cashel made a sad exposure of the way in which Irish Prelates administer their office, when he asserted, that if the celebration of Holy Communion were essential to the consecration of a church, he had never consecrated one in his life. It is at the door of such persons as the Bishop of Cashel that the blame lies of the sad disregard of sacraments that characterizes the Irish Church. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear that numbers become Romanists, because in their last illness they are refused the Communion of the Sick by these Calvinistic pastors. The *Record*, consistently enough, denounces the increased celebrations as "Tractarian innovations."

At Islington, where, through the lucky purchase some years ago of the living of St. Mary's by a wealthy mercer of the city of London, Daniel Wilson by name, the spiritual charge of upwards of 100,000 souls are committed to generation after generation of Wilsons, and where, unless as in most cases the children forsake the parental traditions for those of the Church, "*Recordism*" will be perpetuated with its usual symptoms of close-pewed Churches, seats bought, sold, and let, and neglect of daily prayers, infrequent and irreverently celebrated communions, and long and tedious preachings;—a number of laymen have subscribed to build and endow a Church for daily choral service. Will it be believed that the vicar of Islington has refused to sanction, and is doing all he can to thwart and hinder this pious purpose? And yet Islington has furnished so many converts to popery, as to become quite a centre of popish operations. No doubt Father Oakley, the pervert of Duncan Terrace, will do his best to support the vicar.

The Baptism of the Imperial Prince of France has passed off with much ceremony. Eye witnesses notice an utter want of the true courtly style in these extravagant displays. To us it is of more consequence that the child was presented at the Font by a cardinal legate of Rome. We fear that it is a sign of the almost utter extinction of the independence of the French Church, the Church of Fenelon and Bossuet. The ultra-montanism of the present Roman Church, and the vagaries and absurdities of our perverts, amount to a real infatuation.

We entreat Churchmen to watch every project for education introduced into parliament. We need not say that we have no confidence in Sir John Pakington.

The brave hero of Kars, Sir William Williams, has been welcomed home with the honours he so richly deserves. Like a true hero, he can afford his tribute of praise to his old foes, now as he so happily expresses it, our friends, the Russians.

SLAVERY AND THE CHURCH.—Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, whose return to his master caused so much excitement, trouble, and governmental expense in Boston, United States, has since been purchased by a subscription made up at the North, and set free. He was, it seems, a religious man, and a member of a church at a place called Union, Fauquier county, Virginia. On becoming free, he went to Oberlin College, Ohio, to educate himself for the ministry; and wrote back to Virginia to his old pastor for a letter of dismission from the church. In answer to this he received a preamble and resolution unanimously adopted by the congregation, excommunicating him from the communion and fellowship of the church, for having "absconded from the service of his master, and refused to return voluntarily, thereby disobeying both the laws of God and man."

Reviews.

"The Duty of Laymen in the Church of England;" by John Pearson, M.A., (Manchester, Joseph Pratt,) is a forcible appeal to the members of every congregation "to bestir themselves to promote some good objects in their own parishes." The original has been judiciously shortened with special reference to the parish of Manchester, by Mr. James Collinge, who, we believe, is himself laudably active in church matters in his neighbourhood.

"William Palmer, a Warning to Young Men against Horse Racing and Gambling." A Sermon preached in Christ Church, Salford, by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A.—This sermon is a proof of the good an earnest man may do when he leaves controversy, for the duties of plain speaking on social and moral evils. We hope that Mr. Stowell has been misinformed as to churchmen (meaning thereby clergymen) as well as laymen having betting books in their breast pockets. The sale has reached upwards of 20,000 copies.

"The Privileges of the Confirmed; their Duties, Helps, and Trials." A sermon preached in the Cathedral and Parish Church of Manchester, by the Rev. R. Parkinson, D.D., F.S.A., Principal of St. Bees, and Canon of Manchester. Published by request of the Churchwardens.—The request for the publication of this sermon shows the good sense and good feeling of the churchwardens. There is nothing showy or flashy in it; but it is just what it should be, a plain, earnest address, in terse and pointed language. On the subject of betting, the Dr. remarks:—"Another temptation it is a painful but a positive duty to caution you against, especially at the present time,—that of gambling, and its most dangerous and vulgar form—BETTING. It is notorious that this vice is so prevalent in all ranks below the highest in this town as to make our city as notorious for betting as for wealth. Betting may loosely be defined, as seeking those gains by an appeal to chance and luck, which God has in His providence assigned only to labour or skill. A principle so atheistical necessarily leads to a degradation of the moral character, and the results are too notorious in the history of the present time to make it necessary to do more than allude to the painful subject. I call, therefore, upon all in authority to aid the church in putting down with the strong hand all indulgences in this degrading and vulgar habit, and to dismiss at once from their service all who indulge in it. If personal indulgences be the bane of southern countries, this, the lowest of all vices, will be assuredly the downfall of this. The credit of our town as a commercial community, the honesty of our servants as men of integrity, the salvation of souls, which depends on fidelity and integrity,—all demand that this vice of betting be banished from every rank of our community."

Miscellanies.

COLERIDGE, in his lectures delivered in the year 1812, is said to have divided modern readers into four classes: 1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied. 2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time. 3. Strain-bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read. 4. Mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also. It is more than probable that Coleridge, who himself was a most eccentric reader, had floating in his mind a saying which we find at the 156th page of this book, among "Jewish Proverbs," No. 2524: Among those who hear the wise, four species may be distinguished: The sponge, the funnel, the filter, and the sieve. The sponge swallows up everything. The funnel allows that to escape at one end which it receives at the other. The filter allows the liquor to escape and retains merely the dregs. The sieve rejects the chaff and retains nothing but the wheat.—*Clerical Journal.*

A GERMAN'S IDEA OF OUR CHURCH.—The churches make a singular impression when seen for the first time. The whole space, with the exception of a few benches, is devided like a theatre into boxes and reserved seats, the former luxuriously carpeted and cushioned, and furnished with footstools and an assortment of the handsomest books of devotion. I asked how it was that I saw no ill-dressed people, and the answer was, "Those who could not dress themselves properly of course would stay away." I remember being told at Singapore, that the governor had given express orders that the gentlemen should appear at church in black frock coats, and the ladies in equally elegant attire; so no one, I suppose, who is not pretty well off in the world need presume to think himself an acceptable visitor in the House of God. I am sorry to hear that in many countries the Catholics are following the example of the Protestants in this degrading frivolity. May Heaven cure them both of their pride, and teach them better!—*A Lady's Journey Round the World. page* 11.

THE EVIL WORKING OF A BAD SYSTEM.—A correspondent of our able contemporary, the *Hampshire Telegraph*, mentions the following characteristic incident, as having occurred at St. Lawrence's Church, Southampton:—"Two well-dressed ladies, accompanied by a gentleman, went into a pew usually occupied by the Rector's family (the pew will hold at the least seven persons). After they had been there a few minutes, the sexton moved them, evidently much to their discomposure, into another pew. Noticing their annoyance, and wondering at the cause, my astonishment was great indeed to find that the removal of these three persons was to make room for a solemn-looking middle-aged lady, followed by a page, with her prayer-book. No sooner, however, had this excellent lady got the whole of the pew to herself, than the owner of the pew into which the strangers had been moved (who, by-the-bye, is a regular attendant), with his wife and family, made their appearance. The strangers looked confused, seeing that they were intruders. The owner of the pew looked annoyed at having his family divided; and, after all, the lady whose dignity required the whole pew to herself had to endure the presence of the 'gentleman stranger,' who, I am happy to say, conducted himself with the greatest propriety, and sat quite at the one end of the pew, as the lady herself did at the other."—Surely," the writer justly observes, "in the nineteenth century, with all the advantages our boasted Reformation has conferred upon England, we may fairly take a lesson from our continental brethren in these matters; and as there is no difference made by the Great Architect of the Universe in the grave to which we are all hastening, neither should there be these vile distinctions in places of worship dedicated to His glory, where the prayer of the poor is as acceptable an incense to his ear as that of the noble."—Within the last few weeks, a similar incident occurred in a church in Manchester. A baronet of high family being shown by the apparitor into a large "family pew," was refused admittance (*of course* in ignorance of his rank) by a junior member of the family, its only occupant! At the Rev. Mr. Close's (ultra Evangelical) church, every pew is kept locked till its owners (?) arrive; and then a small bracket, 11 inches by 9, being drawn out of the door post into the aisle, some "poor" person is allowed to "accommodate" himself on it, if he can, in a sitting posture—kneeling, as usual in such churches, being the exception. Every other person admitted into a seat is charged one shilling, which is paid to the doorkeepers, as at a public exhibition. This, be it remembered, is the parish church of Cheltenham, in which every parishioner has by law as much the right to sit, as he has to walk about the market place or the streets of the town.

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The Church of the People

And the People's Magazine.

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ENGLAND'S FUTURE.

What is to become of England? is a question, M. de Montalembert* tells us, constantly asked in other countries, and almost universally answered by the anticipation of her speedy downfall. The advocates of despotism and democracy alike look forward to this catastrophe with unconcealed pleasure, as the removal of the great obstacle to their views, and the gratification of long-cherished hopes and animosities. Certainly, even an Englishman, making his autumn tour abroad, may soon become aware, if he chooses to enquire, that his country is by no means generally regarded with favour, though courtesy may extort a tribute of somewhat jealous admiration. It is all the pleasanter to find a foreigner so distinguished as M. de Montalembert taking a more cheering view of our condition and prospects. Feeling, he says, that the ruin of England would be the greatest misfortune that could befall the civilized world, he has taken much pains to investigate the "solid and complex" character of the English and their institutions; and has arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that "there is in England a mass of life, strength, and beauty, which must indeed perish one day, like all that is mortal, and may to-morrow be consumed by the visitation of Heaven, but where nothing indicates as yet the rapid decline and early mortality that the enemies of England prognosticate for her." In this pamphlet he gives the grounds of his opinion. He bestows the highest eulogiums on our institutions and on many points of the national character,—eulogiums, however, which are perhaps somewhat the less flattering to our national pride, from the consciousness which we cannot escape, that coming from him they have a double meaning. M. de Montalembert is no admirer of "Cæsarism," and is moreover a leading member of that Academy which has been for some time engaged in defending its ancient liberties against the encroachments of an all-absorbing despotism; and throughout his praises of our constitutional freedom, a covert reference is perceptible to the present state of things in France.

What misleads foreigners, he thinks, is the English custom of doing everything in public, and the Englishman's habit of grumbling at everything belonging to him. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to understand that, however he may grumble, no Englishman ever dreams of despairing, and that this seeming state of dissatisfaction and ferment is but the ordinary condition of the country. Things that in a continental nation would be signs of imminent revolution excite no apprehension here, simply because everything here is out-spoken, whilst there they would be but the tokens of a depth of concealed injury and repressed resentment. Nevertheless, we are not without our real and great dangers. England cannot escape her share in the crisis through which Europe is passing; and all her "future" depends on the mode in which she grapples with that "democracy which is the leading fact of the day, but also its greatest danger." She must, he thinks, "gradually and honestly" so enlarge her ancient institutions, that while preserving their primitive spirit they may open to admit the truth which lies at the bottom of the democratic theory and gives it what power it has,—that is, may render a wider justice to all, and give, as far as may be, to every real and true superiority room and scope to exert itself for the benefit of the commonwealth. But the reigning democracy of the continent is in truth the very opposite of this. "It consists in contesting and destroying all the superiorities which arise out of the nature of things . . . and sets up as a standard, without appeal, the ascendancy of *numbers*—that is to say, the right of the strongest;" and should it once succeed in thoroughly infecting the English nation, our greatness, he says truly

* "The Political Future of England," by Count de Montalembert. (Authorised translation). John Murray.

enough, would be at an end. That this bad democracy does exist among us to some degree, he discerns several indications. First, in the "aggravated irritation of the public mind during the first months in the Crimea;" an irritation unwarranted, he thinks, by the facts of the case, which has done us much harm abroad, and indicates an unsound feeling at home—an impatience of adversity, and an eagerness to ascribe the worst motives to our public men. Next, in the tone of much of our popular literature; in Mr. Carlyle's hero-worship, and his doctrine that "might is right;" in the works of that school of fiction of which Mr. Dickens may be regarded as the founder, where all the virtues are usually the exclusive possession of the lower classes; in the absence of commanding talent or influence among our public men; and, lastly, in the tendency to centralization. On this point he gives us the following warning:—

"Though the slow but incontestable progress of administrative centralization has increased the number of places to be given, it is, and always will be, infinitely less than that of the candidates. Both, however, are increased and increasing. This is the great peril of English society. The evil is certainly as yet not near so great as it is in the nations of the continent,—but England is already launched on that fatal slide. It is high time for her statesmen to see that a general immoderate pursuit of public office is the worst of all social diseases. A people of place hunters is the lowest of people. The true administrative reform would consist in stopping energetically this truly democratic tendency, which increases the number of employments, and substitutes agents salaried by the government and removable at pleasure, for duties formerly unpaid, elective, or irremovable,—which begins by extending indefinitely the influence and intervention of the ruling power, and ends by crushing it under the weight of its impatient cupidity, implacable hatred, and impotent support. Every Englishman who regards the greatness and stability of his country, should cordially unite to repel this continental precedent—a deluge of officials, which will undermine her ancient institutions, and end in destroying her prosperity, her liberty, and her glory."

His chapter, "On the grounds of better hope," opens with the assurance that England is not the slave of logic, and that she dreads with reason the seductions of theories,—the practical application of which, in politics more than in anything else, is liable to conditions and exceptions. Hence, he thinks, she will always remain able to retrieve whatever steps she may have taken in the wrong direction. He then passes in review those institutions which he believes to be true bulwarks against all invasions of her freedom, and to possess still sufficient vitality to resist the encroachments of the revolutionary spirit. These are, the aristocratic element in our constitution, the stability of landed proprietorship, the two Houses of Parliament, and the universities and public schools. These last, especially, excite his admiration. After a glowing description of the English Parliament, and the rank it holds in the history of human advancement, he continues:—

"But there is in England a spectacle still greater than that of her Parliament . . . we mean the establishments for public instruction. We have borrowed from England a likeness, more or less faithful, of its political institutions; but it has not been given to any modern nations to furnish any imitation, however poor, of her schools and universities. * * * Round the school (Eton), are wide meadows, bounded by the Thames, which form, as it were, a park of lawns and groves, as far as the eye can see. But the pupils are not confined to the play-ground; they pour out at all hours into the surrounding country, and into the neighbouring towns and villages; except during school-hours, they do pretty much what they like, and very rarely abuse this liberty, which appears so strange to us. Unwatched by any special superintendent, with no restrictions but those imposed by certain traditional customs, and by that self-respect which every Englishman is so early taught, they thus begin their apprenticeship of public life and of self-government as their fathers and ours did in the schools of the middle ages.

The number of studious and successful scholars is not greater, probably, than in our *Lycée's*—perhaps less; but the study of ancient languages is with some carried very high, and is popular with all. Moreover, in the mass of these children, life, health, and intelligence overflow with a sort of expansive and respectful serenity which is not met with among the pupils of our scholastic barracks. What a difference between such a residence, and the houses where we were doomed to pass our educational days—gloomy prisons, blocked up between two streets of Paris, surrounded on all sides by the roofs and chimney-pots of the neighbouring houses, with two rows of sickly trees struggling for life in a court-yard, paved or gravelled; and our only recreation a miserable walk once a-week or fortnight through the *guinguettes* of the faubourg."

In the rapid growth of the colonies and the British empire in India, M. de Montalembert sees further evidence of the healthy life still vigorous in England, and her capacity for government and enterprise. Finally, he believes, that she will undoubtedly triumph over all her difficulties, by virtue of the Englishman's reverence for established authority, his freedom of discussion, his love of fair play, and above all, his practical recognition of the great principle that "no man liveth to himself," in his habit of bearing his part, from a sense of duty and at the cost of personal effort and self-sacrifice, in the social and political life of his country. Let us hope that in this last respect he does not praise us more highly than we deserve!

The chapters on "Catholicism in England," "Anglicanism," and "England and Spain," form a very curious part of the work. M. de Montalembert is well known to be a zealous Roman Catholic, and a leader of the "ultramontane" party; and how is he to reconcile with this position his conviction that this "heretical" nation has no equal among those which have always remained within the pale of "the true Church?" He answers by affirming that all the liberties of

Englishmen are an inheritance from their Roman Catholic ancestors, that the defects of England are precisely those that would be remedied by a re-union with the Roman Catholic Church, and he prophecies a brilliant future for that church both in England and America. It seems strange that M. de Montalembert should not perceive how far the English Church had her origin in those very principles that he so much admires in their application to the sphere of politics; that it was the same reverence for the past which led her to recur to the doctrine of the primitive church, the same hatred of corruption and unlawful despotism, which induced her to sever the ties that bound her to the Church of Rome when that Church had become unfaithful to her trust. M. de Montalembert forgets, too, that in the days to which he so fondly recurs, England, though devoutly *Catholic* was not *Papist*, and was even then engaged from time to time in resisting the encroachments of the See of Rome.

Nor does it seem quite fair to attribute to the Church of Rome all the merit of the good wrought within her pale before the Reformation, by those who belonged to what we might now call the reforming and national party. Rather would it appear to be the natural inheritance of a church descended from and representing the same spirit. Scarcely could it be possible to have stronger evidence on which side the blessing of God has rested, than the comparison that M. de Montalembert himself makes, between the condition of England and Spain at the time of the Reformation and at the present day, which he sums up thus:—"On the one side life, on the other death." M. de Montalembert rejects the idea that the Reformation could have anything to do with it as "blasphemous," and explains everything by the preservation in England of certain political institutions which Spain has lost,—a solution which involves at least this difficulty, that it makes the possession of a pure religion a matter of entire indifference to the social and moral well-being of a nation! Yet M. de Montalembert is no doubt sincere, however much we might be inclined to apply to his own position the term he uses of the English Church, "sovereignly illogic;" and we can only hope that his fellow-Romanists in England may listen to the advice he so strongly urges on them, "not to become estranged from their own country and assimilated to Italians and Frenchmen," not "to help to entertain that well-rooted and powerful prejudice which has made the English people abjure Popery as a religion essentially anti-national."

A COBBLER'S NOTIONS ON CHURCH MATTERS.

NO. I.

I'm a merry cobbler. From morning to night you may find me at my stall. The sound of my hammer will tell you my whereabouts before you turn the corner of the street where my shop is. Yet, busy as is my hammer, it is not busier than my thoughts. As you, Mr. Editor, are good enough to let me have a corner of the "Church of the People," I will put down a thing or two that has struck me about Church matters.

I was brought up in the country, my father was a cobbler before me, and my grandfather before him. The gravestones in our churchyard tell of more of us as having been cobblers. Old folks say we have cobbled so long, that if I ever get rich I intend to have an awl and last for my coat of arms.

Well, sir, my father was a religious man and a good churchman after the notions of that day. He taught me to read my Bible and my Prayer-book; he sent me to church to say my catechism; he told me always to touch my hat to the parson and the squire. My father had a vote for the county, and always voted for the tories. He was never led off to meetings. On the whole I thought it was a very decent and respectable thing to be a Churchman; it seemed to save one a great deal of unnecessary trouble in thinking; beside which I could not help seeing that it made folks satisfied, contented, and happy, besides keeping them sober and industrious.

When I was about eighteen years of age my dear father died, and as my eldest brother came in for the business, and I—to say the truth—wanted to see a bit more of the world, and just then a railway had started, with a station a mile or two off our village, I put up my basket of tools and set off to the town of Aston to get work. As I brought a character with me from the vicar of the parish, I soon managed to get employment; and then I took lodgings in a narrow street not far from a big mill. The first Sunday morning I was up betimes, meaning to go to church. I missed the bells that used to chime so merrily, and heard nothing but tolling, which made me think there were some funerals. I followed the sound of one of these and went to church. Seeing the church nearly empty—for I went early—I was going into a pew, when a woman with a bunch of keys in her hand told me I must not. I went to another. "Those pews," says she, "are not for such as you." "Why," says I, "I'm a churchman, and I'm come to worship God." "I dont care what you 're come for," says she; "but you must n't go there unless you pays for it." "Pay for worshipping

God," says I, "I'll never do that; why it's a *parish* church, is n't it?" "Yes," says she; "but if you stay you must sit there in the passage, and you must look sharp, or you will find no place."

Well sir, so I sits myself down, and presently the service began; the free seats were all pretty full, but the big pews were many of them empty; the minister who read prayers had a very good voice, but he and the clerk had it all to themselves. After the prayers were over, a gentleman in black, who had hid himself in a pew with curtains, got up into the pulpit, after he had been shown his way there by a virger with a silver mace. I don't call to mind much of his sermon, it was not like one of our old vicar's, telling us to be sober and industrious, and to do our duty; as far as I could make it out, it was from the prophecies, to tell us what should happen in time to come.

I must say I was vastly disappointed in a town Sunday. In the country, everybody had gone to church almost, the public-house was shut for very shame, but in this town it seemed to me that by far the most part went nowhere at all—neither to church nor to meeting. The streets were full of idle people, and the gin shops were open. The only thing that cheered one up was the procession of Sunday-school children going along here and there, though I thought it was a pity they did not get their schooling in week-days, and get a bit of rest on Sundays.

I can't say that a nearer acquaintance improved my opinion of town. I found many of my fellow-workmen not ashamed openly to declare their unbelief; some of them were Socialists and ridiculed the Bible, others were Chartists and were set against government. On Sundays they mostly stayed at home except of an evening, when they got cleaned up and went out for a walk or for drink. As our foreman seemed a decent, civil kind of man, I got a talking to him.

Foreman: Well, John, (my name is John Brown,) how dost' like Aston?

Myself: I can't say much for that; I don't like their ways; I don't like to see so few going to church, and so many going the wrong way.

Foreman: They couldn't go to church, if they had the mind.

Myself: Why not?

Foreman: Because there's not room for them if they were disposed to go; and what room there is is taken from them.

Myself: Why, how is that?

Foreman: Why, you see, John, this town we live in, was, within the memory of man, nothing but a village; in those days there was church-room for everybody, but about half a century ago some clever chaps found out that it was a convenient place for coal and water; so, after a bit, they built first one big mill and then another. There was a great run for cotton at that time, so hands kept flocking in from all parts of the country, and so the population grew from hundreds to thousands, and still the same church-room and no more. If a society called the Curate's Aid did not pay the curate his wages, we should only have one parson, just as we had fifty years ago, in my father's time. The old clerk says that once he knew every body in Aston, and at that time they had neither pews nor galleries in church, but every one sat just where he liked, if he did not get into the pulpit, the communion, or the squire's pew

Myself: Just as it was in our village; but Mr. Tomkins, wasn't it very wrong of these masters to get all these people together, and then to do nothing at all for their souls. Why, I've heard say that wherever our great lords and landowners, that your Aston folk are always crying down, had any land and tenants, they always built a church for them.

Foreman: I was reading a book the other day, that I got out of our school library, that says that before the reformation, every one had a seat in his own Parish Church, but then there were no big mills and overgrown parishes in those days. Why, Manchester and Liverpool and Birmingham are bigger than London was in Queen Elizabeth's times, or King Charles's either. I am afraid that the duty of giving to God was better understood then than it is now; but, John, you should have heard how our vicar (I do'nt mean in the church you went to, but where I go) spoke out, his text was from Malachi, iii., 8, 9, and 10:—"Will a man rob God. Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say wherein have we robbed Thee. In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." He shewed how God requires a tenth of all we possess from every one, high or low, rich or poor, if we would secure a blessing on what we have. You should have heard how he spoke of those who amass fortunes, without remembering the claims of the poor.

Myself: Are the big millowners so rich?

Foreman: I dont think that they make money so fast as they did, and you must understand me, John, I'm speaking of past evils. I was telling you how the population came to outgrow the church. I am happy to tell you that there is a change for the better—our church was built and

endowed by *one* person, and it was understood to be a thankoffering. Mr. Jones had just got up the wall of his mill, when he slipped his foot and fell down, and nearly lost his life. Our vicar attended him, and told him God wanted something more of him than mere feelings of gratitude, he must *do* something to shew it. Mr. Jones asked the vicar what he should do, so the vicar plumped it out: build a church for your operatives. Mr. Jones, they say, was took a-back at first, but said he would think over it. Well, he did think over it, and consented. At first he thought he would run up a cheap church, with pews and galleries, and put a good rent on the pews to make a good income. The vicar told him this would not do either, for he wanted a church for the poor, not for the rich; so it ended in the vicar taking him to see some churches on the new plan, or rather the old one revived, and then Mr. Jones got church-proud, and first he gave a cheque for one sum and then he doubled it, and so on; for the vicar got him to endow it after old Mr. Jones's death, with £50, a-year and then government made it a Peel district, as they call it, with £150 more; and then the Bishop put an active minister into it, who goes from house to house to look up poor folk and rich folk alike, and he declared all the seats to be free and unappropriated for ever, and that no fee should ever be taken for any offices of the church; they have a weekly communion and offertory for the poor, and for expenses; and if I was to go and get married, or anything else, they would charge me nothing, but we might make an offering to God; and we should only have to say whether it was for the poor or for the church.

Myself: Well, now, that is just what I like, and what do the people say to it all?

Foreman: Why they abused it at first, and said that the vicar was a Puseyite or a Roman, and that he frightened Mr. Jones into it when he thought he was dying, by telling him that he would go to hell if he did not do so, but the vicar cared nothing about it, and so folks got tired of talking, and then when he got the new organ and the men and boys in white surplices, they came, some out of curiosity, and some from better motives, and then the vicar explained everything so clearly, that everybody got to understand it all. Then they got to like it, and to feel at home in the church, and it was so nice neither to be shewn into a seat, as if it were a favour, or to be turned out as an intruder, that the church filled so, that you must go betimes to find a place.

Myself: I wish that others had done like this before—we should'nt have any strikes, or riots, to my thinking, if we had men like your vicar and Mr. Jones, and a church like St. Alban's. It is the want of clergy, and the pews and closed churches, that make dissenters.

Foreman: Aye and worse than that, infidels too. We feel that our vicar cares for the flock and not for the fleece alone. You don't see him only on a Sunday, but every day, in and out of the cottages and houses. Then he teaches us why we are church people, and to understand our own principles; but as it's time to shut up, I must say good night, or I shan't be in time for prayers to-night.

Myself: Prayers! Why you have'nt prayer-meetings in your church, that's like the methodists.

Foreman: Not prayer-meetings, but prayers; daily prayers.

Myself: Daily prayers, I never heard of such a thing!

Foreman: Why, they are ordered in the prayer book, but perhaps you'll go in and have a cup of tea with me, and we'll go to church together, besides I want to introduce you to the vicar.

Myself: Introduce me to the vicar! why I never heard of such a thing; he'll think I want to work for him and take no notice of me.

Foreman: Won't he? you shall see.

What I said and did at St. Albans, I'll tell with your leave, Mr. Editor, next month.

NAPLES.

"See Naples, and die," says a Neapolitan proverb, intending to convey the idea that after visiting such a Paradise, no one could hope to live elsewhere in other than woeful misery.

The inhabitants of Seville have a somewhat similar saying, and other instances might be readily adduced; the opinion in each case being backed by powerful facts connected either with the situation, the city, or the people—more frequently by the former. Thus it is solely on account of situation that Naples has acquired a celebrity throughout the civilised world; not for the city, than which twenty more interesting might be named; and certainly not for its inhabitants, saving at the present time, when an interest is imparted to them by newspaper revelations of what amount of tyranny may be endured without a struggle.

The Bay of Naples forms about a semicircle, some twenty miles in diameter, the projecting cliffs at each extremity being carried out still further by the rocky islands of Capri on the one hand, and Ischia on the other. As you face the bay from the sea, the city of Naples lies to the

left of the centre, almost divided into two by a spur of hill running out into the water and terminated by the prison-island of Nisida; to the right of the centre stand Monte Somma and Monte Vesuvio, together forming what *we* call Vesuvius; and further round, sheltered beneath the cliffs to the right, are the little towns of Castellamare and Sorrento. We beg to recommend the following receipt :—"Sketch the above objects in bold outline; colour the sea-foreground an ultramarine blue, deepening in the distance; mix the verdure of the surrounding mountains with a gradation of tints extending through pink, rose, lavender, and blue to purple; dot the margin of the shore with houses, so white as to make one wink; garnish with blue of impossible richness and depth: serve up with haze of intense heat;" and such a glorious sight will be presented, as can never be forgotten—remaining on the mental tablet, permanent as the most permanent marking ink, and more vivid than the neckerchiefs one sees labelled "Warranted *fast* colours."

A glorious scene it was, indeed, when we arrived in the port of Naples, and watched the sun rising behind the mountains, first lighting the summits, and then descending gradually till the white houses on the shore seemed to twinkle; and so, in constant change, the hours fled by until the officer of health came alongside in his boat, and passengers and crew all filed past the gangway for his inspection (at a distance of twenty yards), while his right hand and hat acknowledged the bows of the inspected. Then we were allowed to land, passing, on the way, through the Police-office and Custom-house, where any necessity for searching our baggage may possibly have been obviated by a fee to the officer, according to the custom of the country,—we are not obliged to make any confessions. Once landed, however, we must bear testimony to the police, that they gave us no trouble whatever, although we wore a wide-awake and neglected to shave, both of which things are considered by government as highly revolutionary, and are consequently forbidden to natives, though strangers may do what they please; a latitude extended especially to Englishmen, who are looked upon on the continent generally as being by nature eccentric, if not always positively insane, and are allowed, partly on that account, and partly on account of British power, to contravene nine rules out of ten, and to indulge in all sorts of absurd irregularities. In illustration of the strictness enforced upon natives by law and police, we were informed, on reliable authority, that a native nobleman, possessing wealth and influence, as well as title, who highly esteemed and cherished a rich jet-black beard with the tenderest affection, resolutely shutting his ears to official hints, was lately stopped in the streets by the police authorities, taken out of his carriage, hurried into a house, and—shaved!

The city itself, as we have already mentioned, is not particularly interesting in itself, and contains few sights worth seeing. One broad road runs for miles along the margin of the sea, separated from it by a strip of beach occupied by fishermen and their boats and tackle; a steady, toiling race, are they, though the little fish they catch can scarcely repay their toil, but fortunately the necessaries of life are few and cheap, so that a few halfpence per day suffice. Along this road, too, are stalls for sale of fish and shell-fish, perambulating cook-shops on a very small scale, and cauldrons of macaroni, or braziers full hissing and frying; hundreds of men, women, and children group here and there, with an evident eye to the picturesque, and probably, also, for the same reason that Molly Bawn's admirer informs us the stars shine bright, "because they've nothing else to do." These people, and indeed the poorer class generally, live upon macaroni, and by constant practice attain great skill in swallowing long strings of it, just as a conjurer (apparently) swallows yards and yards of ribbon, or a clown bolts interminable lengths of sausages; and they very liberally exhibit their dexterity for the instruction and entertainment of any one who will supply the materials.

The left *half* of the town may, independently of any pun, be termed the fashionable *quarter*, where, for nearly a mile, extends a strip of royal garden, bordered by the sea on one side, and rows of mansions on the other, having a magnificent sea view bounded by the distant islands of Procida and Ischia. At the end of the road is a tunnel, called the Grotta di Posilipo, cut in the solid rock for a distance not far short of half a-mile, through a long spur of mountain; this being one of the few similar engineering works which the ancient Roman people ever undertook, and, so far as attaining the object of piercing a thoroughfare through the mountain, perfectly successful; though from being very irregular in height and width, an immense amount of labour was wasted, and the neatness and finish of modern engineering is wanting. Between the "city" and the "west end" stands the royal palace at the edge of the sea, and immediately adjoining the naval dockyard, and coal store for the fleet: while on the other side it is connected with the Opera-house; in front is an open space used as a cab-stand, and a showy modern church.

Beside these littoral roads there is but one wide street in the city; viz., that called the Strada di Toledo, which is the one great

thoroughfare, containing the best shops and always thronged with passengers. The other streets are simply lanes or alleys, equally narrow and intricate, so that for any stranger to attempt to find his way, map in hand, from point to point, is a preposterous idea, terminating in utter discomfiture, and unless he can speak Neapolitan patois, the probabilities are that he may wander in a circle, like a lost traveller in a Canadian backwood, for a perfectly indefinite period of time.

In the midst of such a labyrnth, the cathedral is situated. It is a "large building of the Gothic sort," curiously illustrating the pointed style transplanted to an uncongenial locality, and dates from about the middle of the 15th century, when the Spaniards ruled in Naples. The ceremonies appear to have no peculiarly distinctive character, excepting during the bi-annual festival of the patron — St. Januarius, when the liquifaction of his blood takes place, and so continues for an octave. The glass bottle containing it was held to our lips, so that we can speak with certainty to the fact of its being then liquid, as well as to its perfect congelation at other periods of the year.

Then there is the Museo Borbonico — a huge fabric, as handsome as a factory deprived of its chimney, but containing very valuable collections of antiquities from Pompeii and Herculaneum, furnishing proofs and hints of many singular facts in the manners and customs of the ancient Romans. There are departments for bronzes of all kinds, from Pagan divinities to kitchen ranges and latch-keys; pottery, vases, and every description of fictile ware; mosaic work and tessellated pavements; statuary, fresco paintings, and a variety of miscellaneous objects carefully arranged and classified, but diminished in interest by removal from the still remaining buildings where most were found. It contains also a collection of paintings by old masters, few perhaps very first rate, but still many interesting and valuable; and some magnificent pieces of sculpture. In the church of Santa Maria del Incoronata are some beautiful paintings by Giotto—one of the most Christian of painters.

Beyond these sights—beyond observing the curious manners and open-air life of the people—beyond the glorious views which no pen or pencil can even faintly illustrate, for they need the richest tints of oil colours—beyond these, the attention is next attracted to a spot high up the hill rising behind the city, where stands the cemetery called the Campo Santo Dei Poveri—a huge square, walled round, and paved with flat slabs of stone, in compartments, numbering 366; the centre slab of each lifts up like a trap-door or coal shoot, forming the entrance to a vault sixteen or eighteen feet deep. Every day in the year is one of these trap-doors opened, and the naked bodies of the poor—men, women, and children—are dropped in and covered with quick lime, and the trap cemented down till exactly a twelvemonth has elapsed, and being then re-opened, the contents are found to have disappeared excepting a few fragments of hard bone.

Magnificently situated, higher up on the slope is the Campo Santo Nuovo, where the richer class are buried. It abounds with mortuary chapels in every style and variety of decoration, belonging to the Guilds, of which there is one connected with almost every church in the city, for the furtherance of its decoration and the burial of the members. Besides these are numberless family chapels, monuments, and graves, the interstices being thickly planted with trees and flowers, so that the whole scene, viewed under a glowing sun, combined with the vivid beauty of the bay beneath, strikes the mind as being the actual realisation of that calm, mournful joy and thanksgiving intermingled, with which the death of a Christian was always regarded by the church, especially in the earliest ages. An English country churchyard is peculiarly calm, and peaceful, and thought-awakening; but its solemnity is tempered with melancholy (perhaps, therefore, better adapted to the national character), and, by comparison, wanting in that air of thanksgiving which we have never elsewhere seen.

"Catacombs, dug in the rock and used by the early Christians as a refuge from persecution, and as a place of burial, may yet be seen in the upper part of the town; their construction and arrangements are similar to those in the more celebrated Catacombs of Rome, which perhaps we may describe on some future occasion.

We cannot stop to tell of Pompeii and Herculaneum—towns at the foot of Vesuvius, buried in ashes and mud by its sudden eruption, to be discovered and dug out a thousand years afterwards; nor to describe Vesuvius with its suffocating sulphurous vapour, and the last new crater and still smoking lava-streams, nor the frightful picture of desolation presented by the cinder and rock-covered ground for miles around. Were we to attempt all this, our stay would be prolonged for a very indefinite period of time, and a book instead of a paragraph would result.

The passion for antiquity is no idle prejudice. We live in an age when self-interest seems the ruling principle of all men: what sympathy, what enthusiasm, can ever be its result? Is it not sweeter to dream over the days of self-devotion and heroic sacrifice, which might once have existed, nay, of which the earth bears such honourable traces?—*De Stael.*

THE OFFERTORY.

We are glad to see this important subject at length taken up in Manchester, under auspices which promise well for the success of the movement. A requisition has been signed for a meeting to consider the subject, and resolutions have been prepared embodying views in which, it seems to us, that every sincere churchman of whatever school or shade of opinion may cordially concur. The promoters of the meeting desire to receive practical suggestions as to the collection and appropriation of the offertory from the whole congregation. Communications upon the subject may be addressed to John Todd, Esq., senior churchwarden of Manchester. We subjoin copies of the proposed resolutions :—

1. That to honour God with our worldly goods not only by spending them in a lawful manner, and by using them without offence, but also by alienating from ourselves some reasonable part or portion thereof, and by offering up the same to Him as a sign that we gladly confess his sole and sovereign dominion over all, and that we thankfully acknowledge all we have to be for him,—is a duty which all men are bound unto, and a part of that very worship of God which the law of God and nature itself require.—(See Hooker's Ecc. Pol.)

2. That the due performance of this duty at stated and frequent periods by every professing Christian—"the meanest and very poorest amongst men yielding unto God as much in proportion as the greatest"—was enjoined by the Apostles, and is accordingly provided for by the Church of England in the following directions, which distinctly state the law as at present binding upon the clergy and laity :—

"Then [i. e. after the sermon] shall the priest return to the Lords table and begin the offertory saying one of the sesentences following, as he thinketh most convenient in his discretion."

"Whilst these sentences are in reading, the deacons, churchwardens, or other fit person appointed for that purpose, shall receive the alms for the poor and other devotions of the people," which are then to be reverently placed upon the Lord's table. That these directions are wholly irrespective of the administration of the Lord's Supper, is apparent from the following rubric : "*And when there is a communion*, the priest shall then place upon the table so much bread and wine as he shall think sufficient."*

"After which done, the priest shall say, 'Let us pray for the whole state of Christ's church militant here on earth.'

"At the time of the celebration of the Communion, the communicants being conveniently placed for the receiving of the Holy Sacrament" [and the rest of the congregation having retired], "the priest shall say this exhortation, &c. :

"After the Divine service ended, the money given at the Offertory shall be disposed of to such pious and charitable uses, as the minister and churchwardens shall think fit. Wherein, if they disagree, it shall be disposed of as the ordinary shall appoint."

3. That the prevalent disobedience to this excellent provision of the apostles and of our own church, not only deprives the minister and churchwardens of considerable funds which might from this source be obtained for the support of their church and schools, but has caused the duty of "setting aside weekly in store as God has prospered us" for pious and charitable purposes to be much lost sight of and has thus tended to impair the exercise of Christian liberality amongst all classes.

4. That the experience of many churches in Manchester, London, and elsewhere, in which the offertory is collected weekly or monthly from the whole congregation, satisfactorily proves that the systematic carrying out of the church's order in this respect is productive (without burthen or dissatisfaction to the respective congregations), of extraordinary pecuniary results ; and furnishes the means not only of more efficiently relieving Christ's poor, but of contributing to the following (amongst other) objects, either contemplated by, or fairly included within the meaning of the offertory sentences, viz. : —

(1). The support of the officiating clergy, when not provided for by pew rents or endowment.

(2). The defraying the expenses of divine service.

(3). Church Missions, for the propagation of the gospel among the heathen, and its maintenance in the colonies.

(4). Home Missions, for increasing the number of working clergy in populous places.

(5). Church Building and Church Education Societies, diocesan, national, and local.

(6). Assistance by wealthy church congregations to neighbouring poor congregations.

5. That in the opinion of this meeting, the regular collection of the offertory from the whole congregation would be rendered more acceptable to the people, and more effectual for its object—

(1.) By having *all* collections in each church made in the way directed in the Prayer Book.

(2.) By appropriating each collection, or a specified share of the total collections, to all or some of the objects referred to in the last resolution,—the scheme for such appropriation being previously arranged and made known to the congregation.

(3.) By the annual publication of an account, shewing the amounts received from the collections, and appropriated to the several objects.

6. That for the foregoing reasons, and having regard to the importance at the present time of promoting unity in the church by a general conformity to its regulations, it is respectfully recommended to the clergy and churchwardens of the several churches in the parish of Manchester, to consider the propriety of giving to the whole congregations, as frequently as circumstances will admit, the opportunity of contributing, in obedience to the Divine Command, of their means to God's service, pursuant to the directions of the Book of Common Prayer.

* Other rubrics direct that "Upon the Sundays and Holidays (if there be no communion) shall be said all that is appointed at the communion until the end of the general prayer 'for the whole State,' &c," and provide "collects to be said after the offertory when there is no communion."

OUR VILLAGE.

No. III.

When the fever which had seized upon Vaughan Balcaraign immediately after the accident narrated in my last chapter, was at its height, the mortgagee in possession favoured us with his annual visit. An event of no little importance procured us the honour of his gracious presence full a month before the usual time. He was mortgagee in possession now no longer ; the Court of Chancery had given him the absolute proprietorship of the estate ; the mortgages were foreclosed ; the land put up for sale, and the title of its old possessors knocked down for ever. It was only one blow the more ; they had been "going, going," for three generations, and now that they were "gone," there was but little palpable change. Sir Vaughan, as we have seen, had not drawn a penny from his vast estates for some years ; he was a gainer by his loss, if anything ; for after the sale had been completed, the incumbrances paid off, and the lawyers, auctioneers, and agents had each and all had their pickings, a magnificent surplus of one hundred and seventy-five pounds, nine shillings, and eight pence halfpenny was handed over to the last descendant of the Balcaraigns in exchange for his patrimony. Now that

our smooth friend, the quandom mortgagee in possession, has acquired a local habitation in our village, it is proper that he should also have a name. In the city where his business had been carried on, and his fortune made, he was indifferently known as "old G.," "Griggs and Co." or "Choker Griggs," according to the position of the speaker, and the proximity of the object of that conversation; but when he at last retired from trade, shut up shop, and having purchased Balcaraign Park, started as a county gentleman, as a preliminary to becoming a county member, he added a new head and tail to the somewhat plebeian and decidedly monosyllabic "Griggs," and turned it into the more aristocratic and euphonious cognomen of "De Grigguet," said to be the original and authentic style of his ancestors, before a levelling utilitarian age clipped it of its fair proportions. Wondrous preparations were made at the old house to receive its new lord and his family. It was then for the first time known to us, that he possessed a large and decidedly aggressive wife, and a small freakey daughter, who looked as if she had vegetated for many years of some former existence as a sick canary bird, and was shortly about to resume her original state.

But this by the way—a regular army of carpenters, joiners, cabinet makers, upholsterers, smiths, paperhangers, bricklayers, and glaziers, with scrubbers, cleaners, and assistants of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, laid siege to, captured, and took possession of the old house, and turned it then and there out of windows, not only figuratively, but literally also; for one-third of it they pulled down outright, and the rest they altered to such an extent, that to any uneducated eye, it seemed that they might just as easily have built a new house at once. It was a rare time for trade I can assure you; but a very indifferent one for the owls, rats, and mice, whose favourite residences were thus ruthlessly invaded.

Then came the furnishing—the grandest part of all. The cypher and coat-of-arms of the *de Grigguets* was woven into the carpets—worked into the curtains—embroidered upon the screens—painted in the hall—and sculptured over the porch. Much time and labour were expended by my little friend, the antiquary, in trying to find the de Grigguet's crest—a giraffe, with a castle in its mouth—amongst the armorial bearings of the barons of King John, and strange to say, notwithstanding the clear evidence procured by the gentleman in London—connected with the Herald's College—of the nobility, of a de Grigguet of that date, and their undoubted connection with the Griggses of a few years ago, he has not yet been able to satisfy his mind upon the subject.

It was the boast of the decorator who furnished and fitted up the blank rooms, that there was nothing in the house that could be matched. Everything was designed and made expressly for it, from the carvings of the ceilings to the knobs on the bell-pulls; an artist from Paris painted young ladies of horticultural tastes and strumous habit, standing upon nothing, in the panels of the drawing room; an architect designed the chandeliers; and a sculptor modelled the fire irons. The picture gallery was a wonder of completeness—such lights, such seats to repose upon and admire the pictures,—which were ordered, at per yard, of certain acadamecians who were not too proud to be placed under the orders of the upholsterer as to the size, shape, and prevailing colour of their works,—and had yet to arrive. The library was a model of comfort: such easy chairs, such leather-topped table, such paper cases! and inkstands of so ingenious and novel a construction, that you could not get a drop of ink out of them when you wanted it, and spilt it all over the table when you did not; such bookcases with glass doors and Bramah locks, such a carpet, such footstools! there was but one thing wanting, and that, in a library, might perchance b some be considered an important item—I mean *books*. There certainly was a "Bradshaw," a "Peerage," and the "Gardener's Chronicle" up to 1827. But I cannot conscientiously style this a very valuable literary collection. I should bore the reader dreadfully if I were to take him all over the house, and show him all its perfections. Suffice it to say, that thousands of pounds were spent upon it, and when all was done, the distinguished proprietor, his wife and daughter, lived very comfortably in a corner of one of the wings.

Meanwhile, Vaughan Balcaraign, quivering between life and death, shared my poor home; and no one but the curate and his daughter knew of his presence in Our Village. Many a long week did he lie in my little study—which we had fitted up as a bedroom for him—sometimes raving wildly of cards and dice, and great gains and losses at play; sometimes motionless, giving scarcely a sign that life remained, for days and days together. At other times he fancied that he was a boy again at home, and planned schemes of sport and pleasure for the next day—the next day! ah, what a fearful word is "*to-morrow*" spoken in a sick chamber with Death in waiting at the threshold!

Well, he recovered at last, and when he was strong enough to hear conversation I told him of what had happened,—of his mother's death,—of my finding him in the graveyard,—of the sale of his estate, and of all that had happened since he left England. He tried to appear quite reckless, and scoffed bitterly at fate and fortune, but a slight quivering of the lip, and a glistening of the eye—which he strove in vain to suppress—told me that these were but lip words, and that his heart—scared and battered as it was—was in the right place after all. But good, matter-of-fact Mr. Dale was shocked beyond expression;—he came more than once to read and talk to the sick man, but met with such rebuffs upon matters of religion that he was fairly driven from the subject. He was unwise enough to argue with Vaughan upon his captious, and sometimes even blasphemous, observations, and so gave them weight, and him encouragement. I am afraid that he even took a delight at last in shocking the good man when he found the way to do so. Still all this was done in a manner with which it was impossible to take offence. He was so winning, so frank, so grateful for the trifles we were able to do for him, and oh, so pale and worn, it made my heart sick to hear the laugh and scoff from his lips, and see the great deep black lines which sorrow and care had torn across his face and brow.

He was miserable, broken down, hopeless: and tried, as many another has done before him, to hide all his bitter feelings lest they should stand up in judgment against him. One day, when he was just strong enough to walk for half an hour upon the sunny side of the Parsonage garden, leaning upon my arm, Mr. Dale began as usual to argue with him upon some one of his follies—I will call them by no more dignified a name—and received in answer his usual light sceptical replies. Having completely taken away Mr. Dale's breath by the audacity, and, I must add, impiety of one of his sayings, he appealed to Nelly, who was standing beside her uncle, as to what she thought of his reasoning. "I am not learned enough," she said, with a touch of sorrow, as I thought, in her sweet voice, "to decide between you. I believe what I read, and am happy; if you also are happy in your unbelief, pray persevere in it."

And so the conversation ended. But Vaughan never sought Mr. Dale's challenge again, and invariably shunned discussion with him.

"I am quite strong now, and can walk a good distance," he said to me one day; "we will not go to the Parsonage garden again."

"As you please," I resumed; "but why not?"

"It is not fit that such as I am should go near Miss Dale,—I offend her."

"Oh, I think not," I replied.

"Besides," he continued, without noticing my words, "she said I was to hold to my opinions, if they brought me happiness. She *knew* how wretched, how utterly degraded I am. Oh! friend, friend," laying his hands upon my shoulders, with the tears in his eyes, and the tremble in his voice, "why did not you leave me where you found me—at rest, in the cold church-yard."

"Would you dare so to rest?"

"There—there again, you are taunting me with these covert reproaches. You are just alike. What matter is it to either of you whether I am happy or what I dare?"

"Nothing, of course," I answered carelessly. I half repented what I had said when I saw his heap droop, and the loud braggadocio air drop from him like a cloak, and heard the long, deep sigh with which he said, "You are right,—nothing, of course." But I had reasons for what I said, and time has proved that they were good ones.

One day I found him sketching idly upon a piece of rough paper. "Holloa," I said, don't destroy that! So you are an artist, are you?"

"A mongrel animal of that breed," he said, dashing a fantastic sketch one instant, and effacing it the next.

"Have you any notion of an architectural drawing?"

"I can plan you anything, from a palace to a sentry-box."

"Well, then, you shall compete for the new school buildings. There now, there is the advertisement for plans, there are the requirements. There's plenty of paper—don't spare it. I give you two hours to produce a drawing that shall distance all competitors. You are always boring me about your poverty and your doctor's bills—set to work and wipe them off."

The plan was finished and accepted. Our eminent statistician had nothing to do with the selection, so the design was light, pleasant, and withal appropriate.

The evening that the decision in his favour arrived, he accompanied me to the Parsonage for the first time for many days, and carried with him a water colour drawing of the new schools, and the lovely hill side upon which they were to be built, for Mr. Dale.

"A peace offering, sir," he said, "for our disputations. I retire from the contest,—surrender without reserve. But," he added, in a lower tone, "I fear I have not yet taught you to believe in my sincerity."

It was the pleasantest evening that we had spent for a long time. Vaughan was quite boyish in his delight at success, and received their congratulations and praises of his skill with a depth of gratitude that to a stranger might have appeared affected. First drawing, then painting, then art in general, then Italy, the mother of art, was discussed. Vaughan knew much of each, and talked well, pleasantly and soundly, until at length our part in the conversation subsided into asking questions and making observations upon what he told us, and yet there was not a dogmatic or an egotistical word upon his lips. Mr. Dale, even, forgot his game of back-gammon; and when, at last, we rose to take our leave, it was with regret on both sides.

"Are you not going to wish Nelly good night, Sir Vaughan?" asked the curate as we all stood together in the porch. "Good night, Miss Dale," and with a low bow he passed her proffered hand and went out.

"You have offended Miss Dale," I said as we walked along. "Why did you refuse to shake hands with her?"

"Not yet," he answered, "not yet,—see now," and he lifted his arm high up in the moonlight, "this hand has never yet done one good work, or stopped short of one folly or vice,—it has much to do and to undo before it is fit to be grasped by such an—such as Miss Dale."

Again through the lonely churchyard, with the moon-beams lighting up forgotten monuments,—again upon his mother's grave lay the last of the Balcaraigns, and again I stood by, but spoke not. For I knew what wholesome tears were falling—could guess what prayers were more than *said*, so I left him alone with his great sorrow and his deep repentance; and wended my way slowly homewards. It was close upon midnight when he returned, and then his step was light, and his head erect, He was a changed man.

"Old friend," he said, taking my hand in his, "is it not a farce for a man to give up fame and hope at six-and-twenty?"

"Why yes—no doubt of it."

"Then why have you never told me so?"

"Because you have never been in a fit state of mind to hear it."

"Ah, true, true," he said, "but I am fit for anything now, come, you have plenty of hard words, and home thrusts for me now—plenty of unpleasant truths. I have been a scoundrel—am a beggar—would be—a man and a gentleman again, how is it to be done? I am in the humour to hear if you are to speak. Go on, strike, and spare not." I did not spare him; I should have been no friend if I had; I said all I had to say, and he heard me to the end—patiently.

It was but a small thing to turn the whole current of a man's life—that little school building—but it was a success; and coming at a time when self-confidence and hope were well-nigh extinguished, roused an impulsive and vigorous nature into healthy action. No one knew him, as I have said, in our village, he was but a child when he was there last, so we agreed that the best thing that he could do would be to take advantage of his talent for drawing, and start as an artist, as plain Mr. Vaughan. We thought that for the present, until he had got quite strong again, he had better remain in our village; and so he built a snug little studio in my garden, with the proceeds of the prize plans, and set to work manfully. The first picture he painted was the Angel of Mercy waiving back Despair from a fallen man. Mr. de Grigguet called upon him, saw it, and offered a good price, but Vaughan declined firmly to part with it. The face of the man was hidden, but that of the angel was marvellously like Nelly Dale.

THE ETHICS OF ULTRA-PROTESTANISM.

The following strange proceeding of the (so-called) Church of England Education Society, is vouched for by the Rev. J. H. Blunt, in the London *Guardian* of May 28, 1856. This society is one of those anomalous organisations which ignore the constituted authorities of the Church, their management being vested in ultra-evangelical ministers and laymen, who, in defiance of the plain laws and principles of the Church, prescribe and enforce upon persons connected with them Calvinistic and other heretical doctrines. This society inserted in the *Record* of May 21st, an advertisement, ending as follows:—"The committee urgently appeal to the laity for subscriptions, and to the clergy for sermons at least once in three years, *in lieu of the the Queen's letters.*" It will scarcely be believed by those who have not had their attention called to the sad effects of that practical antinomianism which is too often put forth under the much-abused name of "Evangelicism," that *there never has been a Queen's letter* issued for this so-called "Church" Education Society; the Queen's letters having always been confined to Church societies properly so called—that is, societies conducted on Church principles, and managed or presided over by Prelates of the Church. So flagrant an attempt to mislead the public will surely open the eyes of conscientious supporters of that society to its very questionable character, constitution, and objects.

A COUNTRY BOY'S EDUCATION IN NORTH GERMANY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ARNDT.—(CONCLUDED.)

Captain Von Parsenow at length said that I pleased him, and that he would willingly take me into his service, but that he must first ask my father's consent. A letter was accordingly despatched to Lobnitz, and on the fifth day my brother Karl and uncle Maurice made their appearance, with an answer from my father, in which he begged me affectionately to return home, promising to leave me at perfect liberty to choose whether I would pursue my studies or become a farmer; and adding, that if I preferred the latter, I could nowhere learn farming better and more conveniently than under his own instruction, and that he would answer for finding work enough for me to do.

At heart, I was very glad of this termination to the affair, for the mists and phantoms that had frightened me away from Stralsund had already been dispersed by my rambles in the open air, and a little physical hardship. So I joined my brother and uncle at once, and the next afternoon we were at Lobnitz.

I had thus left, or, if people will call it so, run away, from school, without any apparent reason. Yet there must have been a reason, and that a deeper one than amongst the confused throng of feelings and anxieties by which I was then oppressed I can even now fully comprehend, for the few days immediately before my flight had been unusually full of pleasure and merriment. What my parents felt upon the subject, I know not; no doubt they were tormented by many anxious thoughts about me; for how could they look into my over-clouded heart, when I could not see clearly into it myself? But I do not believe that they suspected me of anything wrong. They knew me too well for this; and the best proof that my departure was not prompted by past misbehaviour, or by evil intentions for the future, lay in the sum of money which I had received for my father, and had carefully transmitted to him before I set off. The world, however, invented various fables to account for my conduct; and talked of disreputable love-affairs, and the like, which certainly no young man could have avoided more strenuously than I was then doing. As usual, these stories came round to me at last, but I despised them; and learnt for the first time that lesson, which all my after life has but confirmed, that there is no more childish folly than to court the approbation and prejudices of the crowd, or to deviate on their account one hair's breadth from your ordinary course.

My parents allowed me to live for some weeks quietly at home, just as though nothing had happened and I were spending my holidays with them as usual. My father then spoke to me. As I had commenced my course of study, he could not but think that it would be best for me to continue in the career upon which I had entered. My brothers and friends, one after another, gave me the same advice. And the head-master, Furchow, suggested, that if I preferred living in the country, I might carry on my studies there in perfect freedom from all interruption. The last proposal pleased me, and I adopted it. My books were brought from Stralsund, and my old masters with other friends gave me all needful assistance. I thus passed eighteen months at Lobnitz, in a pleasant and tranquil, but by no means idle mode of life. Amidst the nobler exercises of the mind, I still resolutely kept up my old habits of physical toil and exertion. I slept on straw or the bare boards. I bivouacked in the open air, wrapped in my cloak, under a tree or behind a hay-stack. I roamed over the country for many miles round, often setting out on my expeditions at night, when the rest of the family were going to bed, all to train my young and active frame to endurance and subjection. These proceedings caused my parents some surprise and uneasiness, and I saw them shake their heads now and then; but as my conduct in other respects was reasonable and orderly, they did not interfere.

This remarkable epoch in my own little history was also one strongly marked in the history of that whole period. The French Revolution had just begun. This did not *make* the epoch, but was to a great extent made by it. That desire for ease which sought gratification, often unconsciously and innocently, in physical comfort and enjoyment, as well as in all that is convenient and ornamental in life and art, had exhausted whatever virtue there might have been in it at first, and had degenerated into effeminacy and sentimentality; and on all sides, in manners and taste, in art and science, in theology and philosophy, new tendencies and aspirations were suddenly starting into life. A new system of politics, as well as a new system of philosophy, had entered the world, and its convulsive and destructive throes were felt from the cottage to the palace with extraordinary rapidity and vividness. Even in the narrow circle of our home, and in spite of the firmness and stability of character of both my parents, its effects were clearly visible, if not at once, at least in looking back over periods of five or six years.

From Lobnitz I went to the University,—first to that of Greifswald, and afterwards to Jena, to study theology,—a pursuit to which the son of a country pastor or farmer is most naturally attracted, unless he is altogether destitute of pious feeling. Here I studied hard, and the clouds of over scrupulousness and depression gradually cleared away. Thank God I never became careless. One great help to me was the good example of my father's house, another my own most deep conviction that a student of theology must keep himself unspotted from the world. But my greatest help was from God, and my good fortune, which is in truth the gift of God. I do not mean that I led a recluse or solitary life. I, too, shared, as a German and a student, in all the vivid life and warm enthusiasm of the young men around me, and spent many an evening in rational enjoyment, which I could afford better than most, as I needed very little sleep. Then, again, my life would flow on for a time in a calmer and more retired course.

In 1794, I was once more in Lobnitz, where I spent some time in teaching my younger brothers and sisters, and in studying for myself, or rather in going over what I had already studied. During the last six years, since my flight from the high school of Stralsund, which had made me my own master, I had devoured every book that came in my way, with the keen appetite of active youth, and had swallowed much that was at least indigestible to me, if not actually hurtful and poisonous. All this it was necessary to be rid of; and it was but by slow degrees that *I* learnt what to reject, and that what I retained assumed its proper shape and order. After awhile I was invited by a clergyman, one of our oldest friends, to undertake the tuition of his children—a proposal I gladly accepted on account of his excellent library. Here I became a candidate for the ministry, and preached occasionally with considerable applause. I cannot say that I earned the approbation of my own mind, though I was aware that I was not deficient in ease and fluency. But I had known some truly excellent preachers, and had placed before myself a standard to which it was not easy to attain. At Wittow, where people began to expect great things from me, I gave up my desire to become a clergyman. And why? I had gradually become aware that most of the livings in Pomerania and Rugen, of which the crown had the patronage, were to be obtained by what was in fact little better than purchase, or at best by influence at Stockholm that was not always conscientiously exerted. No doubt, however, though this did much to disgust me, there were other reasons. Life attracted me on another side. I had not the true voca-

tion; and though I was unconscious of it then, I can now see that I was infected by the lukewarmness in religion then so general. And so it came to pass, that I withstood the allurements of the rich livings of Rugen—for rich, indeed, they were at that time. Many of the clergy drove four black horses, signed themselves "Kirchherr" (Lord of the Church), and were magistrates in their parishes. Thus I was resolved to bid farewell to this calling, and a certain restlessness, and a longing to see more of the great world, drew me away from Rugen. My father supplied me with the means, and I travelled for several months. I visited Hungary, and entered Italy, but the flames of war drove me quickly back across the Alps, and I spent the summer in Paris, and then slowly returned home through some of the chief cities of my own country.

Once more at home, it became necessary to choose my profession. And my choice was decided by love. An old affection that had lain buried apparently under thin white ashes, suddenly flamed up afresh. It brought me to Greifswald, and made me a Professor. I married the daughter of the Professor of Natural History in that University, and became attached to the Faculty of Philosophy. And here I lived, quietly and happily enough, till the troubles of that stormy time aroused me; and I felt that as a good citizen I must begin both to write and to act.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

The writers of fiction assume to themselves various offices and aims. One wishes merely to amuse his readers, wearied by the more engrossing details of the business of daily life, with a fancy sketch or picture, so as, at the same time, to afford a pastime and a play for the mental faculties; another takes a higher range, and seeks, in the pages of a novel, to give an historical portraiture of past times, or more largely to record the stirring events of an era. Others there are who charge themselves with a more arduous duty—that of moralising upon the evil conditions of the tone which exists in the various gradations of our social economy, and drawing lessons which, they imagine, will strike the hearts and consciences of their readers, and so lead to a change for the better.

Whilst those who are our classic fictionists—Fielding, Smollett, &c., seem to have contented themselves with putting upon canvass—so to speak—a lifeful illustration of the men of all ranks in their own day, so that we who now read them feel to be ourselves, of the same kindred stock as our ancestors, and walk, and talk, and feel with the characters represented, as with those of our own household—admiring their quaint humour, sympathising with their odd conceits, approving their clinging to nice points of honour, even in matters not worth a straw, recognising them as of the same humanity as that which surrounds us now, except that they wore pig-tails and high-heeled boots, many of the leading novelists of our time clothe themselves in an unknown garb; they seem to fancy that what is farthest from nature is most striking; they deal in abortions, in monsters, to which nature, which is always natural even in misery and under wrong, has no similitude; they appear to be aiming at success by *art*, if they cannot obtain it by nature. Affectation of thought and style they appear to delight in.

The two novelists whose names are placed at the head of this article have such a reputation, as justifies their being esteemed the leading novelists of our time. Do they approach so near to the excellence of preceding novelists, as to warrant us in thinking that they will be read by posterity? Let us judge them by a standard. It is conceived that that standard we find in those writers to whom is applied the term classic. Among these the chief are Defoe, Fielding, Smollett. The great characteristics of these writers are plain and strongly marked. As to their style it is simple and pure,—the gentle flow of good English is not disturbed by any sudden obliquity of sentence, jarring conceit, forced meaning given to language; and whilst the style of each is sufficiently distinct to make it his own, there is still enough resemblance to confine them to one school. As to their matter, it is simple and unadorned, and unexaggerated nature. If a good man is depicted, he still displays enough of human frailty to prevent his being classed with angels. If a villain be described, he is still a human villain, not a brute; he shows, even through his blunted feelings and warped nature, that he is still a member of the great human family.

It appears that Dickens set out generally with the intention of giving us pictures of low life; of showing that there is in that life much to appreciate and much to admire, at the same time that there is much unmerited suffering,—suffering proceeding from the oppression upon them on the part of the rich. Has he succeeded in this? Do we feel that the representations he has given us are representations of real life, even in the outskirts and frontiers of society? Are not his characters rather an *ignotum genus*—an isolated race—a people that has existence only in his own fertile imagination, and portraits of nothing upon earth? It has long been our opinion that Dickens has not fulfilled the promise of earlier years. His earlier productions far outstrip his later. What freshness and vigour about his "Pickwick Papers!" how *easy* each character is! what dramatic force is displayed! His "Nicholas Nickleby," his "Oliver Twist," are marked with the same facility of recognition in the various characters. In these Dickens was following nature, and not some strange conceit of his imagination. There is scarcely a character in any of these books that one cannot *feel* as it were—hear what he says—see what he does. Now we think that the one great merit of a writer who takes upon himself to depict character is, that he should have dramatic power. The more he makes his readers *feel* his characters, the nearer he approaches the end of his office as far as mere writing is concerned. Now Dickens has this in his earlier works. We ride on the coach-top with "Jingle," and hear his short, curt sentences, as plainly as if he were with us in *propria persona!* And so with the other characters of Dickens's earlier novels. All is natural and told in a plain, straightforward way. There are no diversities and contrarieties of expression; no forced conceits; no aiming at lofty flights beyond the power of the writer to attain. All is told in good, simple English. If we come to his later productions he has entirely lost this power. Melodrama is now his forte. Strong lights—deep shades—powerful colours—striking contrasts,—and not a bit of nature. One great peculiarity in the construction of Dickens's mind is, that he can only see one side of a character; or, if he does see a whole character, it is one the like to which there lives not another on the face of the globe. He siezes upon some strange idiosyncrasy or peculiarity, and puts that forth as the whole man. If his character have some peculiarity of walk, a stump leg, a large nose, wall eyes,—he takes care that nothing else shall by any possibility be seen but the wall eyes, the huge nose, the stump leg, or the stilted step. He gives one only the fraction of a man. He does not draw you the whole man, having a moral nature of some good, mixed with much that is bad. He cannot suffer you to see the whole man, but only that part of him which deserves universal execration, and which is often so loathsome and contemptible that all moral lesson is lost, from the conviction that we never do and never can meet with such creatures—far less that we are anything like them ourselves. This is a great failing in Dickens, and it

produces the anticipation that posterity will not peruse him. If we who live now, and who are conversant with the peculiar oddities of our own age, feel that nothing which we experience ourselves, or learn from the experience of others, is like that which Dickens has put upon paper, much less will our successors feel that he has drawn a just and faithful picture of any class of men of his own time. It is one of the great beauties and uses of our classic fictionists that they are, as it were, historical commentators. We read history, and have a longing to make acquaintance with the people of a particular time,—how they conversed, how they joked,—and what the structure of their social circle. Such men as Fielding let us into the mystery.

Whilst Dickens has failed in drawing a living picture of any class in our own day, Thackeray has succeeded. His characters, and he has them of all classes of our society, are living personages. They are faithful representations of our own neighbours. The peculiar views of the age are depicted with the hand of a master, yet his personages think, act, and walk as rational beings, as moral agents, as those do with whom we converse every day of our lives. Whilst Dickens can only paint a character, or an individual physical or moral deformity, Thackeray draws a class. He shews forth the springs of action, and the doings of an integral part of the society he undertakes to delineate. Hence, whilst we admire or despise the peculiar oddity or deformity drawn by Dickens, we stand awed and corrected by the moral lessons deducible from an extended portraiture of a large part of our population, and the hollowness with which it is surrounded, since we feel that a class has an influence for good or evil over those that are about them to a great degree, whilst the peculiar idiosyncrasy of one person is passed by as being a subject only for laughter or ridicule.

Thackeray's style is one quite peculiar to himself. At times it is not easy. His sentences are strangely constructed; not running smoothly from their opening to their close. He appears to have a difficulty in expressing his thoughts as strongly and powerfully as he wishes, and as they deserve.

It has been said that more praise is due to Shakspeare for his creation of Caliban, than for his portraitures of Hotspur, of Julius Cæsar, and other characters of that kind; for the one was an historical character moulded to his hand, the other he had to bring forth from the recesses of his imagination. If this be a true criticism, then is greater praise due to Dickens than can be allowed to Thackeray. For if Dickens's characters are intended for truth and not for caricature, they are certainly imaginary; whilst, on the contrary, Thackeray's are real personages. But we do not subscribe to this opinion. Surely, it requires a more masterly hand to depict that which exists, than to portray the creature of one's own fancy. True, to make an imaginary being act as we fancy he would act, did he exist, displays a power; but if we are to judge of the higher class of works of fiction by their utility, he who shows forth in strong and unmistakeable outline the actual immorality, be it positive or negative, which governs those who ride in golden chariots, and are surrounded by all the luxury that wealth can bestow, administers a great moral lesson in reminding men in a lower rank of life that "all is not gold which glitters," that the state of the rich is not in all cases a state to be envied by a mind great and noble—that a man had much better be content with the self-consciousness of his own dignity as a *man*, than pine after that which is rank with so much rottenness and uncleanness. If the writer has brought this conviction home to the hearts and minds of his readers he has achieved a great work. To display the emptiness of pomp—to show in colours which the reader feels to be true and not exaggerated, that the pride and circumstance of the great are so far vanities, when the great sum of all things is taken into account, that a man may treat them as appendages merely to his merit, and not as things to be loved for their own sakes, is a moral teaching deserving of great commendation; and when all this is done with a dramatic force that compels the reader to acknowledge its truth, and to receive the lesson intended, the commendation is the greater. Those who live in the lower walks of life look upward with feelings of envy, and a desire to enrol themselves among the great ones of the earth. They are attracted merely by the outside—*omne ignotum pro mirifico*. We say, then, that he who shews the inner life of this society, and induces the envious to feel that such a life is not deserving of envy, benefits his generation; and if he has faithfully portrayed that generation, posterity will advert to him as to an historian of the moral condition of the people of his time.

It is not said that Dickens has not done this in some of his books—but it is maintained that he does not appoint for himself that moral end which guides Thackeray in his labours. Thackeray is evidently bent upon administering a corrective to the evils of part of our social economy by setting forth those evils in a truthful, though strongly satirical light. We think him the best satirist since Juvenal. Dickens wishes the rich not to forget that the poor have the same feelings and anxieties with themselves, and are not worms to be "crushed," and if he has succeeded in this, it is by drawing strong caricature, not nature.

THE MONTH.

Lord Palmerston seems determined to carry out the old whig traditions, and to convince churchmen that they can expect no fair dealing from his ministry. As in the case of Carlisle the See of Gloucester and Bristol is given to a family connection and thorough low churchman. Dr. Baring, as our readers will remember, was one who took a leading part in the agitation against St. Paul's and St. Barnabas' Pimlico. It is satisfactory, however, to know that the new Bishop is a good scholar and well read divine, and therefore in spite of the *Record's* praise, he may reasonably be expected to rise superior to the ignorance and bigotry of the party which now delights to honour him. With such downright partizanship, churchmen will be apprehensive for the disposal of London and Durham; we will hope, however, that the Bishop of London will be consulted on the choice of his successor. The *Times* carps illnaturedly enough at the retiring pensions awarded to these prelates. We say nothing with respect to Dr. Maltby, but as it is well known that Dr. Blomfield has never enriched himself at the expense of the Church, we think that his Lordship has more than earned a competence for the remainder of his life by the zeal with which he long devoted energy of mind and body to the arduous duties of the metropolitan see.

The Secretary of State's oppressive proceeding against the Rev. R. M. Benson, for giving the Church's blessing upon a marriage previously "solemnized" before a registrar, has happily failed. It is something for a clergyman, in these days of "liberalism," to be apprehended and tried as a felon for holding and acting upon conscientious scruples, without injury to any one. Believing that Churchmen, through ease and security, have grown sadly lukewarm, we rather hail such persecution as likely to do good.

The Archiepiscopal requisition to the Bishops, to recommend collections for the National Society (in lieu of the Queen's letter), have, we believe, notwithstanding a memorial to the contrary got up by the non-conformist party in the Church, been generally circulated, and will, we trust, be heartily obeyed. God help our Church Schools and Schoolmasters, if the clergy and laity will not support this most excellent society, better than they now do!

The Rev. John McNaught has been very properly expelled

from the Liverpool Clerical Society, for writing a pamphlet on Inspiration, which the Clerical Journal justly says, "for heterodoxy and absolute licentiousness of thinking, exceeds what we could ever imagined one of our Church's ordained ministers could have uttered or printed." But who is responsible for the encouragement given to such men as Messrs. Jowett and McNaught, if not the clergy who commit, the laity who encourage, and the Bishops who tolerate far greater deviations than any attributable to those gentlemen, from the doctrine and discipline of the Church, into antinomian and anti-sacramental errors of preaching and practice?

Reviews.

"Disciplina Redivivа; or, Suggestive Hints for Mental Cultivation after leaving School," by the Rev. J. S. Gilderdale, M.A., Oriel College, Oxford, assistant master of the Forest School, Walthamstow. London: Bell and Daldy, Fleet-street. We are glad to shake hands with the author of this little volume, as an old contributor of our own. He has brought his learning, ability, and scholastic experience to bear upon a subject which deserves greater attention than it generally receives. How few there are of either sex who, on leaving school, adopt any regular system, or even appear to care at all for keeping up the knowledge which they have gained at so much expense to their parents, and pains to themselves. Mr. Gilderdale has put together, in an easy and agreeable style, the arguments in favour of maintaining in good order and condition, both the mental machinery, and the stock of intellectual *material* which the school-boy has to set up with, as "a young man" in trade in a professional pupil. He suggests a course of appropriate reading in sacred literature, the classics, history, and other branches of study; and he has judiciously availed himself of what has been said by previous writers upon the subject. We will only add that the book does credit to its author and cannot but prove useful to the readers.

"A short enquiry respecting the Vestments of the Priests of the Anglican Church," by the Rev. Cecil Daniel Wray, M.A., Canon of Manchester. Masters, London. This pamphlet is valuable as being the testimony of an octogenarian, and much-respected priest of our church, upon the question "whether the surplice or black gown should be worn during the sermon." If it be asked why attach importance to the use of one kind of garb? the obvious rejoinder is, why do *you* insist upon the unlawful use of another? Canon Wray shows, by a detailed reference to the rubrics and canons, that no clergyman who strictly follows the directions of his church, will put off his surplice and put on a black gown in the middle of the service. The question is simply one of "decency" and "order." Canon Wray says:—

I repeat therefore, that the black gown was only the ordinary day dress of the clergyman; that the Geneva gown was the same, and that the licensed preachers, now the afternoon lecturers of the London and other town churches, when delivering their sermons, preached in their every-day dress: these lectures being almost always in the afternoon, and not necessarily immediately after prayers, but frequently after an interval of some time had elapsed. And I further think that any clergyman of the present day can with as much right and propriety preach in his usual coat and waistcoat as in a black gown; and that the judge of the Court of Arches could as justly censure him who preached in his coat and waistcoat, as the clergyman who preached in a black gown.

Some of our "gown clerical brethren" object to preaching in black gowns (or any gown at all), as much as others of them anathematise the surplice. But a clergyman should surely obey the laws of his church; and if those laws prohibit his wearing a black gown for reading prayers, and require him to wear a surplice in the pulpit, his congregation will surely not object to his complying with either of these rules, if he only takes the trouble to explain the reasons for such compliance. Particularly when it is remembered that the unreasoning superstition against preaching in a surplice prevents clergymen who have no curate, from proceeding at once, after the sermon, to read to the *whole congregation* the church's touching appeal to their christian liberality, and thus receiving their contributions as an offering to God.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

August 1st..Lammas-day. So named by the Anglo-Saxons, and signifying "Bread-mass," because on this day it was customary to offer a solemn thanksgiving for the first fruits of corn.

6th..Transfiguration Instituted in commemoration of that event in the history of our Blessed Lord, narrated by the Holy Evangelists.

7th..Name "Jesus." Appointed for the special honour of that "name which is above every name," and which the Church in her canons directs should be honoured by making reverence whensoever it is mentioned in time of divine service.

10th..St. Lawrence. A.D. 258 this holy man, who was in deacon's orders for refusing to give up the Church's treasure to the soldiers of the Emperor Valerian, was cruelly martyred by being placed on a gridiron or iron-bed, and broiled to death.

15th..Assumption. A festival very generally mentioned in secular almanacs though not now in the Prayer-book Calendar. It was held in the belief that soon after the decease of the Blessed Virgin her body was wafted by angels to heaven.

"Woman above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast."
Wordsworth.

20th..St. Bernard. While young, he entered a monastery of Cistercian monks, where he excelled all in piety and self-mortification, and was at length elected Abbot. When entering a church, he used to say to himself at the door—"Stay here all my worldly thoughts, and all vanity, that I may entertain only heavenly meditations." He died A.D. 1130.

24th..St. Bartholomew. This great apostle, who is also called Nathaniel, carried the gospel of glad tidings to India and several eastern nations; and at length attained the crown of martyrdom in Armenia, where he was flayed alive by the heathen.

28th..St. Augustine, of Hippo. A great student of theology: he wrote many valuable and learned works, and opposed various heresies with such success that he was called "The Hammer of Heretics." He was chosen Bishop of Hippo, in Africa, and died A.D. 430.

29th..Beheading of St. John Baptist. This is an instance of two festivals being appointed in honour of the same saint.—June 24th being the commemoration of his birth, and this of his martyrdom, the particulars of which are detailed in the Holy Bible.

KEEPING PROMISES.—I had rather do, and not promise, than promise and not do.—*Warwicke.*

MEANING OF WORDS IN FAMILIAR USE.—*Bible:* Book, *i.e.* the Book of books. *Canon:* A rule or measure, figuratively, any measure by which to try others; the canons of the church, the canons of Holy Writ. *Surname* (*Super nomen*): Name added to the Christian name; surnames were unknown in very ancient times.—*French.*

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Church of the People.

Sir,—Knowing how heartily you and your readers must greet any new proof of the slow but sure spread of those truths and principles which you so earnestly and ably contend for, I have great pleasure in bringing before your notice the case of the small church of St. John the Baptist, Nottingham. This church alone of all those in the town (and there are eight or nine), though situated in the poorest—or nearly so—district, seems to have awakened to a sense of its responsibility; and glad should I be, if in the least degree its example should be followed.

This church was built a few years since, and is in the early English style, and consists of a nave, with two aisles, clerestory, and chancel, having a bell turret at S.E. angle of nave; the windows being single lancets, with hoods and pillars, &c.; and after completion, was duly consecrated, and opened, and presented no example of anything better than its fellows for years. But a new state of things was at hand; a fresh incumbent was appointed some two or three years back (Rev. J. Montagu Valpy), soon after which better things began to be whispered and hoped for, and have now resulted in the institution of daily matins, intoning on Sunday, and a Wednesday evening service; and I trust I may soon be enabled to say a choir, but we must be contented to walk before we run.

One of the most marked improvements from this alteration is, the difference of the character of the responses, before generally solos by the clerk, now a loud and increasing sound, emanating from at least the generality of the worshippers. This I attribute mainly to the fact of their being made on one note, which, while it renders participation *easy*, screens the perhaps nervous utterer from the particular observation, which a response read aloud perhaps too often brought upon the party.

The morning prayers, commencing at seven, are not, perhaps, so well attended as may be desirable; but still everywhere they are well spoken of, and I think the novelty of the thing is its principal drawback. It seems so strange to get up in a morning for church, and it requires much to do away with old habits, but more to substitute new ones, even when the mind approves. How this would be altered in a few years, if all the churches were open for matins, can only be a matter of conjecture; but I think it would tell well.

In the way of internal decoration, several improvements have been made. A lectern of appropriate design, with a crimson velvet cloth embroidered with the dove, and symbol of the Trinity, and a suitable inscription. A crimson velvet cloth for the pulpit, also embroidered, with the sacred monogram. Curtains of an ecclesiastical pattern have also been placed under the east window; and last, though not least, the centre lancet of the east window has been filled with stained glass of beautiful design and excellent workmanship—subject, three of the events in the life of the Baptist. This, I am told, is a private memorial window—(a custom worthy to be followed). The Catherine wheel window above has also been filled with coloured glass (at the expense of the incumbent, I believe). When the remaining lancets of the east window shall have been also fitted with appropriate painted glass—which I hope may not be long first—the effect will be such as I am sure all churchmen will like.

For these good examples, I think the churchmen of Nottingham cannot too much thank the worthy incumbent, and his indefatigable curate, the Rev. Arthur Scrivener.—I am, sir, yours truly, CATHOLICUS ANGLICANUS.

P.S. It is fitted with open benches, I forgot to state.

SELF KNOWLEDGE.—The highest purpose of intellectual cultivation is to give a man a perfect knowledge and mastery of his own inner self. No one who has not a complete knowledge of himself will ever have a true understanding of another.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to apologise to several valuable contributors for postponing their communications. We are compelled to defer till next month the continuation of the excellent paper, on the Early Days of England.

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The Church of the People

And the People's Magazine.

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A COBBLER'S NOTIONS ON CHURCH MATTERS.

I never saw a neater or cleaner house anywhere than Mr. Tomkins's, where I got my tea before starting for St. Alban's. His children had all come in from school, and his wife had everything tidied up. The kettle was boiling, and a nice well-buttered muffin was keeping hot on the kitchen fender. In a corner of the parlour was a little bookcase; I took out a few of the books and found that some of them were Prizes for the little ones at school. There was a big family Bible, a Prayer-book, some volumes of the "Saturday Magazine," and all the numbers of the "Church of the People," both the old series and the new.

That's a deal better way of spending one's time, Mrs. Tomkins, says I, after I had been introduced to that lady, than sitting in an ale-house, or dancing to a fiddle as so many young chaps do.

You say right there, says Mrs. Tomkins, and a deal I've to be thankful for.

Tomkins: True, Jane, we've much to thank God for, but it was'nt always with me, as it is now, there was a time when I liked my liquor as well as any man; a deal of sorrow I caused by my evil ways. It's a mercy I took up when I did, and did'nt break two hearts, as I think I should have done but for the vicar and what God put it into his head to do. But maybe you would like to hear my story.

Myself: Thank you, I should.

Tomkins: Well, then you must know I was wildish in my youth, and more shame to me for it, for I'm sure my step-mother (for my own mother died in giving me birth) did her best to keep me right; she used to pray for me to become converted and to be one of God's children, and very hard she was on father, now dead and gone, when he was in liquor. I often think if she'd been taught, and if she'd taught me, that we *are* all God's children, and how ungrateful it is for any to turn their backs on Him, and to wander into a far country when He has done so much, and how willing He is to welcome back all who'll amend, I should have turned out better, but good woman as she was, she was a bit of a Calvinist, and used to puzzle poor father and me sadly with her notions of election and predestination, and of once in grace always in grace. Her favourite chapters in the Bible were the 7th, 8th, and 9th of Romans, and she would think well of no one who did'nt think with her. In the chapel she went to, for she wer'nt a church woman (though father was a churchman), they said the minister only preached to the *elect.*

Mrs. Tomkins: Why, how did he know which they were?

Tomkins: That's what puzzles me; I've heard a story of Mr. Robert Hall, who, when he was going to preach for a friend, was charged only to preach to the elect. Before he gave out his text he told them what he was expected to do, and asked all who were elected to stand up. Of course no one did, and so he gave 'em a good sermon on repentance.

Mrs. Tomkins: I always blamed thy step-mother for thee going wrong.

Tomkins: You do her injustice, my dear.

Myself: I don't wonder she had not much chance with you, though. Why, I knew two Calvins in our village; one of 'em thought she was a reprobate, and went out of her mind. Whilst t' other thought herself one of the elect; and a pretty life she led her husband, they say. She used to say our parson was an unconverted man, because he played a game of cards with the squire now and then.

Tomkins: Well, it's a mysterious doctrine, with some truth in it, rightly understood, as our vicar showed from St. Paul, and from St. Augustine, whose confessions you see on the shelf there, but it is n't for such as you and me to puzzle our heads with; we 'd better stick to the Gospels. But as I was telling you, John, I grew very wild, and having a bit of a voice,

and some notion of singing and music, I used to go to the dancing saloons and Oddfellows' balls and make a few shillings, which as quickly I wasted. How long I should have gone on I don't know; when it pleased God to visit me with cholera one day, after taking more drink than ordinary. I mind being very much afraid of dying. They say I was terrible to see and hear. Well, John, our vicar came to see me and to make prayer by me, and by the goodness of God I was brought round. The vicar did not leave me alone after this, but he came and sat by me, and talked to me so kind many and many a time; and he used to preach such sermons that went to my heart like. I remember several on the 15th of St. Luke, that I am sure he made for me. I don't know how it is, but our vicar seems to speak more home to me than anyone else. I mind hearing a sermon from Mr. Flowers and him from the same text. Mr. Flowers spoke of poor sinners as condemned rebels before God; and our vicar as poor erring prodigals; and I know which got at my heart, and I don't think it was prejudice. Just at this moment who should come in but William Jaques, one of our journeymen, with a pair of new boots! "I don't care for once if I go with you to your church, Mr. Tomkins," says he; "but mind ye, I don't think much of parsons, for they say one thing and practice another." Mr. Tomkins here gave me a wink to say nothing; so to church we three went together, two of the little lads running on before with clean collars and black neckties on.

St. Albans was an outlying part of Aston parish, and to get to it we had to go through some rather lowish streets and past Mr. Jones's mill. You come upon it all of a sudden; the church is in the centre, the vicarage on one side, and the school on another. "Well," says I to Tomkins, "That 's what I like, the parson living amongst his people and the schools and all together."

Tomkins: Why, you see that 's part of his plan. He says that if the spot 's healthy for the rich it 's healthy for the poor; not that he 's rich, for he is n't. He says that if Mr. Jackson, the parish doctor, can live amongst the poor, so might the parish priest. Now there 's the other gent at the other church; he lives a mile and a half out, and a body who wants to see him has to pay a halfpenny for going over a pay-bridge before he can get to see him; so that if a sick man wants visiting, and a neighbour is n't disposed to fetch Mr. Flowers, they find it easier to stop halfway, and have Mr. Smiler the Baptist.

Jaques: That's just what I say; your parsons say one thing and do another. Why, when I was a lad in the country we 'd a parson who used to preach to us to be dead to the world, when he 'd a fine house, and a fine carriage and horses, and a pretty wife, and two dinners a day.

Tomkins: It 's not for us to say how deep these things lay in his heart, for maybe he was born to wealth; but it is n't many luxuries that our vicar has. He keeps single on purpose to do and give more, although they say he 's been attached to a lady from his college days.

Jaques: I hope he has n't jilted her and is n't a Papist.

Tomkins: No fear of that.

Tomkins showed me and Jaques into church just a minute or two before the procession of clergy and choristers came in; first came the boys, the youngest first, the vicar and his curate last. You may think I was a bit surprised when in the two foremost lads I recognised Tomkins' little boys; and in the two next Mr. Jones, the big mill owner's sons. Mr. Jones himself played the organ, and Mr. Tomkins, who wore a surplice like the rest of 'em, sang bass. The church I can never describe, nor the service either. There wasn't a pew in the whole church, all open benches. At the east end was the Lord's table, with a rich cloth on it that was presented by another friend of the vicar's — Mr. Andrew, a velvet manufacturer, namesake to the worthy gentleman who gave the chairs and cloth to Manchester old church; and there was a pair of candlesticks only bigger than those at Manchester. The service was all chanted, as I afterwards learnt by volunteers, who didn't receive a halfpenny for it; there were gentlemen's sons and other lads together; they were picked for nothing but for good conduct and good voices. There was a sermon too—his text was from 1 Cor. xii., 12.—"For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body being many are one body; so also is Christ. For by one spirit are we all baptised into one body." The vicar showed how every one has his place and work in the church of Christ; how no man is independent of his brother, for that we are all members one of another; that the church didn't mean the parsons only, but that ministers and people were all one, each with his proper work.

After church, whilst Jaques stood in the church yard, for we couldn't get him to come into the vestry, Mr. Tomkins introduced me to the vicar, who shook hands with me kindly, and told me he should be glad to see me at any time. On our return home Mr. Tomkins asked how I liked St. Albans.

Myself: Very much more than any church I've ever been at; I thought too there was so much to bring home from the sermon. How do you like it Mr. Jaques?

Jaques: I don't like so much singing, and I don't know but what I feel more independent in my own pew if I had one and paid for it, than in one of those open benches. I never heard the idea before of every one having something to do in church. Why what can a man have to do in church but go to church? except you singers who are paid for it, I suppose.

Tomkins: Not we, we do it for love of the cause.

Jaques: Does your vicar preach for the love of the cause?

Tomkins: He gets no great living out of the church—most he gets he gives away.

Jaques: I would'nt like to be beholden to him, I'd rather pay for my seat, and pay my shilling for my child christening, and feel independent.

Myself: The vicar must have stuck to his text pretty well, if he's got all the fine folk to sit in those benches alongside their poor neighbours.

Tomkins: At first all did'nt like it, as I told you before James. They said the poor folk were dirty, and brought vermin into the church; so the vicar preached about cleanliness being a part of Godliness, and he gave great offence to some, who felt where the shoe pinched—and he got some clever doctors to lecture on health and such like subjects, and he told the poor it rested with them to make themselves fit for the House of God, and there's been great improvement since, and the great folk have got ashamed of themselves for objecting. Mr. Jones has built a lot of cottages, which are quite models.

How I liked the vicar when I knew him better and whether Jaques altered his opinion, shall be told, with your leave, Mr. Editor, another time.

ART-EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

Among the many schemes which have been brought forward in modern times for regenerating the people, none is, perhaps, so important and free from objection as education by means of art It is to be hoped that this scheme will not share the fate which has attended too many benevolent projects, by being made the subject of mere parliamentary declamation,—a football for senatorial amusement—a theme on which youthful orators may exercise their maiden wit. Of course art-education must, like every other system which rests upon a mere human basis, be feeble and powerless for good, if isolated from religious instruction; but when consecrated by religion, art may be made a mighty agent in improving the social and moral condition of the people.

The education which is given in the few schools that have been provided for the poor is too often simply utilitarian,—a mere teaching of words and figures—a mere training of the mental faculties;—the heart and feelings are left untouched. The education is, also, usually of too abstruse and scientific a character for the minds of the poor,—they cannot grasp its meanings,—are repelled instead of being tempted, and not unfrequently leave school with little or no perception of the things which have been taught.

The only way in which we can affect the great masses of mankind is by means of the senses. The discoveries of science and the wonders of philosophy have very little attraction even for the highly educated; how can we hope to induce the poor to feel interested even in the simpler departments of such knowledge, or to undergo the labour and difficulty which are necessary at their very outset.

Art, on the contrary, speaks a language which almost all men can in some measure understand and appreciate. Though its full meaning cannot be developed without time and study, it requires no dictionary at the very first step—no teaching of signs and symbols — there is no long monotonous tract which must be traversed before even the faintest glimpse of a purpose can be obtained.

Philosophers, Christian and Pagan, have alike dwelt upon the moral uses of art in refining the taste and reviving the love of the beautiful, and thus purifying the heart and affections. Why art should have this power—what necessary association there can be between sensuous gratification and purity of thought—why the shapes of materialism should be endued with spiritual influences, are things we cannot comprehend. Yet we all feel that there is a connection between beautiful forms and beautiful sentiments as intimate as the relation subsisting between any cause and effect. And thus we commonly find a love of the beautiful in art combined with a love of beauty in morality, and that the same repugnance which starts back from what is grotesque and distorted in external form will reject what is untrue and vitiated in the inner life.

The love of the beautiful has been implanted in a greater or less degree in every mind, but it will not grow up healthy and strong without support. Like every other moral feeling, it is susceptible of alteration. It may be trained and matured to a state bordering on perfection;—it may, on the other hand, by neglect become unhealthy and depraved. Among many of the uneducated it seems to be wholly extinct, and instead of it, we find a love of ugliness for its own sake, and this love of ugliness, or at least carelessness of beauty, betrays itself in their degrading vices, their untidy habits, in the wretchedness of their homes, and in a total want

of self-respect. Among the great majority, however, even of the illiterate, there still exists the germ of the love of the beautiful. The sunny landscape, or the wild mountain side, gives a pleasure, though very far inferior to that which such scenes would awaken in the educated. This longing after loveliness is shown in the eagerness with which the poor avail themselves of the galleries and museums, which are occasionally thrown open to them; and even in the coloured prints, "where tawdry yellow strives with dirty red," which cover the walls of their cottages,—a taste for beauty, feeble it may be and unrefined, can yet be discerned. To raise this taste, and to enable the poor to appreciate the works of the great masters, must be the first object of those who have faith in art, and believe that it has power to make man better and wiser.

Art cannot exercise its legitimate influences upon a mind unprepared to receive it. There must be study before any one can properly appreciate a fine picture, or statue, or even admire rightly the wonders of nature. One way of spreading a taste for the beautiful, and thus enabling the people to receive the lessons of art, would be by the teaching of drawing, and we hope the day is coming when elementary instruction in drawing will form part of the education in all our national schools. But the study which is necessary before a man can appreciate art, is not a mere book study, though books are a help. It is the frequent contemplation of objects of beauty and truth, that is the great mode of obtaining a taste for the beautiful and the true. The mind by this constant observation acquires, slowly it may be, but not less surely, the power of separating the true from the false—the mere glitter from the real brightness. We believe, therefore, that by giving the people opportunities of daily witnessing the beautiful in Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, we should at the same time impart to them that knowledge and love of art which would enable them to perceive its true meanings and accept of its teachings.

In the first place, then, we may avail ourselves of art as a means of educating the people, by giving them access to galleries and exhibitions, where they can frequently contemplate sculpture and painting in their highest forms. Some time would, doubtless, elapse before this education would tell, but in time the full glory of art would break in upon the mind of the poor student. The picture which appeared at first a mere mass of shadow would shine forth in the real sunshine of Claude, and the Raffaelle which seemed only a happy combination of pretty colours, would become filled with holier beauty. And when this knowledge was acquired—when this perception was awakened—who shall say how great would be the effect upon the intellect and heart of the gazer? No one can wander round a gallery filled with the great works of old or modern art without feeling their purifying influence. Why should we lock up these treasures from the people? These pictures speak in the same language to the lowly artisan that they do to his wealthy master, with a voice louder than that of mere sermons and lectures, appealing to his higher feelings, and rousing him to nobler ideas of the duties of existence. He cannot look upon the works of genius without being himself raised. He cannot leave that gallery with his old selfishness. His degrading habits disgust him, seen in contrast with the visions of purity which have been placed before him. Moreover, such pictures open to him new channels of thought and amusement. His mind is no longer tied down to the work shop or the factory, but wanders in thought over the pleasant places conjured up by the finger of Creswick or Turner.

Scenes in history and scenes in romance, which have been scarcely noticed in the dull description of print, are presented to him in all the brilliancy of truth. Pleasant landscapes, mountains, and streams, in lands which poverty prevents his ever visiting, are brought before him in a moment. In that half-hour's walk he has had—if time be measured by enjoyment—more than years of happiness.

There are persons, we are aware, in whose ideas of education amusement has no place. They would bind down youth ever to the task—manhood to the loom. Pleasure is crime. Laughter they would tabo. Every moment which is not occupied in work is, in their opinion, so much time lost. And yet no education can be of much use which does not introduce amusement as an element. We ought to strive to educate the people through their amusements. The mind must have relaxation. "Play," says the Père Boutauld, "is a wise institution of nature, and one of the most necessary exercises of the life of man."†

It is as necessary for the artisan after his hard day's physical labour, as it is for the student whose mind is exhausted by mental toil. We blame the poor for spending their earnings at the alehouse, and frequenting the low casino,—but the blame rather rests with us, in not providing them with moral and healthy modes of enjoyment. It is no natural love of vice which leads them into scenes of dissipation, they would prefer innocent recreation if they could get it, but unfortunately they have no choice. The tea-garden and the saloon are almost the only places open to them, and there they seek to gratify, however inadequately, the craving for the amuse-

† Les Conseils de la Sagesse.

ment which is alike necessary for their bodies and minds.

It seems to us, then, as much the duty of Government and public bodies to establish free galleries of fine art, as it is to provide ragged schools and free libraries. It would be well, also, if private persons would consider this subject, and would imitate the noble conduct of those who have thrown open their galleries to the public. A man has no right to do what he likes with his own—he has no right selfishly to prevent others from enjoying these works of beauty which the accident of fortune has given him the power of collecting. The closed gallery and the barred gate are not so much the result of ill-nature, as of that exclusiveness which is a part of our national character. Seclusion is an Englishman's Utopia; he looks with a kind of horror upon anything which may disturb his privacy, or ruffle the stillness of his domestic life. As long as our philanthropy can co-exist with pride and exclusiveness, we can be generous enough. We can be lavish with our money, or kindness which costs us nothing, but when philanthropy would bring us into closer companionship with the stern realities of pauper life—with its vulgarities and disagreeables, we shrink back with disgust. We can give utterance to fine sentiments from the platform, and sympathise with the poor in the distance; but it costs us too much to visit their wretched abodes, and yet more to invite them to recruit their tired frames by walking through our pleasure grounds or picture galleries. The mischief we do by this conduct can scarcely be exaggerated. To this source may be attributed that disunion of classes, which is the great evil in this country, and which, though largely, no doubt, the natural and unavoidable effect of a high state of wealth and luxury, is in a far greater degree the fruit of the reserve and shyness in which we entrench ourselves.

We too commonly treat the working classes as things, not persons,—as mere "hands," having a money value, whom we are ready enough to use as instruments of creating pleasure for us, but whose labour gives them little or no claim to share in our enjoyments or our sympathies.

Yet men ought sometimes to look beyond their own park railings, and a love of their own immediate circle should not cause them to forget the great masses which lie pleasureless at their feet. It is good sometimes to remember that one day we shall all mingle in one common dust,—that one day we shall stand equal before Him who is no respecter of persons. If this remembrance did more frequently cross our minds, we should see the positive sinfulness of systematically widening, as we do now, the gulf which separates the rich from the poor;—we should constantly be exerting ourselves to bridge over that gulf, by affording opportunities to the humbler classes, in every way in our power, of drinking from those wells of knowledge and art, from which we ourselves draw such streams of moral instruction and consolation. A duty rests also upon the artist. All true art will be moral and beneficial in its teaching,—but unfortunately our artists (both sculptors and painters) too often cross the line which divides true from false art. The artist should look upon his genius as a sacred trust, and neither applause nor lucre should tempt him to prostitute that genius to anything false or prurient.

One great mistake which paralyzes modern art, though happily not to the same extent now as formerly, is a contempt for nature. Its familiar symmetry is too common, and the artist wastes his talents in constructing out of the rude materials of his fancy forms which do not please, but only astonish, which are merely eccentric, not beautiful. These things may excite the wonder of the virtuoso, but they strike no chord in the hearts of the masses. The artist—and the remark applies to the poet and novelist, as well as to the sculptor and painter—loses his power as a moral teacher, when he ceases to be a copyist of that nature which is, and must be, more beautiful than anything conceived by mere human imagination, because it is the work and reflex of the Great Creator. It is the true office of the man of genius, not so much to invent something new, as to bring into light those beauties of nature, which are perceptible to him, though veiled to the common eye—to fill his canvass and his marble with the significations with which even the commonest things in nature's treasure-house — the tangled hedge, the wild field-flower—are invested, to one who contemplates creation with reverence and truth.

"O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art."

Old Errors and Modern Wisdom.—It is also curious to reflect, that whilst the bold speculations of Democritus have been realised by the Manchester philosopher, the reveries of the alchemists derive something like solid support from the minute investigations of his successors. We may remark, indeed, as not a little remarkable, *how frequently the discoveries of modern days have served to redeem the fancies of medieval times from the charge of absurdity.* If the direction of a bit of steel suspended near the earth can, as General Sabine has proved, be influenced by the position of a body like the moon, situated at a distance from it of more than 200,000 miles, who shall say that there was anything preposterously extravagant in the conception, however little support it may derive from experience, that the stars might exert an influence over the destinies of man.—*Dr. Daubeny's Speech to the British Association.*

POMPEII.

The city of Pompeii stands on a hill several miles from the sea, which has filled up the intervening space with a flat sandy plain; but once it was a peninsula, washed by the waves on three sides. The walls were two miles in circumference, enclosing 160 acres of land, which fact will give an idea of the greatness of the city.

When Pompeii was built nobody knows. Doubtless it followed the usual course, beginning with a hut or two, and growing gradually into a village, then into a town, and finally into an extensive city. Nobody knows who built it; but it was possessed in succession by the Oscans, Tuscans, and Samnites, and was besieged by the Romans under Sylla, about 1,900 years ago; whence we may infer that it was a place of sufficient importance to attract the desires of each of these tribes, and to be recorded in the book of history. A timely attack upon Sylla, from another quarter, saved the city, which subsequently made peace with Rome, conditioning to preserve its own laws—a point strongly advocated afterwards by Cicero, who lived there.

In A.D. 59 a quarrel arose between the Pompeians and the inhabitants of a neighbouring city called Nuceria (now Nocera), when the latter were satisfactorily beaten, and a fair proportion killed. They went to law, however, and though they gained little for themselves (not even costs) they had the Pompeians punished by the banishment of certain leaders, and the suspension of all theatrical performances for ten years, that being one of the severest inflictions possible to Italians of either that or the present period. So much for the records of early history, which doubtless certain scholars of the present day consider to be, like all early history, a pleasant fiction, or mythological fable.

From this period upwards, the city's history is fully recorded, but unfortunately there is very little of it, for it happened during the continuance of the ten years anti-theatrical performance act, viz., in the year 63, that the city was ruined by an earthquake. The inhabitants found it expedient to leave town for the time, but came back again as soon as things settled down, and followed the example.

Now, we ought to have explained before that the Pompeians had another neighbour, much more powerful than Nuceria, who also had a quarrel with them; for they had, in fact, "settled" on his estate, and gradually extended their city and made vineyards on his territory, so that it was no wonder if he at length became out of patience with such continued aggressions, and retaliated severely. This neighbour was no other than His Grandeur the Volcano Vesuvius. Pompeii, though six or seven miles from the crater, was actually founded on lava which had flowed from it some time in the pre-historic period.

Sixteen years after the earthquake His Grandeur became excited at these continued encroachments, or else from some other cause imperfectly understood, and made a violent irruption against Pompeii, literally burying it in dust and ashes. A highly interesting account of the event was written by Pliny the Younger, who was an eye-witness, and his uncle, Pliny the Elder, who may be considered the founder of natural history as a science, then perished by suffocation, at Stabiæ (now Castellamare), about five miles further from Vesuvius.

A few of the miserable inhabitants came back like swallows to their nests, and their descendants lingered on for four centuries, when the site was finally abandoned, and remained entirely lost until, in the year 1748, it was re-discovered, beneath seven layers of ashes, with two feet of mould on the top. Excavations have been carried on ever since, and a good part dug out. It has proved an invaluable mine of curiosities, illustrating the life and customs of the ancient Roman nation 1800 years ago.

The destruction occupied some time, and most of the people were able to escape, but still a good many perished. In the barracks, near one of the city gates, there were found in one room thirty-four skeletons—probably the guard on duty, unable to desert their posts; upstairs were eighteen men and women, supposed to be the officers and their wives; while in the guard-room four skeletons were still sitting in the stocks. The cellars beneath one large villa contained a family of seventeen, who had apparently taken refuge there, and been suffocated; mostly women wearing many chains and bracelets, and a child, whose blonde hair still remained. In the garden was found a skeleton with a purse in his hand, and several other instances occurred elsewhere, proving that rather than part with gold life was risked and sacrificed.

Strolling through the city now furnishes a striking sight—so desolate, so dry and hot—so utterly different from what was expected—such a contrast to the picturesque ruins of old England: one may wander for hours through the deserted streets—lunch in the temples, or smoke in the theatres, without meeting a human being, or, indeed, anything living but a bright lizard glancing in the sunshine where you would think he must inevitably be roasted brown, or a great, handsome, grasshopper, strong upon the wing. Of the magnitude of the city some idea may be formed by an enumeration of the princi-

pal buildings yet excavated. There are two forums, nine temples, two basilicas, an amphitheatre capable of containing 10,000 persons, a great theatre to accommodate 5,000, besides a lesser one, a prison, large public baths, 100 houses and shops, and six gates. It is singular that no dwellings for the poor have been found, nor any stables,—what skeletons of horses were discovered were out in the open air in the inn-yards; and at a baker's are the bones of his donkey that worked the corn-mill. It is observable that these mills are formed with the lower stone conical, and the upper one hollowed to fit it like a cap—such being exactly the form for which a patent was recently taken out in England as a novel invention. The streets are very narrow—little more than lanes—with a narrow, raised path on each side (in the great thoroughfares), and here and there are stepping-stones to cross upon. The houses vary much in size, but all of the better class have, at least, one little court-yard or garden, with a fountain ornamented with grotto-work and shells, in thoroughly cockney taste. Some tolerably good fresco paintings remain on the walls, and there are a few mosaic pavements left, but most have been removed to the museum at Naples; one of the mosaics, originally in an entrance-doorway, represented a fierce dog, with the motto beneath, "Cave canem,"—"Beware of the dog." The roofs were flat, some of the windows are believed to have been glazed, but no such thing as a chimney can be found. The shops are often distinguished by appropriate signs—thus, a goat indicates a dairy, the chequers a publican, and a man whipping a boy horsed on another's back, clearly points out the schoolmaster. Upon the whole, however, a visitor to the Pompeian court, at the Crystal Palace, can obtain at least as good an idea of a first-class house at that period as if he visited the actual houses dug out in the city itself.

We alluded formerly to the collection of minor articles at the Naples museum, but a few pieces more will assist in forming some appreciation of a high state of refinement most incongruously associated with much barbarity and an utter want of delicacy. Most of the articles are in bronze, but not exclusively; for instance, there are bone checks for admission to the theatres, and loaded dice proving the inherent dishonesty of gamblers. There are bronze statues, vases, lamps, seats, knives, weights and measures, locks and screws; elaborate cooking apparatus for boiling, baking, and stewing; distaffs, spindles, and thimbles, indicate the ladies' occupation, while pins, combs, and rouge point to their adornment; there are different kinds of wind instruments from the musicians' houses; wax tablets and inkstands draw attention to the scrivener or notary, while the (possibly) more useful profession of the surgeon is illustrated by a collection of instruments, said to be unsurpassed at the present day, and the pestle and mortar and vials of the druggist show that medicine was not neglected though little understood.

Herculaneum was another city destroyed at the same time as Pompeii, and discovered not long before; but there is this difference, that instead of dry dust and ashes, it was overwhelmed with hot liquid mud from the volcano, and it has hardened in course of time, so that the operation of excavating is here like mining instead of mere digging, and a much less extent has consequently been cleared, though sufficient to indicate that the general character of the city was similar to Pompeii.

We regret to have to say, in conclusion, that a railroad passes close to both cities; very convenient for access, no doubt, to whirl thither on level iron rails, drawn by a screaming, hissing, out-of-breath locomotive; but so utterly incongruous, that after four-and-twenty hours sleepless consideration, we cannot think of any parallel anachronism with which to compare it, and therefore conclude the subject with many apologies and regrets.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

The announcement recently made in Parliament of the withdrawal of the biennial grant of £1,200 to the Scottish Episcopal Church, and the appeal made by Mr. Gladstone for the removal of the disabilities under which the clergy of that church still labour, (an appeal so gracefully responded to by her Majesty's government,) may have apprized some of our readers of a fact of which they were previously ignorant, namely, that there exists north of the Tweed a Church under her own Canonical Bishops, whose doctrine and discipline are identical with ours, and whose Liturgy differs very slightly from that of the Church of England.

The annals of the Scottish Church are very full of interest; the light of the Gospel had shone brightly in Scotland long ere its beams fell upon our Saxon forefathers in the southern part of the island. To Aidan, Colman, and other missionaries from Iona, "the Isle of the Waves," sometimes called I-Colm-Kill, "the Isle of Columba's Cell," the inhabitants of Northumbria were indebted for the light of truth.

It is needless, however, to trace the history of the ancient Scottish Church. It exists no longer. The Reformation was effected in Scotland with far less judgment and moderation than in England and Ireland. Instead of removing excrescences which Popery had added to the edifice, restoring what age had weakened, and building up what foreign hands had thrown down, nothing would satisfy the fanatical fury and bigotted zeal of John Knox and his adherents but the entire destruction of the building, and the erection of a conventicle in its stead. Queen Mary, whose minority was long, and whose reign was turbulent, a bigot herself to the Romish faith, was powerless to restrain the madness of the people, and those who reigned in her name having but an uncertain tenure of office, and therefore eager for

popularity, instead of checking, aided the storm. The nobility, often at war with each other, maintaining large bands of followers, needy and proud, coveted a share in the spoil of Church lands. Thus the conservative element, which preserved the Church in England, was wanting to moderate the violence of the Scottish Reformation.

There is many a holy fane in Scotland, which for ages had rung with hallelujahs, now silent as the graves which surround it. A few shapeless walls mark the site of the cathedral of St. Andrews, once gorgeous with its lofty arches, its painted windows, and its copper roofs. The storm-wind soughs dreadly, and the sea birds shriek through the deserted aisles of the church of Iona. The roofless walls of Elgin cathedral, beautiful even in ruins, still stand to show what once it was. Aberdeen, Dunblane, Dunkeld, shorn of their fair proportions, Glasgow and Brechin, cold and cheerless as the Presbyterianism which has usurped them, bear a melancholy witness to the decay of ancient piety, when men thought that God ought to be served with the best.

When James VI. (first of Great Britain) came to compare the Reformation in his native land with that in the country over which he came afterwards to reign, he perceived where the former was defective. He appointed a certain number of ministers, with the temporal title of Bishops, and in the year 1612 three of their number received the apostolic succession from England. King Charles I. endeavoured to complete the work his father had begun, and, under his auspices, a Book of Common Prayer was drawn up for the use of the Church of Scotland. But the new form of worship was looked upon with little favour by bigotted fanatics, whose traditions were those of John Knox, and not of the church of early days. The restored Church of Scotland all but perished in the troubles of that unhappy period when religion was turned into rebellion, and faith into faction.

When God, in his good providence, brought back the King, Charles II., to occupy the throne of his ancestors, it was found that only one of the Scottish Bishops, Sydserf, the Bishop of Galloway, had survived the period of the great Rebellion: it was, therefore, determined that he should be appointed to the see of Orkney, and that four new Bishops should be consecrated in London. Accordingly Sharpe† and Leighton, having first received the holy order of deacon and priest, for they had been Presbyterians, were consecrated, the one to the Archiepiscopal See of St. Andrew's, the other to the See of Dunblane; at the same time Fairfoul, and Hamilton, who were already priests, were consecrated, the one to the Archbishopric of Glasgow, and the other to Galloway; and from them it is that the Bishops of the Church of Scotland derive their succession.

We would gladly pass over the next few years of Scottish history, but painful as it is, truth obliges us to confess that the persecution the Episcopalian clergy had formerly received at the hands of the puritans, had not taught them moderation. Though we cannot believe all that the Presbyterians allege of the Episcopalians,

> "of persecution, and the covenant, times
> Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour,"

it is to be feared that some of the Bishops at least, aided by the secular power, were too ready to use the persuasion of force to induce conformity. But if it be true (which we are far from admitting) that they had learned cruelty, those that opposed them had been their teachers.

When the authority of parliament had placed William of Orange on the throne, in the room of his uncle and father-in-law, James VII., an offer was made to the Scottish clergy to preserve the civil establishment of the church, provided they would support William's title to the crown. But this they steadily refused to do. All the Bishops, and the greater part of the clergy refused to transfer their allegiance, which had been sworn to King James, to his successor. The consequence was, the Bishops were deprived of their sees, and the clergy turned out of their livings.‡ The vacancies thus created, were filled up by Presbyterian ministers, and thus Presbyterianism became the Established Religion in Scotland.§

The episcopalians being adherents of the House of Stuart were subject to the severest persecution on political grounds, especially after the risings of the '15 and the '45. At the latter period, several of their chapels were burnt by the victorious soldiery of the English commander, whose cruelty after the Battle of Culloden, earned for him the unenviable title of Butcher William of Cumberland. At Stonehaven the mob broke into the chapel, and burnt the seats and the *Bible* (the prayer-book escaped), the minister of the congregation was imprisoned and other cruelties were perpetrated. Such was the severity of the *penal laws* enacted after the '15 and '45, that the grandfather of the present Bishop of Aberdeen was imprisoned for six months for the offence of celebrating divine service according to the forms of the English Book of Common Prayer, in the presence of more than four persons, although he had taken the oaths of allegiance, &c., to the Hanoverian government.

However, notwithstanding the efforts which were made to destroy it root and branch, the Episcopal Church of Scotland has subsisted from that time to the present. Of course, it was not to be expected that the same number of bishops would be kept up, or that all the congregations would be able to support a minister; hence many lapsed to Presbyterianism.

And here we may mention, by the way, an anomaly which crept into the church owing to the political aspect of the times. A few congregations were served by *English* clergymen, who prayed for King George in the Liturgy, and were consequently exempt from the operation of the penal laws. These English clergymen, however, acted independently of the Scottish bishops, not acknowledging their authority — a state of things which only the peculiar condition of the church could excuse. It is satisfactory, however, to mention that the greater part (we believe all) of these congregations have submitted to the lawful authority of the Bishops, and are now in full communion with the church.

On the death of Prince Charles Edward, in 1788, without lawful issue, all hopes of a succession in the direct line of the House of Stuart were at an end. His brother Henry, (pretended) Duke of York, who survived

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* When this article was written, we have met with the following newspaper paragraph:—"The ancient cathedral of St. Magnus in Kirkwall, has unluckily lately fallen into the hands of the civic authorities of Kirkwall, who, with true Presbyterian fervour, in an overzealous to turn this fine old relic into a Presbyterian chapel, have knocked out windows, built walls, cut holes for hot-air pipes, and otherwise barbarously defaced the structure. Sir H. Dryden has called the attention of the Edinburgh Archæological Institute to this specimen of civic taste."—*English Churchman*, August 7.

† He was basely murdered by a party of Covenanters, who, at the same time, wounded his eldest daughter and domestics, May 3, 1679. A representation of this event is to be seen on the monument erected to his memory in the Town Church of St. Andrew's.

‡ There were two Archbishoprics, St. Andrews and Glasgow; and twelve Bishoprics, Edinburgh, Dunkeld, Aberdeen, Moray, Brechin, Dunblane, Ross, Caithness, Orkney, Galloway, Argyll, and the Isles. And about nine hundred parishes.

§ We have heard of members of the Church of England attending Presbyterian worship in Scotland because it is the Established Religion there, on the same principle, we suppose, they would attend a Mosque in Turkey, or a Brahminical Temple in Hindostan.

¶ There are a few schismatic congregations who have recently seceded from the church, who call themselves English Episcopal, though what right they have to the title we cannot understand, since they are acknowledged neither by the Scottish Bishops, nor by the Bishop of London, who is supposed to exercise jurisdiction over English clergymen abroad, in places where there is no diocesan. It is satisfactory to state, that the Rev. Sir Wm. Dunbar, one of the leaders of the schism, has submitted to the Church, and consequently his excommunication has been taken off by the Bishop of Aberdeen, Primus of the Church of Scotland.

him, being a Cardinal of the Roman Church. The Jacobites therefore acknowledged the title of King George. Their tender of loyalty to the Hanoverian Dynasty was graciously received, and the penal laws were abrogated in the year 1792.

But even then, the clergy of the church were so far prohibited from officiating in the Church of England, that the clergyman in whose church they should perform any religious act, was liable to the penalties of a premunire. Through the exertions of the late Archbishop Howley (a prelate who, for his many good works, deserves to be ever had in grateful remembrance by English churchmen), these disabilities have been, in some degree removed, and bishops and clergymen in Scottish orders *may* now, and *do* occasionally *officiate* in England; though they cannot hold any ecclesiastical preferment here. But as Government have acknowledged this injustice to our brethren in Scotland, it is hoped another session will not be allowed to pass without this remaining disability being removed.

Though still in a state of deep poverty (for it has no state endowment, and the miserable sum of £600 a year which it used to receive from government is now withdrawn), the Church of Scotland is gradually recovering from the depth of depression into which it had fallen.

There are now seven Bishops (one of whom, styled the *Primus*, is president of the Episcopal College), and about one hundred and sixty clergy. The number of lay members is steadily increasing, new congregations are being formed, and new churches or chapels, many of them beautiful specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, are springing up in various parts of the country. It may seem almost invidious to particularize any, still we cannot omit to mention some that have come under our personal observation. That which pleased us best, is the beautiful chapel occupying the site of the castle at "Bonnie Dundee," founded and served by the excellent and truly estimable Bishop of Brechin, whose apostolic labours are worthy of the brighest days of the christian church.

St. John's, Aberdeen, might vie with many an English Church of far greater pretensions, as a model of what a church should be; and the towns of Arbroath, Melrose, and Stirling, boast each the possession of a chapel of correct ecclesiastical architecture. The little chapel at Caterline is an instance of what may be accomplished by zeal and perseverance, under no ordinary difficulties.

But in our mention of new churches we must not omit St. Ninian's, Perth, the cathedral of the united dioceses of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld, and Dunblane. A portion only has been erected, but sufficient to show that the cathedral when complete will be one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical structures in Scotland. This cathedral is greatly indebted to the pious munificence of a layman.

In the Island of Cumbrae, too, a collegiate church has been erected, which is meant by its founder and the Bishop to become ultimately the cathedral of the diocese of the Isles.

Amongst the good deeds performed by members of the Scottish Church should be named the endowment of the church at Greenock, with £300 a year for the incumbent, and £100 a year for the curate, by Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, Bart., of Greenock. The endowment of Trinity College, Glenalmond, for the training of candidates for holy orders, or for other educational purposes, should not be passed over in our account of what has been done in Scotland during the last twenty years.

Though much has been done, and much is doing, a great deal yet remains to be done, ere the Episcopal Church can be set fairly before the people.

With very few exceptions the chapels are unendowed, the income of the incumbents being derived chiefly from pew-rents and the offertory, aided in some cases by grants from the Scottish Episcopal Church Society. ¶ The income of the Bishops (who are, for the most part, incumbents of chapels) seldom exceeds £400, and in some cases falls far below it. The income of the incumbents in the smaller towns and country places seldom reaches above £90 or £100 per annum. It is true that, many of the members of the Episcopal Church are wealthy; but, being forced to contribute largely towards the Establishment, they give little to chapels with which they are unconnected; and in the highlands and on the eastern coast of Scotland there are large numbers of poor, who, without extraneous help, are utterly unable to maintain their chapels and support their ministers.

The affairs of the Church of Scotland are regulated by diocesan and general Episcopal synods. A diocesan synod is held annually in each diocese, and presided over by the ordinary, or, in his absence, by the dean (whose functions in the present state of the church are rather those of an archdeacon, than of a dean of a cathedral). At the synods every incumbent lays before the meeting a general report of the state of his congregation, the number of souls and communicants in it, the number of baptisms, etc., and such other information as the Bishop shall require. At these synods, too, are suggested matters for the regulation of diocesan affairs, and ecclesiastical offences are investigated.

A general synod, which is convened only on extraordinary occasions, consists of the bishops, who form the upper-house; the deans and one or two others, who sit officially; and a delegate appointed from every diocese by the incumbents;—who form the lower house. This synod has the power of framing canons, and of making any necessary regulations for the guidance of the church.

One Episcopal synod is composed of the bishops, who meet once a year. It has the power of hearing appeals, as well as of transacting other business.

In many congregations, among which are most of those which were formerly not connected with the Scottish Church, the English Liturgy is used; in some the Scottish communion office is retained. In all the morning and evening prayers are said according to the use of the Church of England. The Scotch communion office is, however, looked upon as being of primary authority. It was originally drawn up for the use of the Scottish Church in the reign of Charles I., but it has received several subsequent alterations.

It differs from the English office, principally in the arrangement of the parts, and in having a prayer of oblation, in which the elements are solemnly offered to God, and an invocation that God would bless and sanctify the bread and wine, that they may become the Body and Blood of His beloved Son. There is also a permission—which it were to be wished was allowed in the English Church—to reserve a portion of the elements consecrated in the church for the communion of the sick.

The Scottish clergy set a good example to their brethren in England, not only in their general attention to parochial duties, but also in the care with which they celebrate divine service. There are several chapels in

¶ The xx. canon of the Scottish Church provides for the formation of a society, to be called the Scottish Episcopal Church Society, the objects of which are 1st,—"To provide a fund for aged and infirm clergymen, or salaries for their assistants, and general aid for congregations struggling with pecuniary difficulties; 2ndly, To assist candidates for the ministry in completing their theological studies; 3rdly,—To provide Episcopal schoolmasters, books, and tracts for the poor; 4thly,—To assist in the formation or enlargement of diocesan libraries." The society is supported by offertory collections and voluntary subscriptions. During the eighteen years of the society's operations the number of incumbencies has more than doubled, and much has been effected for other church objects. The Very Rev. E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh, is the secretary of the society.—[We would heartily commend this society to any of our readers who may be desirous of contributing to the funds of the Scottish Church.—Ed. C. P.]

which prayers are said at least once a day, and the weekly celebration of the Holy Communion is not infrequent. At St. Ninian's, Perth, we believe there is a daily celebration.

From this very slight and imperfect sketch, our readers will perceive that there is much to interest in the history and present state of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. It has survived almost insurmountable difficulties, and passed, shaken, indeed, though not wrecked, through a storm of persecution. After a long period of depression, it is gradually assuming a more elevated and satisfactory position, and is destined, we trust, to become ere long the nursing mother of the Scottish people.

Turn Thee again, Thou God of hosts.
Look down from Heaven:
Behold and visit this Vine.

RAMBLING NOTES ON THE EARLY DAYS OF ENGLAND.

No. IV.

(Continued from page 71.)

All writers tell us that the English before the Conquest were a very dressy people—fond of rich colours and jewellery, and using them abundantly. When the Normans first came over, they were rather an out-at-elbows race; and, in fact, what they came for was to retrieve their fortunes,—an object, I imagine, which brings a great many foreign friends into England. But they very soon learned the "art of dress" from the English; and we read of William Rufus (who probably had little enough experience of hosiers' bills before he came to England) that after awhile he thought stockings at three shillings a pair, about £8 of our money, much too cheap for the legs of an English king. Indeed, all classes were accustomed to spend so much money on rich dresses, that sumptuary laws, as they are called, were frequently passed by the successive governments, forbidding too great costliness in such particulars, and limiting the privilege of wearing expensive velvet, silk, or furs, to those who could well afford to pay for them,—a wise limitation.

Fashions among the ladies varied in those days as much as they do now; but the general character of the costume—except about the head—was very similar to what is in use in this year 1856. Head dresses were, however, a thing that even mediæval ladies could never satisfy themselves about. Once, and once only, shoes got to such a preposterous fashion, that they stretched out into long points, which had to be supported by a kind of rigging, made fast to some of the spars aloft. But the pictures of those days show us that either the milliners or their fair employers were in as continual a state of agitation after novelties, in the matter of head dresses, as any *modiste* of Regent street. At one time, you find them towering up, like a church steeple, to a most incredible height,—as High Church as could be; at another, trimmed down to the very perfection of primness,—and quite Roundhead. But, upon the whole, it must be said that the costumes of those early days must have been very becoming to those that wore them, and especially the majority of the head dresses in question. Of course, I am a very unfit person to offer an opinion on the subject of ladies' bonnets; but it appears to me that nothing invented by modern milliners can at all equal the beautiful hoods,—now drooping with lace, now covered with fur, now shining with pearls and diamonds,—which make such a prominent figure in the portraits of ladies who lived before the days of Queen Elizabeth.

I mentioned before that the chief employments of the wives and daughters of early England were spinning and embroidery. The spinning-wheel was in all houses, high and low; and indeed there are persons still living who very well remember the time when it was still a common source of employment for leisure hours; and a venerable acquaintance of mine, who is not many months short of ninety years of age, speaks of her spinning-wheel as if she had not long discontinued its use. In early days, all thrifty housewives spun the wool that was necessary for their households; and I presume, the most exalted embroidresses were not above using the distaff for the production of that material, which they worked afterwards into such beautiful and enduring pictures.

And now, while the wives and daughters were spinning and working, and *talking* (for it is not on record that the silent system was encouraged in those days), while they were keeping, as in duty bound, for the most part to their homes, what were the men of early England doing?

In reading history, as we have it in the pages of the ordinary historian, one would suppose that the whole male population of England was continually engaged in warlike duties and pursuits from one year's end to another. But nothing can be less like the real state of the case. As I told you before, the only army known in the early days of England was what we now call the militia,—a body of men called up from their ordinary avocations to military service as occasion required; and after the occasion was over, returning to their homes and their customary callings. It may, indeed, be said, that every gentleman of that day, if he was not brought up for the priesthood, was bred a soldier; and most frequently went about armed as we now see only military officers on actual service. But although nearly all the nobility and gentry were thus military men, instead of only a few as among ourselves, it by no means follows that they were always engaged on military pursuits. In a great majority of cases, while ever ready for immediate service if required, they spent the chief part of their time either in attendance on the King and court, or in that country life in which Englishmen always take so great pleasure.

There was also in the town, even in those days, a large middle class whose employments were of a very similar nature to that of those not immediately engaged on manufactures, then little known in England, in our own times. There were also multitudes of lawyers, and not a few doctors; some thousands of monks, and many more clergy than the church can find to do her work in these days. And it is unnecessary to say that in these professions, time does not make any great change, for where the quarrels of mankind, or its bodily ailments, or spiritual welfare are the subject of a profession, those who follow it will have work to do, and the same kind of work, so long as human nature is what it is.

In respect to those then who were not engaged in either of the learned professions or in mercantile pursuits, it may be said that their leisure time was chiefly spent in the forest and the field. Field-sports were ever very attractive to Englishmen, and, during the times we are treating of, they seem to have formed a part of the daily life of every gentleman who was not occupied at court, or in the wars; and they probably took no unimportant part in the formation of character. But you must remember that these sports were chiefly confined to the chase, for guns were not yet invented. And, moreover, when I speak of the chase, you must not think of a crowd of noble horses and noble riders in dandy coats and white kid gloves, rushing across the country after a poor little fox. The hunting of early days was a very different thing—more like the African exploits of Mr. Gordon Cumming. To be sure, our ancestors had not elephants to beg by the dozen as he; nor did they ever take

morning rides upon a crocodile like Mr. Waterton; but the chase of the wolf, and the wild boar, and the fierce red deer (of a kind now probably extinct in Europe), gave no slight opportunities for the trial both of skill and courage. At that time too, hunting was not an amusement alone as now. The country was overrun with wild beasts, some of which it was necessary to destroy for safety, as the wolf—and others of which, as the wild boar and the deer, were required to furnish provision for those large households I before spoke of, in days when enclosures were rare, and when therefore there were but few cattle and sheep compared with those now bred on our farms, stall-fed and pastured, by millions. And as to the effect of these sports on the English character, I mean this. We are taught by poets that a pastoral life draws out the gentler virtues: and it is certain on as good authority that athletic field-sports make men strong, and ready, and brave. It was never the fashion for the Englishman to go about too-tooing on Pan's pipes to the fields and hedges; and so I suppose not having acquired the gentler virtues which southern nations possess, he is accounted by them a stern and rather rough kind of character. But courage and perseverance—the qualities peculiarly drawn out by such pursuits as the Englishman loves are those which he especially shews on every occasion: and it is more than likely that the manly and fearless temper of our countrymen is in some measure owing to that training which our forefathers had in the bolder sports of the field. Probably those who learned—as our modern Indian officers do now—to excel in the qualities of endurance and courage necessary for the pursuit of wild animals while England was yet young, were by that means trained to stand up boldly for her defence in the field of battle, and so to establish that respect, glory, and freedom, which she enjoys now that her locks are growing grey.

I should have liked to go into some detail respecting other amusements of all classes in the early days of England, especially about tournaments; but if I say ever so little on all the interesting subjects that present themselves, where shall I end? Suffice it then to say, that there is no athletic sport now known in England which has not its representative in the bygone centuries of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and Plantaganet rule. There was an old chronicler named Fitz Stephen, who wrote in the time of Richard I., who gives most interesting details of the habits and customs of his day; and among other things, very particular accounts of skating, football, a kind of cricket, bat trap and ball, and such games; some practised only by youths, others the delight of all ages alike. Horse-racing in its present form does not date back further than the days of the Stuarts; for though they had races in earlier days, they were not of a kind which we should now recognise as such; and, indeed, there were no good native horses in England; we, who now send them to all other nations, being forced to import all horses of any worth from Flanders or France, and our own were hardly cared for.

But I must not be tempted further into the subject of mediæval sports. Let me conclude by observing that there was one feature about them which we must regard as very good, and that is the intercourse which they brought about between the upper and lower classes of society. "Many," says the old chronicler that I mentioned just now, "many come from the court, when the king is in the neighbourhood, to mix in these diversions, or to be spectators of them. And also the youths of earls and barons families who have not yet attained the dignity of knighthood, strive to exercise themselves for higher deeds in these plebeian sports." In such a free intermingling of different classes we see a wholesome state of good feeling on both sides. It shuts out all probability of there being any painful subjection of the lower and middle to the upper classes of that day. And it indicates even at that early period the independent spirit of the Englishmen, by which, in whatever station of life he may be, he can show respect to others without losing the respect which is due to himself.*

And now, having set before you so much—though it is but little, respecting the physical characteristics, and outward appearance of the early days of England; let me ask your attention for a short time longer, while I endeavour to give you some idea of the mental condition in which those ages were involved—the state of education and the amount of learning which remained among them.

Perhaps there are some who think this is a matter very soon settled, and will say at once, "They were grossly uneducated and unlearned—even their kings could not read or write:—the clergy were nearly as bad as the kings: and the whole was a heap of mixed superstition and ignorance." We shall see,—for I am not going to pass the matter by so quickly.

It is quite true that before printing was invented, and when the only material in ordinary use for writing upon was parchment, which was always costly, it is quite true that the English people were in the same condition that all other nations always had been for the whole 58 centuries of the world's history. As with the Jews and others of whom we read in the Old and New Testament; and as with the heathen of whom we read in classical writers (and as it is to a great extent even now) so it was with our forefathers of England's early days, that a very large proportion of the lower classes of society never attained to the arts of reading and writing. But we must judge of such a state of things as I said before, by a standard fitting the question, and not by the standard of our own times. It is no doubt very desirable that all persons should read and write in these days: and it is just possible—but by no means certain—that those who remain ignorant of these useful acquirements may be in a lower moral and religious position than others who attain them. But does it follow that this was the case in the times we speak of? What is it that has made reading and writing such almost universal accomplishments, but the great progress made in the art of paper-making and printing? And shall we suppose that men were the worse for the want of these inventions in those times when the discovery of them was yet held back by the all-controlling power of God's providence? If so, we must suppose that this great engine of moral good has been withheld—taking all ages of the world—from about 999 out of every 1,000; and one alone allowed to possess it. And being quite sure, as we must be, that every age has that given to it which is best for its circumstances, this will show the absurdity of judging all other times, in the matter of general education, by a reference to the necessities and the capabilities of our own.

And now for a little enquiry as to the *facts* of the case with regard to our ancestors of early England. I need not tell you that printed books were invented at a period which we have not included in our researches this evening, and that, therefore, all I have to say now will relate to such MSS. as this which I am writing, seeing that this was the only way in which books were made for fifty-three out of the fifty-eight centuries of the world's history.

It is then a common notion among many that writing was so rare an accomplishment in these early days as to make one who had acquired it quite a marvel among his brethren. This assertion has been chiefly founded on a simple fact, which like most facts may be looked at in two ways. It was the custom at these times for all persons in authenticating documents with their names to put a

* Those who wish for further information, are referred to "Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the English Nation."

+ by the side of those names. And because this is a contrivance in use now among those who cannot write, therefore it has been wisely concluded by some short-sighted people that the reason was the same in both cases. This is one way of looking at this little fact, of which many charters and other documents give us illustrations. Another, and the true way, is this:—The confirmation of any deed was not then, as now, made by the individual who executed it, himself putting his name at the foot of it. That was done by the lawyer who prepared the document, or the secretary who had written the letter. The individual himself was accustomed to affix his signature opposite to the name so written; and his *signature* is just what the word means—*the making of a sign*, which sign was the sign of the cross. This custom was probably introduced by early Christian people with the idea that it was the most solemn confirmation of their written word, as binding them in some degree by an act which they accounted highly religious—the making of the sign of the cross. So generally was it received, that if a monarch had written his name with his own hand twenty times over, it would not have been taken to be such a security as this, which has been regarded as a mark of ignorance; and in some cases the figure of the cross was made—not with ink, but—with the consecrated wine of the Holy Communion. In the library of the British Museum there are two very interesting cases of royal and other such like autographs; and these show that the practice was continued until—I think—about the time of Henry VII. I have mentioned this one fact at length, because it is one on which there is a very common mistake made; but the mere production of vast quantities of books and documents by our very early forefathers is in itself a conclusive proof that writing was a far from uncommon accomplishment among them. And though it might be alleged that most of these were written by the clergy, yet it so happens that there are several proofs of the laity also having free use of their pens. I will name three examples. 1. There is King Alfred, who is famous among early Englishmen for his translation of the Holy Bible—or rather of a part of it, into the English language of his day; for a translation of some of Venerable Bede's works, and for some other fair specimens of authorship. 2. Among the Normans there was Henry I., whose surname, Beauclerc, or the fine scholar, shows what he was. Though a profligate king, like all William the Conqueror's sons, he was a clever man, and has left us a book of fables, imitated from those of Æsop. And yet if I mistake not, this clever writer's + is all the signature affixed to his name by his own hand in the collection of autographs to which I have referred. 3. The third example of a learned layman is Geoffrey Chaucer (a name familiar to all), who lived in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.—the middle of the 14th century. And do not suppose that these are the only instances of the kind. Many such might be enumerated on a little recollection. Indeed, Caxton himself is a proof that some in low station were as clever and well educated as those in higher ranks of life.

Again, there was a great abundance of schools in early England. A school-room was part of every monastery and cathedral, and of the former we know how they abounded in all parts of England. There is a curious relic of the ancient days of cathedral schools yet remaining in something which belongs to, if not in the name of, the vergers whose duty it is now to wait upon the dignitaries of any diocesan church. When any of you have visited a cathedral, I dare say you have observed that these individuals each carry a sort of silver wand as a badge of their office. This is the verge or rod—from the Latin *virga*, from which they take their name. Now these silver wands—the ancient ones at least—contain a wooden rod inside them, which may be taken out by unscrewing the end. And the use of this little stick in the cathedral school, I leave to be imagined by all who know what it was to be a lesson or two behindhand in their daily tasks.

And besides these city and monastic schools there were also many others in country villages, kept by parish priests, in which, though perhaps not any great round of learning was gone through, there must yet have been some at least of that elementary instruction which would prevent the total ignorance that has been sometimes supposed to have belonged to the middle classes.

Then, again, in these very early days, the University of Oxford is said to have contained upwards of 300 colleges and halls, and numbered students by thousands where now it numbers them by hundreds. And though we have not very minute particulars of all these provisions for the education of our forefathers, great and small,—because they thought more about *doing* things than *talking* of them in their time, and there was neither a *Times* newspaper nor a House of Commons to noise them about in the world,—yet there are here and there silent proofs that this education bore good fruit, in the rise of men by means of it from the very lowest to the highest ranks. The only English pope there ever was—and one of the best, by the bye,—was Pope Adrian, and he was once an English ploughboy.

What other grounds there are for thinking it a mistake to impute gross ignorance to the days before printing, I must leave untold till next month.

ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

THE UNIVERSAL PURVEYOR COMPANY.

We have received the subjoined letter from a valued correspondent, and shall be glad to be the medium of communication on this subject:—"You will remember that some years ago discoveries were made of extensive adulteration in food, which was justly considered extremely detrimental to health, especially of the poor and working classes. So deeply did the Rev. Mr Marriott, of Oxford, feel this, that he conceived the idea of forming a company for the purpose of supplying food to the people free from all adulteration and in full weight, at fair prices. The company has been lately formed under the new Limited Liability Act, and is doing a prosperous trade. The directors are now desirous of extending their custom, and they intend to appoint agents in various parts of the country, whom they would supply with goods, giving them a remuneration of 6d. in the pound, on the amount of any order they may obtain. I cannot but think that if such a company as this, pledged to supply food free from all adulteration, could establish itself in such places as Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, &c., a great boon would be given to the people; they would get good food, in full weight, and at a fair price,—and not only to the poor but to all classes, high and low, rich and poor. My object in writing this is to ask, if you know of any such trustworthy person in Manchester, and whether you could induce some of your friends to take shares in the company. They are £10 each, and as the company are under the Limited Liability Act, there is no risk beyond the shares. I deal myself with the company, and they do supply most excellent things. I have taken myself five shares, with a view of promoting the cause, though I am informed I shall get 10 per cent. interest, but I am more anxious for the success of the association on religious and moral grounds. If you feel any interest in this, I will request the secretary to send you papers explanatory of its objects."

Reviews.

The Truth and Reasonableness of the Doctrine of Apostolical Succession, as held by the Church of England. Edinburgh, Grant.—This cheap tract, upon a subject often misrepresented, because misunderstood, seems well adapted for parochial distribution.

The Canticles for Morning and Evening Services Pointed for Chanting, and Set to Music, chiefly Gregorian, for the especial use of Singing Classes, by John Meadowcroft. Price 4d. Manchester: Cave and Sever.—We are not sufficiently musical to determine the precise merits of this little work, which seems to be very nicely arranged. It is no small recommendation to us to know that it is the production of one who has done so much for our parish choirs as Mr. Meadowcroft.

The Sin of Schism, as Exemplified in the Rebellion of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. A sermon preached in the church of St. Paul, Cross Stone, on the afternoon of the octave of Easter, March 30, 1856, by Elwin Jno. Evered, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Curate of Cross Stone, Halifax. R. Chambers, Cheapside.—This is an outspoken sermon. Our only fear, however, would be that, like strong anti-popery discourses, the people for whose benefit they are preached are not at church to hear them. Hence the necessity for printing. Mr. Evered argues clearly and well. At the same time, we think that he should have claimed St. Jude as a witness for the truth of his argument.

Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register. Newhaven, Connecticut. July, 1856.—We hail with pleasure a ninth year's existence of this American fellow-labourer with ourselves, in the great work of opening and restoring to the people their long-lost churches. Although the editor has a curious zigzag system of inserting arguments alternately *pro* and *contra*, the open church movement, we think do the writers of the anti-pew articles in the January and July numbers the justice of saying, that they have by far the best of the argument. The following comparison of the two plans of church arrangement we give in parallel columns, "Look at this picture and on that":—

The Free Church Plan.	The Pew System
Offers the preaching of the gospel *free to all*. It asks no one to contribute for the support of the church, except such as have first *heard* and *received* the gospel. It asks them to give *then*, only from their faith in God, their hope of Heaven, and their love both towards the Lord Jesus who hath given them salvation, and towards their brethren who are one with them in Him. And the standard of "how much" each one shall give, is no other than that which Holy Scripture has set forth,—*according as he has prospered*. In other words,—the *free* hearing of the gospel is a condition *precedent* to the duty of supporting the church, and the measure of that duty is the measure of God's *Word*.	Does not offer the gospel free to any, but furnishes it only to those who have paid for the privilege. It asks a certain rent for the "support of the church," and asks it, not from Christian principles, but from commercial considerations, the seat being worth just as much "rent" to the church, whether its occupant love God or not. The standard "how much" each shall pay, is regulated solely by the prominence, convenience for seeing and hearing, and general "eligibility" of the pew,—having nothing whatever to do with the ability of the giver. In other words,—the *paying* for the other privilege, without which *preaching of the gospel*, and the measure of that duty is regulated by *the world*.

The same number contains an article on "High Church and Low Church," in which the balance is held perhaps a little too evenly between the two schools. We have, indeed, but little sympathy with the "high" and frigid brotherhood, while their ardent aspirings after holiness, obedience to doctrinal practises, and would make church-rates, pew-rents, and endowments the cardinal points of the gospel message. But we can still less tolerate that "low" religious and lower morality which systematically slights the principles of its own church, and disobeys laws to which obedience has been solemnly vowed; still less can we sympathise with that style of theology which, in the words of the article before us—

> Is saved from fatalism only by becoming illogical; which (in its theory) represents all personal effort on the part of the sinner as useless or superfluous; exhibits God as dealing with his creatures in the character of an arbitrary sovereign; sin as the result of an arbitrary connection with our first parents; and salvation as deliverance from an arbitrary penalty.

In a paper entitled, "The Clergy and the World," the demeanour and intercourse of ministers with their people and in general society, form the subject of some valuable remarks; and there is a biographical memoir of Dr. John Estes Cooke, an eminent convert from Methodism; who as a theologian has written ably upon the invalidity of Presbyterian ordinations, and as a physician has devoted himself to the cure of dyspeptic and other maladies fatal to the life and labours of the clergy. Amongst other book notices, we find a very favourable review of our neighbour Miss C. Winkworth's admirable adaptations of old German hymns to the Sundays and festivals of our church. The "Lyra Germanica" has been reprinted in New York, and seems to be as highly appreciated across the Atlantic as it is by good church people and by the lovers of true poetry amongst ourselves. We subjoin a list of American church periodicals, which may be useful to the directors of Church Institutes in selecting their foreign literature:—

The Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register, New Haven, Ct.
The Protestant Episcopal Quarterly Review, New York.
The True Catholic, Baltimore, Md.
The Southern Episcopalian, Charleston, S. C.
The Spirit of Missions, New York.
The Churchman's Monthly Magazine, New York.
Christian Witness and Church Advocate, Boston, Massachusetts.
The Gospel Messenger, Utica, N. York.
The Churchman, New York.
The Protestant Churchman, New York.
The Church Journal, New York.
The Parish Visitor, New York.
The Children's Magazine, New York.
The Carrier Dove, New York.
The Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia.
Banner of the Cross, Philadelphia.
Southern Churchman, Alexandria, Va.
The Western Episcopalian, Gambia, Ohio.
The Calendar, Hartford, Ct.

THE MONTH.

The decision in the celebrated Denison case has been given against the Archdeacon, who, unless there is an appeal or a retractation, will be suspended, and the church must lose the services of a good, if not at all times a prudent man. The whole affair is persecution of the blindest and most intolerant character. No one can fail to see that the real object of Mr. Ditcher and his friends is not to secure the conviction of Archdeacon Denison for verbal discrepancies between his teaching and the formularies and articles of the church, but to get rid of the doctrine of the Real Presence altogether. In this attempt they will, no doubt, be as signal failures as they were in the case of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. Both these great truths stand on too firm a basis to be shaken by the opinion of any civilian or any individual primate. Churchmen, however, should be alive to the palpable injustice of Dr. Lushington's attempt to set up the thirty-nine articles as the sole standard of doctrine, to the exclusion of the formularies (equally law with the articles) and of Holy Writ, and the primitive ages to which our church herself appeals in her laws against heresy. It is significant to find the *Record* deprecating an appeal to Scripture, as the extraordinary seems to be specially delighted with this decision. We would ask its readers to apply the same test to the articles alone as to the inspiration of the Scriptures. Clearly, the articles say nothing whatever on the subject, and therefore, according to the *Record*, it must be an open question. If the few clergymen who are known to use the formularies of the church with mental reservations and non-natural senses, denying in black what they say in white, at the assertions justifying their denial of Baptismal Regeneration Priestly,

absolution, and the like, by their consent to sign the articles think to shelter themselves under this decision, we warn them that the pretence will not serve. The laity are becoming alive to such tricks, just as dissenters have been all along, and will insist upon honesty in their teachers.

We must now quietly await the termination of the Liddell case. We are glad to testify from our own knowledge, that this endeavour to inflict a "heavy blow and great discouragement" has utterly failed to damp the energies or relax the zeal of the devoted men who are serving the altars of St. Paul's and St. Barnabas'. Their schools and missions flourish; and congregations flock thither just as if no such charlatan as Westerton lived.

In Manchester we hear much to cheer and encourage us. The churchwardens have met to deliberate on the best plans for having the offertory collections made from the whole congregation. We thankfully record that this is no party question, and that the initiative has been given by the representatives of the party to whom such arrangements are thought to be peculiarly objectionable. It is to Christ Church, Salford; St. Saviour's, and St. Luke's, that we must look for example and precedent in this matter. It is gratifying to find the Manchester wardens in advance in this movement, and taking up a subject which is in fact their own lawful province. We claim the honour of rather an intimate acquaintance with these gentlemen, and we beg to record our respectful testimony to their zeal, liberality, and good sense. The time has, we believe, for ever gone by when men are elected to this ancient and honourable office solely to let and hinder the parson, and to represent the malcontents of the parish.

The church has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of the great and good Bishop Armstrong, of Graham's Town. This holy man was taken away in the midst of his work, after a short illness following on the exhaustion arising from over work. Most of your readers will have known Dr. Armstrong from the "Tracts for the Christian Seasons," of which he was the editor. Others know him as one whose special mission it was, whilst living amongst us here, to win back the lost. As a bishop, he was firm, consistent, yet so gentle and kind, that whilst incapable of any unworthy compromise, he won the hearts of all. He could appreciate single-minded devotion. Both the Romanist and Wesleyan bodies in the colony bore honourable testimony to the loss sustained. Though so short a time in his diocese he had done more towards the establishment of the church in South Africa than many others would have done in a generation. Let us offer up our prayers that the Primate and Colonial Secretary to whom the appointment belongs, may be guided to choose a successor like-minded. The *Record* has already deprecated the reported choice of Archdeacon Merriman, a good, zealous, and wise man, whose influence for good amongst the native population is unbounded. Doubtless the party it represents are anxious to introduce the same strife and dissension into the Cape colonies which unhappily exist here, and without which the *Record* would soon die a natural death.

We have again to record a conversion to the church, in the case of an independent minister of note, and M.A.

Rumour tells of a commotion amongst the Mormonites, and that many of the victims of this abominable imposture are returning *minus* their worldly goods, and cheated in another way. We think this a special providence. An empty purse is an argument people can understand.

We gladly acknowledge an error into which we had fallen with respect to the new Bishop of Gloucester. A correspondent informs us that it was not the Bishop, but his brother, who took part in the agitation against St. Paul's and St. Barnabas.

Miscellanies.

Church Music.—The following humourous picture of a state of things which tractarianism (so called) is fast putting an end to, is extracted from the *Athenæum*:—"It is recorded in the Register of Buxted, on the death of 'the clarke of this parish,' that for forty-three years his 'melody warbled forth as if he had been thumped on the back with a stone.' On this the writer in the *Archæological Journal* observes, 'Many such warblers may still be heard in the Weald of Sussex. A few years since a fine organ was put up in a neighbouring parish church, the gift of a liberal resident, and to the satisfaction of some, but to the regret of many, the old band of warblers was baffled and silenced by it. A friend of the Editor congratulating a neighbour on the event found no responsive feeling there, though he candidly admitted things were not quite perfect. 'You see, Miss, our quire is not a little out of sorts; there's old Jeemes Comlier, his been at it sixty years or more, he should know what singing is, and he would get on pretty well if Joe Jenkins did not keep a baffling of him with his clarionet; and then there's Master Mitchell, he does do to the uttermost, but when there's anything that wants to go very high, then his cough comes.'"

Tractarianism.—"With respect to the term 'Tractarian or Puseyite,' which, according to my observation, most men apply to every degree of Churchmanship which happens to be higher than their own, I can say nothing, except that I utterly repudiate it, and every such party designation. If it is used to signify any inclination, either avowed or secret, to Romish doctrines or practices; any disaffection to the principles of the Reformation; any superstitious love of forms or ceremonies; any disposition to exalt Church authority above the Bible; it is not applicable to me. But, if it be 'Tractarianism' to be earnestly devoted to the Church of England, anxious to vindicate her rights, and to promote her spiritual efficiency; if it be Tractarianism to believe (in their natural sense and without reservation), all the doctrines expressed, both in her Articles and in her Catechism, and liturgical formularies, and to be well satisfied with the prayer-book *as it stands;* if it be Tractarianism to think that the mission of every true Church is from God, and not from Kings or Parliaments, and that doctrines of absolute prerogative, which have long been exploded in civil matters, are quite out of place in spiritual; in this sense I shall not be careful to disclaim being a Tractarian. But then I shall remember, for my justification, that, in this sense, Ridley, Hooker, Taylor, Ken, and Beveridge would also have deserved the appellation."—*Mr. Roundell Palmer.*

Our "Common Protestantism."—It is curious to note, says a correspondent of the *Athenæum*.—"That when popery ruled the roast in 'the land o'cakes," the organ case in a church was the favourite receptacle for images of saints,—and, consequently, became a fane for those who adored them, and an object of detestation to those who held such adoration to be idolatry; that when the iconoclasts ruled the roast, their hammers and axes went to work, in the first instance, upon the organs, and so utterly destroyed them that there was nothing left to show why such a hatred of 'the box of whussle pipes," had arisen; that the hatred that the wielders of the hammers and axes had felt for the images was perpetuated in their descendants, as a proper national feeling, after the grounds for it had been forgotten. Now, if this be the case, one of Dr. Candlish's most orthodox grandfathers in a remote degree may have been at the cost of no ends of "punds Scot" in providing his parish kirk with an organ,—the gudeman's son, grandson, and great-grandson may have bestowed their "havers" in embellishing it with outrageous images of St. Andrew and other saints,—the great-grandson's son and grandson may have had "sore een" at looking on the Popish abomination—his great-grandson may have smashed the organ-case, saints, whussle pipes and all, in a fervour of "covenanting"

indignation. He may have bragged of it long years after, over his "Athol Brose," to his sons and grandsons. They may have reveled in the delight of retailing their sire's glorious achievement over their "wee drop o' whisky toddy," just bemused enough to forget the point of the tale, and their worthy descendant now able to "lift up his testimony" against Popery, may be merely retailing the indignation of his nearer ancestors against the outside arrangements of that organ which the piety of a more remote ancestor provided for the edification of his parish."

To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends, be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona—*Dr. Johnson, Tour in the Western Islands of Scotland,*

THE CONVERSION OF A PUBLICAN.—Among his (Dr. Haweis') converts was an old innkeeper, who, having been a good customer to his own barrel, had carbuncled his nose into the sign of his calling. He was from nature and interest averse to the Methodists, and could not see what all the world, in his part, had to run after at Aldwinkle Church. Being fond of music, however, and hearing that the singing was admirable, he contrived at the next feast-day to go six miles, avoid a drinking party, and squeeze himself into a pew somewhat too narrow for his portly person, where he listened with delight to the hymns, but stopped his ears to the prayer. Heated and fatigued, he closed his eyes too, till a fly stinging his nose, he took his hands from the side of his head to punish the intruder. Just then the preacher, in a voice that sounded like thunder, gave out the text—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The impression was irresistible; the hand no longer covered his organs of hearing; a new sense was awakened within; it was the beginning of days to him. No more swearing, no more drunkenness, but prayer and hearing occupied his time; and he died, after eighteen years' walking with God, rejoicing in hope, and blessing the instrument of his conversion.—*Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Offertory" in our next.

"Our Village," No. 4, did not reach us in time for publication.

"H. T." and "Catholicus Anglicanus" received with thanks. The pamphlet arrived too late for notice this month.

ERRATUM.—By an extraordinary mistake the words "gown clerical" were substituted for evangelical, in our notice of Canon Wray's pamphlet "On Vestments," in our last number.

We have received a letter calling our attention to the fact of a clergyman, from the neighbourhood of Mancheater, officiating at Dunoon, in Scotland, in a schismatical place of worship which professes to be in communion with the Church of England. We understand that this is not an unfrequent arrangement, whereby clergymen of a certain school obtain a month's vacation free of cost, but we cannot but think at the expense of their consistency. The question is more fully discussed in a previous page.

*** This periodical can be obtained from any bookseller in England, on order from Messrs. Kent and Co., London, who will supply back numbers.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

1st..St. Giles. Born at Athens, but lived principally in France as a hermit, until discovered by the king in hunting; a monastery was built on the spot and he was made Abbot. It is said that he refused to be cured of a lameness in order more fully to mortify himself.

7th..St. Enurchus. We hear little positive of this saint. He was elected Bishop of Orleans while passing through the country, on a mission for the redemption of slaves. —A. D. 840.

8th..Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The only other commemoration of the birth of a saint is that of St. John, Baptist, who was sanctified from his mother's womb. The festival has been kept on this day for more than fifteen hundred years.

14th..Holy Cross day. In honour of that which from having been the means is now the symbol of our salvation. On this day occurred the recovery of the Cross from the heathen, by the Emperor Heractius c. A. D. 620.

17th..St. Lambert. Lived in the reign of the French king, Pepin. He was eminent as a Bishop, and at length, on reproving a relation of the monarch for concubinage, was run through with a spear, and murdered.

21st..St. Matthew the Apostle. When called by our Lord he was engaged in the profitable occupation of a publican, or tax collector, which he at once joyfully resigned. After the Ascension he wrote his gospel for the benefit of the Jews, and then travelled as a missionary into Ethiopia, Egypt, and Parthia, where he suffered martyrdom whilst praying before the altar.

26th..St. Cyprian. Remarkable for his rich eloquence. After unwearied exertions and much suffering from persecution, he was decapitated near Carthage, of which city he was Archbishop, A. D. 250.

29th..St. Michael and all Angels. Instituted upwards of 1300 years ago in honour of the heavenly host, of whom St. Michael ranks highest.

30th..St. Jerome. One of the most learned of the Doctors of the Church: he wrote many valuable works and vigorously opposed the Arians. He used to say—"We must be like to children who forget hurts, who do not retain anger, look not on beauty to lust after it, speak not one thing and think another." He died A. D. 422 at the age of 91.

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CHEETWOOD NEW CHURCH (entirely open and unappropriated, and to be supported by the offertory and endowment, instead of pew rents).—The plans of this Church having been at length approved by "the Incorporated Society for the Building and Enlarging of Churches," who have made a grant in aid of its erection, an earnest APPEAL is made to all Churchmen who are desirous of promoting a more primitive and equitable system of Church Arrangement than that which now prevails, to contribute to the fund for Building an OPEN CHURCH in one of the most populous and neglected districts in Manchester. Contributions are requested to be forwarded to the Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester; Edward Lloyd, jun., Esq., treasurer; or the undersigned secretaries, from whom lists of subscriptions may be obtained.

J. E. SEDGWICK, M. A. Cheetwood.
EDWARD HERFORD, Ridgefield.
G. B. WITHINGTON, 24, Brown-street.

July, 1856.

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London: KENT & CO., Paternoster Row. Manchester: T. OHEAM and Co., 7, Corporation-street (to whom any communications for the Editors of "The Church of the People" are to be addressed), and all Booksellers.—Printed by BANNERMAN and SOUTHAM, 3, Cross-street Manchester.

The Church of the People

And the People's Magazine.

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THE OFFERTORY.

Of the many good old customs of our fathers that have been restored by good and zealous clergymen, none have met with so much opposition as the weekly offertory. It is difficult to assign any reason for this, except the extraordinary delusion into which many have fallen, that it is Popish. It has been said that inasmuch as the church is supported by legal endowments, and the poor by what are commonly called the poor rates, there is no claim on the people at large for any further oblations. But surely the fact that their fathers endowed the church with tithes, and that the legislature has provided means to prevent the possibility of any person being actually starved to death, is no reason why they should be exempt from performing their duty to God and each other, but rather ought to be an inducement to follow their good examples.

We propose to consider first the intention of God in making some rich; second, the obligation to provide for the poor; and, lastly, the mode of so doing, as appointed by the apostles.

I. The intention of God in making some rich. It is a necessary principle in the present state of things, that some should be rich in this world's goods, and others poor. Holy Scripture fully acknowledges this principle. Abraham, the friend of God, "was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold."—Gen. xiii., 2. Lot, too, had flocks and herds. Jacob, Joseph, Solomon, and many other eminent servants of the Most High were endowed with much wealth. Now what could be the intention of the Almighty in blessing these saints of old with such unbounded wealth? Was it merely for self-gratification, or was it for some purpose? Take the example of Solomon; what was the duty especially laid on him? Was it not in a manner befitting the dignity of Almighty God, to build the celebrated temple in Jerusalem? Could such a glorious work as that,—the most magnificent, the most costly edifice that, perhaps, the world had ever seen, have been executed, if Solomon had not been endued with wealth of no ordinary amount? Now is not Solomon a befitting type of all sovereigns and men of wealth; and does not his example alone illustrate the intention of the Almighty, in heaping such wealth on individuals—namely, to honour him with their gold and silver, and precious stones, either in the costly decorations of His house, or in the permanent provision for the poor and needy. "Is it a time," said the Prophet Haggai, "for you, O ye, to dwell in your cieled houses, and this house lie waste."—I. 4. Isaiah asks the question concerning the fast the Lord had spoken. "Is it not to deal *thy* bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out *to thy house?* When thou seest the naked that *thou* cover him, and that *thou* hide not *thyself from thine own flesh.*"—Isaiah lviii., 7. Ezekiel describes a just man as one who "hath given *his* bread to the hungry, and hath covered the naked with a garment."—Ezek. xviii., 5, 7. "Zacchæus stood forth, and said unto the Lord: Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have done any wrong to any man, I restore fourfold."—St. Luke xix. St. Paul says, "Charge them that *are rich in this world*, that they be ready to give and glad to distribute; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may attain eternal life."—1 Tim. vi. These passages are sufficient to show the intention of God in making some rich, and also the duty of all to give to God of their substance First, for the foundation and future enlargement of His kingdom, by the building and adornment of churches, schools, and other institutions, not in a niggardly spirit, but in a spirit befitting the dignity of the God of the whole earth, and in proportion to wealth, either as a people or as individuals; and secondly, for the maintenance and comfort of the poor, the naked, the hungry, the sick, and the afflicted. This is the true use of wealth; this is the object God had in heaping riches on some, not for their own gratification, but for

the good of all. We do not mean that we are to give up all our luxuries and comforts for the purpose, but we are to use the good things of this world as not abusing them, seeking thereby the glory of God and the good of our fellow creatures. It is said, however, that our forefathers have endowed the church, and passed laws for the relief of the poor. True, the church *was* endowed, but she has been robbed, fearfully robbed, and the poor likewise. "Wherein have we robbed Thee?" writes Malachi, "In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed Me, even this whole nation." Mal. iii. 8. 9. This "whole nation" of England has robbed the Almighty. In whose pockets flow, at this moment, one half the tithes our pious fathers bequeathed to the church and poor of old? Into the treasures of the laity, for their own use and benefit—and mark, the clergy, the poor clergy of the robbed benefices, have hardly bread to eat. Oh, ye rich men here is your opportunity; redeem these tithes, and the blessing of Heaven will fall upon ye. But not only must the church be endowed; are there not thousands and tens of thousands of children without education, are there not thousands of aged poor, are there not hundreds of maimed and afflicted beings who have no one to lend them a helping hand? Are not these fit objects of the bounty of the rich, and why are they neglected? It is coolly said, there is the poor-rate, the poor-house, and the union school. No doubt these are better than nothing; they keep the poor miserable "pauper" (opprobrious name) alive,—they feed him with the bare necessaries of life, not always of the best kind, and at the cheapest rate,—they clothe him with a sort of union uniform of fustian,—they give him no comforts to warm his soul, except perhaps a plum pudding on Christmas Day,—they separate the partners of life who have roughed it together through many a long year, and whose only crime is, that through age and infirmities, they cannot any longer maintain themselves by manual labour, and when the poor man dies they cram his emaciated corpse into a deal box, and send it, unattended, to the churchyard to be buried. Is not this an insult to our Lord, who hath said, "inasmuch as ye have done unto the *least* of my brethren, ye have done it unto Me?"—St. Mat. xxv. 40. Is not this a reproach to all churchmen, to whose care the poor are committed, and not to cold-hearted poor-law officials, who care not for God's poor; and is not this a scandal to our bishops, priests, and laymen, to suffer so frightful, so sacrilegious an insult to be offered to Christ in the persons of His poor?

III. We have endeavoured to show what were the intentions of Almighty God in dividing the wealth of the world between comparatively few individuals, and the duty of all men in using it in the manner pointed out in the Bible; it now remains to be proved how and in what manner a fair proportion of man's riches should be offered to God.

It is a fact admitted by all, that laymen in general do not know the best way of bestowing their alms. Charity does not consist in giving a piece of money to every beggar that meets one, for that would be to encourage idleness and deceit.

The Apostle St. Paul has directed that "upon the first day of the week (that is Sunday) let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him."—1 Cor. xvi., 2. "Do ye not know that they who minister about holy things live of the sacrifice, and they who wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so *hath the Lord ordained*, that they who preach the gospel should *live of the gospel*."—1 Cor. ix. "While we have time let us do good unto all men, and especially unto them that are *of the household of faith*."—Gal. vi. Here, we perceive, is the rule laid down by the Apostle, namely that every Sunday, every man should lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him; that is, should make an offering unto God of part of his worldly substance, for the maintenance of the clergy and the church, and also of the poor, especially those of the household of faith. Now, has our Church made any provision for carrying out this charitable rule? She has. Immediately after the sermon, every Sunday morning, the curate is enjoined "to return to the Lord's Table and begin the offertory," and while reading certain sentences, the churchwardens are ordered to receive from the congregation "the alms for the poor and other devotions," which they are to bring to the priest, who is reverently to place the same upon the altar; after which done, he shall say the prayer "for the whole state of Christ's church militant here in earth," at the commencement of which he begs the Lord "to accept our alms and oblations." This is the provision made by the Church for carrying out the apostolic rule of "laying up in store" every Lord's day; and it becomes us to think seriously why *so necessary* (for none ought to "appear before the Lord empty"—Deut. xvi., 16.) a part of God's worship should have been forgotten. It is no excuse to say that the church is endowed and the poor provided for; for this is not true. So long as there are hundreds of clergymen who have no sufficient stipend to keep them even in decent poverty; so long as there are thousands of people unprovided with church accommodation; so long as there are thousands of children as

yet running wild in our streets, without a school to take refuge in from vice and immorality; so long as there are hungry, naked, sick, and afflicted poor;—so long will the offertory be required at the hands of every Christian church. And we must not only consider ourselves as a nation, we must not forget our emigrants, and also the millions of heathen who have never as yet heard the glad tidings of salvation. Let churchmen, then, begin seriously to think of reviving that edifying part of our service, the offertory, and who can tell what blessings will flow in consequence?

ART-EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

II.

Perhaps a still more important mode of availing ourselves of art, as an educator of the poor, is by means of architecture. Architecture has, indeed, fared badly in this age of progress. We build our houses, our warehouses, and even, very frequently, our churches, as if beauty were inconsistent with comfort, business, or devotion. This is the case in all our large towns—even in the capital itself; but, perhaps, ugliness in architecture is more noticeable in Lancashire than elsewhere. Of course, the necessities of manufacturing pursuits are not those best adapted to bring out the beauties of art. A tall chimney would destroy the beauty of a paradise itself; and the fairest buildings of mediœval days would soon grow dingy in the opaque atmosphere of Lancashire. But still these things do not account for the unmitigated ugliness of Lancashire towns. Look at the great change which has come over Manchester. The splendid warehouses rising in our streets, show that it is not a necessity that such places should be of the prison-like form of a few years ago.

It is to be hoped that the reverence for art, which has crept even into Manchester counting-houses, will spread over our industrial districts. The manufacturer is, perhaps, more bound than others to devote himself to the improvement of architecture. He has destroyed the beauty of our fields, our streams, and our skies,—it is little enough to ask him to compensate us in some measure by erecting buildings which do not shock every sense of beauty and decency.

The origin of the poverty of our secular architecture, and particularly of our domestic architecture, seems to be a false spirit of economy, and an unbecoming love of mere convenience. It is thought sufficient if we make the interior of our mansions comfortable. Very few seem to think that it is any concern of theirs to give pleasure or instruction to the poor passer by.

Nor do we merely devote ourselves to the erection of ugly buildings,—our attention is equally directed to the destruction of the beauty bequeathed to us by our ancestors. For the sake of some mere temporary convenience, we wantonly pull down the monuments of past time—the records of human genius. Nor is there always the poor excuse of convenience. It seems as if there existed in some minds a love of destruction for its own sake. Thousands of beautiful objects have fallen victims to this Vandalism, and modern brickwork atrocities have taken the place of old halls and farm-houses teeming with association and tradition.

The neglect of purity of style in domestic architecture is not now quite so common as it was. A care for the beautiful is no longer universally regarded as romantic folly. Still the progress in public feeling has been but small; and ignorance of the true power of art and a love of economy are seen in our long rows of miserable houses,—those of the rich, painted and stuccoed—those of the poor, built with a sole reference to profit. No care of health secures to the poor a piece of garden ground,—no wish to improve introduces the slightest beauty. It is a mere speculation. The landlord gets his rent—he is satisfied. It is no concern of his that the tenant pines in this dull waste of ugliness; fever may decimate the inhabitants of this huddled mass of building—he has done his duty—he has covered his ground.

Who can tell how much of the crime among the lower orders is due to the miserable associations perpetually surrounding them? Who can say how much of the sullenness of their character may be owing to the dull unfeelingness which presents itself ever to their eye, in the houses in which they live, and in the unshapen buildings with which modern utilitarianism fills our streets?

We have spoken of secular architecture; church architecture presents much greater hopefulness. The gothic churches which are rising round us in all directions, are the signs of a great improvement in the national taste; and are beautiful, indeed, when contrasted with those models of ugliness—the churches of twenty years ago. Still, how contemptible is our modern church architecture after all! How different to that of the olden time!

Where will you find, among even the best of our modern churches, that grand massiveness and solemn impressiveness which strike the most thoughtless on entering the cathedrals of Ely, Peterborough, or Manchester. It is not penuriousness that is altogether in fault, though that has something to do with it. It is rather the wrong spirit in which we build. The great purpose of all art ought to be religious, but especially is this the case with Christian art, whether in architecture

or painting. The old painters regarded their work in the light of a high and solemn duty, and took the sacrament before they dared to paint a sacred picture.

It is that religious feeling which has given almost an inspired sublimity to the works of Raffaelle and Leonardo da Vinci. The same religious spirit was working in the hearts of the men who built our old cathedrals,—

> "They dreamt not of a perishable home
> Who thus could build,"—

and it was thus they built so well. The modern architect, too often, has no such feeling,—he has no high sense of the dignity of his calling; he adds stone to stone, and brick to brick, with no other wish than to obtain human applause, and the result is a building, full of ornament and prettiness, but which conveys no more religious impression than a theatre or a court-house.

We trust the day will come when our architects will work in a less worldly spirit, and when church architecture will assume her old and rightful position as a great religious instructor. There are some persons, indeed, who would deny that architecture can exercise so high a function. Art and religion are, with them, altogether hostile to each other. With the sour puritan spirit which prompted the soldiers of Cromwell to "break down the carved work" of our cathedrals, they would gladly remove all ornament and sensuous attraction from religion. In their notion beauty in architecture is the handmaid of Popery, and ugliness one of the great bulwarks of Protestantism, and true religion. All this is absurd enough. A love of art is not, indeed, religion; but religious feeling is very often the offspring of art.

The persons to whom we have alluded, can see no objection in the use of human eloquence. Why should they reject the far higher and more enduring instrumentalities of art? The splendour of religious architecture—the painted window, the vaulted roof, the up-springing arch, have all the effect of rousing man from his worldly apathy, and facilitating his aspirations towards higher things. Why, then, should we refuse to make use of such agencies? We can scarcely wonder that the earlier and more violent reformers should have rejected everything which had been in the most distant degree associated with Romanism. It was very natural for them to look upon every picture as a delusion and a snare, and to fly from every statue and sculptured form with fear and indignation. But though such sentiments were excusable in them, they would be absurd in the nineteenth century, when we have learned that beauty in art is really the expression of religious feeling, and in no way necessarily connected with superstition.

With regard to the poor, especially, is it important to invest religion with attractiveness. We charge them with neglecting the offices of religion,—yet how much of this neglect is owing to ourselves—to the splendid ugliness of our churches—the present wretched pew system—the absence of all suitable accommodation for the humbler classes? If our churches were thrown open, free and without distinction to all,—if their chilling repulsiveness were exchanged for the warmth and richness of architectural beauty, we should soon, doubtless, see them crowded by the poor.

It is a common mistake, even among those who admit the moral influences of art, to suppose that its province is confined to architecture, painting and sculpture, in their highest forms. Yet, it is possible to make the most worthless material the exponent of moral perfection, and to improve the taste and give pleasure to the eye, even in the commonest things. Our chairs and our tables, and the most familiar articles of domestic convenience, might all be made embodiments of beauty in design or colour, instead of being the ugly things they are now. There is no reason why our carpets, and the papers on our walls, should be of their present conventional patterns—ever recurring leaves and flowers, unlike to anything of nature's handicraft, and "blazoned in the wrong colours," whose true ugliness must have been made tolerably clear to anyone who has been prostrated by illness, and compelled for hours to hold communion with, and seek amusement from, bad art. This inferiority of design and neglect of ornamentation run through the whole range of our fabrics.

There is, perhaps, nothing so disappointing as a visit to an English manufactory. We witness the greatest mechanical skill—the utmost nicety of machinery—wheels working within wheels with the most delicate precision—mind and matter both concentrated on one object—and when we ask to view the result, we find that all this immense amount of genius and care has been wasted in producing damasks and velvets, which, though exquisite in material, are of patterns of which any boy on the lowest form of a school of design would be ashamed. Tastefulness, unfortunately, is the last thing considered by the English manufacturer;—education is scarcely thought necessary for so ignoble a calling as that of the designer; and the consequence is, that our English goods are commonly wanting altogether in that beauty of form and colour, which distinguishes the manufactures of continental countries. All this may not be of much moment to the rich,—they can send to the looms of France and Belgium to supply their wants

but, to the poor, cheapness is a necessity, they must buy in the English market.

If the English manufacturer had any true knowledge of the power of art, he would perceive the duty which rests upon him of giving beauty and expression to his works, and thus elevating and purifying the national taste. Doubtless, there are many who have shown a nobler sense of the dignity of their position, and by employing a more skilled and costly class of designers, have succeeded in producing goods which may bear comparison with any sent out from the looms of foreign countries.

And, here, it is right that we should pay our tribute to the admirable way in which many of the leading firms of this city have come forward to promote the proposed Exhibition in Manchester. We believe that that Exhibition is the earnest of a brighter day in art, not merely in Manchester, but throughout England. If the possessors of wealth in art, in a liberal and patriotic spirit, lend their assistance to the project, by sending the treasures which are now lying unnoticed in their country halls and town drawingrooms, the Exhibition may be made a noble school of moral instruction.

It is a high honour to Manchester that it should have been the first to leave the beaten track of mere Industrial Exhibitions, and have aspired to an Exhibition of Art in its higher forms. Some seem to think that the scheme will be unsuccessful in a pecuniary point of view. Very possibly it may. The idea is bold and novel, and courageous novelties are often failures. But that Exhibition will have done great service, and fulfilled its mission, if it lead, as we believe it will, to an increased attention to the capabilities of art, as a means of educating the people.

Many other vehicles of Art-instruction have been made available for the poor by the industry and science of modern times.

The most important of these is engraving. Scarcely known before the 15th century, and until very recent years so costly in use, as to be practically inaccessible in its results to any save the rich, engraving can now be performed so cheaply, that the poorest person may, with little inconvenience, obtain some gem to lighten the blank wall of his cottage. By this means, too, we can place instruction before the people in the shape of illustrated books.

It would be quite beyond the limits of this paper to mention the names even of the leading works of this character which are daily issued from the press. These publications have already done much good in inducing a love of reading, and in cultivating a greater refinement of feeling; and will, gradually, as the perception of the beautiful grows upon the people, become wider and more powerful in their influence.

In conclusion, we will say a few words to those who imagine that by bringing beauty before the eye of the poor, we should make them discontented with their lot in life. If, by discontent is meant a moody gloom, incapacitating them from exertion, and wasting itself in empty repinings, we think that art would create no such feeling. But if they mean a discontent which would fill the poor with a desire to rise, by healthy exertion and industry, to a higher scale in society, we agree with them that such would be the probable effect of art. It would be well if the poor could thus become discontented. The miseries of life, from which poverty cannot escape, are sufficiently numerous; but these calamities are too often aggravated and multiplied by the vicious habits and want of thought of the poor themselves. There is no cottage, however humble, which may not be made less uncomfortable by habits of order and cleanliness; no evil, however overwhelming, which may not be robbed of some of its bitterness by care and foresight. The fact is, that the great thing wanting in the minds of the poor is this healthy discontent, or, to call it by its proper name, ambition. The poor are commonly so weighed down by the thousand troubles and injuries which are daily crowding upon them, that they lose all hope of escape; and perfectly unnerved, either watch with sullen apathy the gathering of evil, or seek, in degrading debauchery, to drown the remembrance of their misery.

The beautiful in art would have the effect of rousing the poor from their stupor, and we believe that if more frequent opportunities of witnessing this beauty were given to them, we should soon find an honest ambition to rise, showing itself in the earnestness of their labour, the purity of their life, and in the altered aspect of their humble homes.

YANKEE DOODLE.—The tune of "Yankee Doodle" is said to have been composed by a Dr. Shackburgh, attached to the British army in 1775, when the troops of the northern colonies marched into Albany, preparatory to the attack on the French posts of Niagara and Frontenac. The habiliments of these recruits presented strange contrasts to the orderly appointments of the English soldiery, and the music to which they marched was as antiquated and outre as their uniforms. Shackburgh, who possessed some musical knowledge, composed a tune for the new comers, which he told them was one of the most celebrated of those in use by the army. To the great amusement of the British, the provincials accepted the gift, and "Yankee Doodle" became very popular among them. The tune was not originated with Shackburgh, as it has been traced back to the time of Charles I. in England. * * A little later we have the first appearance of that redoubtable personage "Yankee Doodle". He seems even at that early stage of his career to have shown his characteristic trait of making the most of himself.

Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Marcaroni.

A COBBLER'S NOTIONS ON CHURCH MATTERS.

Not very long after the day our foreman Jaques and I went to St. Alban's together, all Aston went on strike. It began with the mill hands and colliers; and because, I suppose, like other fevers, it was catching, the joiners and masons, and us, shoemakers, went out too. I never knew exactly the rights and wrongs betwixt masters and men, only one thing I couldn't help seeing, and that was, that it neither arises from the masters nor the men; it all comes along of a set of delegates, who go about the country stirring up strife, as the Book of Proverbs says, and to fill their own pockets, for they are always well paid for it. If I'd my way, Mr. Editor, I would have all such chaps whipped at the cart's tail, or just give 'em a little healthy exercise to stretch their legs on the tread-mill. Well, sir, it just happened at the time when the Chartists were all agait; so what with lecturers and meetings we had precious little peace at Aston; the men were all 'playing 'em,' and so for want of ought better to do, there was plenty of 'em to tell and hear of their grievances. I need hardly say that Mr. Tomkins and I didn't go on strike, although if it hadn't have been for him, I don't know but what I should have done. Those lecturer chaps had got it all down in black and white, and such strings of figures, that if the masters hadn't put out an answer, you would think they were all right. It shows what a set of silly dupes the hands were, when they actually went out at the beginning of winter, when coals and candles and winter clothing had to be got; when the warehouses were full of manufactured goods, and when the raw material was up in the market. There may have been faults on both sides;—for my part, I think that if the masters had done as Mr. Jones did—had set up schools and found places at church, where their hands might learn their duty to God and man, we shouldn't have heard anything of strikes. But the truth is, in days gone by, they only considered how much cotton they could produce, and what profit to sell it at; and they didn't care to think whether their hands had souls or not. I mind very well our vicar telling Mr. Tomkins and me, that when he asked one of the biggest mill masters in the place for something for the schools where most of his hands went to, he replied: "Stop, sir. I pay my workpeople their wages, and that is all I've got to do with them." Well, sir, but didn't Mr. Austin just pitch it into him. He wrote and printed an address to all the masters, telling 'em what responsibility rests with those who bring a great population together by building their big mills, and how God doesn't give 'em wealth for nothing. He had it all down in black and white, too, like the delegate chaps. He just showed up one spot nicely, where, from a few hundreds, there got to be as many thousands living, all along of some mills being set up there, and yet the church was just the same as when H—— was a little village,—no bigger at all, or rather it had grown less,—for the rich folks had bought up all the pews for themselves. Our vicar went to preach there for the Curates' Aid Society, so he just plumped out his mind on the subject. One of the masters took offence, and passed the box; whilst another put in a handful of gold, and afterwards thanked him for his sermon. So the strike went on. Mr. Jones's hands, they say, were all for starting work long before; but the rest of the hands threatened 'em, so that they durst not. To make a long story short, matters grew so bad,—what with all the talk about equalisation of property and the people's charter, that we'd a regular riot. Windows were smashed —houses almost pulled down; one mill was regularly set fire to. The worst of all these delegates was a socialist chap, who came lecturing against church endowments and the like. He said that all the churches and colleges were kept up by the people's money; that the bishops were fattening on incomes of twenty, thirty, and forty thousand pounds a year. He told you how in France at the first revolution they had turned all the reverend and right reverend drones out of the hive, and that if they were true Britons they'd do the same. From that he got on to worse, and made out that all revealed religion was mere priestcraft, that miracles were all the work of jugglers and the like—such a pack of lies as I'd never heard before. Well, sir, he was a fine got-up smart chap, with a rare pair of whiskers and a good suit of black on him, a gold watch and chain, and a ring on his finger. He was just looking about with an air of triumph and challenging any of them to answer him,—when who should jump up in the middle of the room just in his working dress as he was, but Mr. Tomkins! At the sight of him the lecturer looks, as I thought, something like Goliath when he disdained David.

"How long will you give me to answer you?" shouts Tomkins.

"All day," says the lecturer, "and all night too."

"Will you give half an hour?" says Tomkins.

On the lecturer consenting, after pulling out his repeater, as if to show how particular he was about time, up jumps Tomkins. "On to the platform—the platform!" says the crowd. No sooner said than done. Little Tomkins is hoisted over the heads and shoulders of the people to the place occupied by the lecturer. I can't call to mind all he said, but he just took up the delegate on all his points as he put 'em forward

"My friends," says he, "I shall take this gentleman's mis-statements in the order he has put 'em forward. 1st, As to the endowments of the church and the incomes of the bishops and clergy; 2nd, As to the example your lecturer holds up in the French revolution; 3rd, As to revealed religion."

To say that I was astonished at Mr. Tomkins, does n't come half up to the mark. I was amazed. First he showed how the churches and colleges were built and endowed by the big lords, landowners, and by the sovereign, out of their own lands and money, and just not out of the pockets of the people at all; by the voluntary principle, says he; and here he gave a sly look at the dissenters. "*So much,*" *says he,* "*for your lecturer's facts.*" He then went on to show from a paper he happened to have in his pocket, that the incomes of the archbishops and bishops were not a quarter of what had been said; that if all the incomes of the clergy were put in a lump and shared equally, it would n't bring in £300 a year to each; that the tithes were most of 'em in the hands of laymen; and that when church-rates and tithes had to be paid, both landlords and tenants got their estates and rents so much lower because they had to be paid. "*So much,*" *says he,* "*for your lecturer's figures.*" He then started with the French Revolution, and let 'em know a bit of his mind about mob-law. He asked 'em what they thought of a set of people who could give up a weekly day of rest, and just to spite Christianity divide the year into decades (I think that was the word), of ten days instead of weeks, and who were besotted enough to tie the Holy Bible to the tail of an ass, and worship a harlot as the goddess of reason. He then let out about the age of terror, and how they 'd like to have a guillotine set up. "*So much,*" *says he,* "*for your lecturer's notions on liberty and equality.*" Just as he was beginning his third point, revealed religion—"Time 's up," shouted the delegate. "Go on, Tomkins," cries the audience; "Well done, Cobbler;" "Pitch it into him, shoe-leather;" "Wax him well," and such like. "Will you give me another quarter of an hour," says Tomkins. "I sha' n't have time for the reply," says the delegate. "You spoke for an hour and a quarter," says Tomkins. "You agreed for half an hour," says the delegate. "You promised him all day, and all night, too," shouts I from the bottom of the room. "You did, you did," shout some of the people. "Cobbler, shut your taty trap," say others." "Put him down." "Who pays the delegate," shouted I. "Who pays the parsons," shouted he. "Where's thy gold watch come from," say others. "It 's easier talking than working." "Tell Tomkins to hold his tongue," says one fellow, who was a leader of the strike; "he 's no working-man's friend. He 's paid by the parsons." "It 's a lie," says I. Here a scene followed which defies description. The whole room was in an uproar. Some cheered the delegate; some cheered Tomkins; some shouted one thing, and some another. When the confusion was over, it was agreed on that Tomkins should have his quarter of an hour. "I'm not prepared," says he, "with much argument to prove the truth of Christianity, just because I never had a doubt of it in my life; but I am prepared to show that it makes us all wiser, better, and happier, just according as we live up to it." He then asked the lecturer to show any wise maxim or any good thing that any of his boasted philosophers had ever written or said that was n't to be found better and plainer said in the Bible. He then asked him to show any likelier account of the creation of the world than Moses' account. Putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a little book which he had just got from St. Alban's Lending Library before the meeting, and he showed from numbers of heathen writers whose names were in the book, that all such things as the lecturer made out to be contrary to reason—such as sacrifices, the fall of man, the deluge, the existence of Satan, and the like, were all believed in by the very heathen. He then asked him how such an agreement could be without an original Revelation. He then said that a miracle was no more wonderful than what took place every year, in spring and summer, when the flowers and seeds are springing up, and that God can, if He pleases, alter His own laws. He then showed that the persecutions and strifes of Christians, of which the lecturer had made so much, were simply in opposition to the spirit of Christianity, and he concluded by saying, "My friends, if we are wrong, we are at least as well off as our opponents; but if we are right, we have happiness here and hereafter." The delegate got up to reply, but he was very impatiently listened to, because he couldn't refute Tomkins's facts and figures. What he said against the Bible lost weight, because Tomkins betrayed him into a confession that he had never fairly read it through. A meeting was appointed for the following week, but when the day came, he was no where to be found. A letter appeared in the newspaper to say that he was called away on business of importance. How the strike ended, and what part the vicar took, and what Mr. Jaques said and did, I will tell, with your leave, Mr. Editor, another time.

Over Indulgence.—Like too much sugar, only spoils what it was meant to sweeten.

OUR VILLAGE.

No. IV.

I THINK, after all, taking, perhaps, a narrow-minded view of things, that honesty is the best policy. My worthy friend, the editor of this periodical, than whom there is not a more amiable or conscientious individual (he cannot bear a hard thought even against such an unprincipled defaulter as I am after this), was good enough to inform those who have the good or evil fortune, as the case may be, to be my readers, or rather who *ought* to have been my readers last month, that my manuscript came too late for insertion. It did come late, *very* late. The fact is, you see how artfully I am insinuating the small end of an excuse,—the summer assizes were on at the time when "copy" should have been in the printer's hands; and a very interesting criminal case from Our Village—of which all in good time—was to be tried, in which I (unfortunately for my peace of mind, purse, and temper) was an important witness. So you see I am not so much to blame after all.

Upon my return to Our Village, I found the new schools progressing rapidly towards completion, and their architect, Mr. Vaughan, Sir Vaughan Balcaraign no longer, in a corresponding state of elevation at the success of his handiwork and the picturesque effect of his designs. He had had some trouble, as he told me, with the contractor to get him to carry out some of his fancies (for Vaughan's plans were dreadfully and unprofessionally original), but that he had managed to overcome his scruples by sundry draughts upon the credulity of his worthy brick-and-mortar coadjutor—drawn, certainly not at *sight*, upon numerous foreign cities which he had visited. So nearly was the work completed, that my friend Mr. Watford, honorary secretary of the undertaking, called a meeting of the executive committee, in order that the works might be inspected. There was not, of course, the least necessity for a meeting. The same penny note to each member which called the meeting would have given us due notice, and we could all have met somewhere on the road and gone all together. But my very excellent friend is a pattern of regularity, and will never take a step in anything unless it be properly "moved and seconded." So he called a meeting, as I have said, at which two members attended. He moved one into the chair at one end of a very long table, and sate himself at the other, with his books and papers, taking minutes of the proceedings, all of which he moved himself,—and it is needless to say, carried unanimously. So it was ordered,—1st. That the members of the executive committee of the Winkstead Schools do inspect the works and buildings of the said schools, and report thereon; 2nd. That Tuesday the 9th day of September be the day appointed for such inspection. Then, a vote of thanks being moved, by Mr. Watford of course, to the chairman for his impartial conduct in the chair, the meeting terminated, and was duly chronicled in the county papers.

Winkstead was a hamlet connected with Our Village, and had a little church and a large curate of its own. I must introduce the latter to my readers without further delay. "Reader, the Reverend Cymon Goodfellow: Mr Goodfellow, the Reader." There, now, you are on speaking terms;—this mysterious right, so sacred in the eyes of true Britons, having been duly performed. The Reverend Cymon stands six feet one in his stockings, and his arms and legs are long for his height. He is a great scorner of conventionalities of all sorts; you cannot match his hat or his boots in all England. A broad whiskerless face, with a pair of merry sparkling blue eyes, appears from beneath the undulating brim of the former article of costume. The trammels of the shirt collar he indignantly rejects, and his open throat is displayed free of stock or other incumbrances,—a silk handkerchief only (supposed by some early friends to have been once of a blueish colour), indicates the line of demarcation between his head and his shoulders. His coat is very long in the skirts, very short in the sleeves, and cut in a fashion unknown at present to regular practitioners in the tailoring business. His inseparable companion is his umbrella, which he grasps not in walking-stick fashion, but shoulders like a club. In material, it is of stout cotton, in colour it resembles a tea-leaf that has borne a second water, and in size, when folded, is a degree or so less than a Crimean bell tent, to which its stick or pole causes it to bear a strong family likeness. Something more like the head of a boiled turkey petrified than anything else I know, ornaments one extremity; and a formidable brass prong arms the other. To see him stalking through *Our Village*, shouldering this implement, or resigning it for a moment to trundle the wheelbarrow of some over-weighted small boy, or to help some weary old dame with her bundle, is a sight worth notice. Such is his exterior; if his person were as well decorated as his mind the most fastidious critic would have nothing to find fault with. He is a gentleman and a scholar, in work, thought, and deed. He is not rich in silver and gold, but he possesses a mine of kindliness and rough honest worth that never fails. He is a good Christian, too, or I am mistaken. He is crotchetty and eccentric even in the discharge of his high and holy duties, but such matters are to his real moral worth, what his grotesque coat and umbrella are to his exterior. Know him for a week, and both will become transparent, and the good heart and mind will shine through. The casket which contained this rough diamond is a small old-fashioned farmhouse, half of which, that is to say, a kitchen with a tiled floor and a little cosy bed chamber, owned him lord. Mr. Cymon Goodfellow was, of course, as the clergyman of the district in which the schoolhouse was to be built, a member of the executive committee. Mr. de Grigguet, Mr. Ballance, the banker, Mr. Dale, Mr. Watford, Mr. Stumpup, and your humble servant, formed that grave and deliberate assembly. The mansion of Mr. de Grigguet was honoured about this time by a noble guest—a young earl, who, according to his own account of himself, was "going in for schools and all that sort of thing you know." He was a florid youth, with high cheek bones, and a very wide mouth constantly on the broad grin. He had a slow, deliberate way of saying ordinary things, which made them appear irresistably funny, and was constantly on the watch for fun. Mr. de Grigguet was excessively proud of his guest, whose title he revered, and never lost an opportunity of mentioning, albeit its noble possessor would address him as "old cock," and smoke black clay pipes in his picture gallery. Having introduced his lordship, the Earl of *Ballycrackercranium*, with all pomp to all of us, including Vaughan, when we met to proceed to the school building—what was his horror when Mr. Goodfellow, after a preliminary flourish with his umbrella, shouted out,—

"I tell you what it is, you fellows, you shall come and dine with me afterwards, and we'll talk over what we've seen quietly. You must take what you can get, you know; but the air of the hills will be good sauce I can tell you."

The first person to accept unconditionally was the peer—he scented fun; from tip to toe the eccentric curate was a mine of enjoyment to him; he prowled around him wonderingly, as strange dogs examine suspicious interlopers. He put an end to his pompous entertainers apologues and expostulations by telling him to "shut up, like a good old buck." Mr. Ballance could not decline accompanying him for sundry good financial reasons. Poor Mr. Ballance! he was of a penitential and dyspeptic

appearance, and sighed when he thought of the dinner in store for him at the little farm-house, under the auspices of the huge curate.

Well, the schools were duly inspected, everybody praised the design, but had some improvement of their own to suggest by way of perfecting it. Of course, such proposed amendments were diametrically opposite,—one would have built the front and yard higher if he had had anything to do with it. Another remarked that the only fault was, that the building was too high for its width. Mr. de Grigguet would certainly—yes, yes—have put put in another window—yes; but Mr. Stumpup, my statistical friend, proved most distinctly, by indisputable data, that it had already two squares and seven-eighths more glass than fifteen-twentieths of other schools of the same linular dimensions. Poor Mr. Ballance was thinking of his dinner, and said nothing; but Lord Ballycrackeranium vowed they were "stunning" and would not a kennel built in the same style look "out and out." Mr. Watford saw nothing to object to but the arrangement of having only one tap and jack for drinking water for the two schools, not because it was not sufficient for supply and accommodation, but because it seemed to favour the noxious principles of centralisation, of which he was a determined opponent. Vaughan heard all those remarks with great good humour, and when all was said and done, Mr. Goodfellow proposed that we should all walk up to the top of the next hill, and see how the building looked from the distance. When we were there, and were preparing to retrace our steps, he told us that he had sent the carriages on to a point in the road, where lay a short cut to his house. It might have been a short cut by the road, but the way by the fields which led to it, was anything but one. Over hill and down dale did we tramp through a woody country, following our gaunt guide, who waved on all stragglers with unrelenting umbrella. The young lord was charmed with the Reverend Cymon. Vaughan and I enjoyed the walk immensely, but Ballance and de Grigguet did not appreciate it, unaccustomed as they were to such exercise, and smiled a sickly smile when their tormentor pointed out some beautiful prospect, or when Ballycrackeranium told them to "stir their stumps." Mr. Stumpup was the first to lose his temper, and to declare that he had been made to walk already three-quarters of a mile all but two yards and a fraction of an inch, more than statistics showed that a man should walk in a day to preserve his health; and Mr. Watford moved that the party do stop and take into consideration the best way of getting on, as an implied vote of want of confidence in their leader. It was a lovely walk—there was a bright sun and a fresh breeze—the birds sang and the flowers bloomed, and the ripe harvest waved in golden billows along the hill side. At last we came to the short cut, and found our vehicles; and when we arrived at the little farm house, even poor Mr. Ballance could not deny that the air on the hills was excellent sauce.

Upon entering the curate's sanctum, poor Mr. de Grigguet groaned. There was the beer barrel in one corner, and a pile of books and papers put out of the way in another. There was the red-tiled floor, brilliantly bare, save where a deal table, covered with a snowy cloth, stood, laid in bitter mockery for the guests. Why, oh why, did he make us hungry, and then bring us to this inhospitable—this barbarous place, thought more than one of his guests. We were told to run up stairs and wash our hands, while he made the salad. "Run up stairs!" Easier said than done. Mr. de Grigguet being short, knocked his hat; and Mr. Watford being tall, knocked his head against the roof at the first step. The young lord was the first up, and the first down. He tucked up his sleeves, and helped to dry the fresh green lettuce with a will. He decanted the wine, drew the beer, and made de Grigguet help the old lady who lived in the other side of the farm-house—and who cooked the dinner—to carry in the potatoes. "Your not ornamental you know, old boy," he told that gentleman, to his great disgust. "Make yourself useful for once in your life." Then came the dinner. The trout had only been caught in time to be fried,—the mutton was one degree, and that a small one—removed from venison,—the vegetables were of a quality and flavour unknown to the dwellers in cities,—the bread was made of wheat, and the beer brewed from hops—incredible as such facts may appear in the present day. Then the apricot tart and the cream—such cream! (Ballycrackeranium proposed the health of the cow afterwards). Such an omelette! (made by Goodfellow himself); such cheese! and finally such fruit;—peaches and nectaries, gifts, tokens of friendship and good will, as all his luxuries were, from his parishioners to the honest curate. Before the meat was off the table, *Mr. Ballance* forgot his indigestion; *De Grigguet* forgot his pomposity; *Stumpup* forgot his statistics. Each and all forgot everything but the air on the hills, the goodness of the viands, and the genial welcome of the host. It *was* a merry evening—merry and wise. The young lord had a knack of drawing out everybody; he was more on the broad grin than ever. He told some stories, and sang some songs that convulsed even De Grigguet; and then Vaughan, with his sweet thrilling voice, sang strange wild ditties that brought tears into most eyes. The Reverend Cymon and his noble guest got on famously. The peer was anything but a fool, and saw that he had a superior mind to deal with, in time to profit by his visit in more than one way. "He's an out-and-out clever fellow," he said, upon the way home. "I wonder what he'd take for his umbrella?"

RAMBLING NOTES ON THE EARLY DAYS OF ENGLAND.

No. V.

(Continued from page 108.)

We have come to be so familiar with the sight of books in these days, that people very commonly measure the amount of learning which a person possesses by the number of volumes which he has in his library; and it is thought that learning must necessarily have been very small in those early days of our forefathers, when books were so few for want of printing.

But after all, books were not nearly so rare as is often supposed—I shall mention some particulars presently which will shew this—and it is to be considered that it is the use made of books which gives them their value. A great deal of the literature of the present day is of the "Run and Read" sort; and after the running and reading there comes another thing, I imagine, as a natural consequence—and that is, forgetting. And though there certainly are a great many volumes which you may as well run, read, and forget, as sit down, read carefully, and remember; yet it is plain, that one whose books require the latter process, though they are few, is likely to be a far better informed man than the other, though he may be running and reading hundreds of volumes every year of his life.

And again, people are too apt to forget how very much repetition there is in our modern literature. I think it was a joke of Rabelais, even in his day, that he was collecting together all the good things that had been said only once; and he could not with the greatest diligence manage to make up even a small pocket volume. Now out of the many books in circulation at this day, if we were to cut away all the pages from each one that were to be found in another, our libraries would gradually dwindle down to a very much smaller compass; and

multitudes of our authors would utterly vanish away, leaving nothing but empty covers.

These are a kind of elementary truths which must be allowed their fullest weight in making a comparison between the literature of our forefathers before the days of printing, and our own, now that the press is an engine of such universal use and power. And though, with such fair comparison, our own age will still hold the far more exalted position of the two in point of learning; yet we shall find that the literature of ancient England is far from contemptible.

It is a wide subject. I cannot pretend to go into it with any detail in these rambling papers, but I may be allowed to detain the reader a few minutes, perhaps, with some general remarks respecting it.

1. Then I notice, that old English literature, this very old kind, labours under the great disadvantage of being in a language which is neither so unlike our own as to require retranslation, as Latin or Greek, nor yet so like it as to be understood without considerable previous study. It is genuine English, and yet it is not to be understood by the modern Englishman, because he speaks a tongue which is made up of many others beside English. Whether we ought to say that our language has been enriched or that it has been adulterated by this admixture, is not the question before us, which stands thus:—that about half the words of the old language have passed out of use, and with the remaining half we have mixed up about an equal proportion of words not to be found in that old English. And it is another fact, moreover, that this old language was so long thought barbarous and not worth the trouble of studying, that we are only within these last few years beginning really to understand it, and to read rightly the English books that were written before the days of Spenser and Shakespeare.

But this more enlightened research into the yet remaining stores of ancient English literature shews us that there is an originality and a certain solidity about it which closely identifies it with the constructive character of the ages in which it was written. Rugged and unmeaning as much of it seems—I am speaking chiefly of the poetry—not a little of it turns out on better acquaintance to be of that simple, unaffected, and yet thoughtful character which is so very observable in our thoroughly English Wordsworth.

2. Nor must it be forgotten that at large portion of this ancient writing has been remoulded in the works of later authors, and that it has passed out of sight in a measure, because of its reproduction in a more modern and certainly improved dress. An acquaintance with our stores of ancient English MSS. has shown that Spenser in his "Faery Queen," Shakespeare and Ben Jonson in their plays, and Milton in his "Paradise Lost," drew largely upon the writings of those who had preceded them. And this discovery, while it cannot be said to diminish the merit of these authors—for Virgil wrote after the model of Homer, and Homer is thought to have used ballads of still more ancient date—has the effect of raising our respect for Early England, by shewing us that, according to its day, the intellectuality of that period was by no means below the average standard of succeeding times.

I should like, before passing away from the subject of books, to give you some particulars as to the manner and cost of their production in England before the days of printing.

It must be remembered that paper making is a comparatively modern trade in England, and that paper itself, in its present form, was not invented until about two centuries before the discovery of the art of printing. From its first invention, until about the end of the seventeenth century, all the white paper used in England was obtained from abroad, chiefly from France; and I imagine there were few paper makers in this country until the French revolution had so increased the price of foreign paper that our native inventors were stimulated to attempt its regular manufacture at home. This, I mention by the way, to show that while cheap home-made paper is *quite* a modern thing, paper itself was unknown to the bookmakers of early England.

All the early literature that I have been speaking of was, therefore, written by the hand upon skins of parchment, and, as you will suppose, the material was as proportionately expensive as the cost of production, when compared with our own books. Then, again, as the mere cost of the parchment and the slow process of writing the whole of every copy of a book that was wanted, made books in their simplest form very expensive, so they were often made still more so by the manner in which they were—as a publisher would say—"got up" by those who brought them out. An early English book is sometimes one of the most beautiful works of art that the eye can rest on. The writing itself, mostly in what we call a printed character, not in a running hand, is done with the most exquisite exactness, so that the accuracy of the general appearance is fully equal to that of the best printed page. And then the margin of each page is splendidly ornamented with coloured designs of loveliest foliage; which not unfrequently encloses within its branches little gems of insects and birds, brilliant, and almost as fresh as nature itself. It was on the same pages also that our forefathers painted those elaborate miniature pictures, which, as I mentioned in an early part of these articles, have been so useful to us as a source of information for the costume and habits of the day in which the books were written. Now, even the gold itself that remains upon these highly-decorated pages is often of considerable value; but much more the artist's skill, by which so much beauty and splendour was produced; and, therefore, these illuminations, as they are called, greatly enhanced the price of the book which they adorned; which was often, again, still further increased by the magnificence of its binding.

Let us follow an early English book through its process of manufacture; and we will take the book best known to those ages as to our own—the Holy Bible.

1. Then, the skins of parchment had to be bought, an expensive article at all times. From account books that have come down to us, it appears that common parchment might be purchased in the 14th century at a rate equal to 2s. 4d. a skin, reckoning the price in our modern money. But the best vellum, which was mostly used for the Holy Bible, cost as much as 8s. 8d. a skin. Now, as we all know, even a closely-printed Bible covers a great many pages, and those pages contain many sheets of paper. In writing, more space still was covered, and about 233 skins of parchment were required for the volume of Holy Scripture. At the lower price of the common parchment, this would come to £27. 3s. 8d.; at the higher price to £42. 14s. And this enormous sum was the cost of the material alone on which the Bible was to be written, before a single stroke of the pen had been put upon it. Suppose we take the mean of these two sums, and call £35 the price of the parchment which we are going to use. Then comes the writing.

2. Now, if any one of us were set down to write out a copy of the whole Bible, we should think it a tremendous task; and especially if we had to write it (not in running hand, which might not be very easy for others to read, but) in some such a style as that which lawyers call engrossing, as clear and plain as a printed book. Reckoning its quantity as copyists calculate their work for the lawyers, it contains about 10,000 "folios,"—that is, the whole Bible contains about 900,000 words, and a Chancery folio contains 90. And from the same accounts that I mentioned before, we find that the pay-

ment for transcribing was at the rate of about 6d. a folio, which would make the cost of copying out the whole book about £250,—a sum, you may depend upon it, you would not think too large if you had to do the work in question. So that we have here £275 as the cost of the Bible, written out on skins of parchment and unbound. If we reckon the binding of four thick volumes (which this would about be) at £5, this makes £280 for the lowest price in money of our day, for a large sized Holy Bible.

3. But, in reality, the Holy Bible was seldom written out thus plainly. There is one complete, remaining in the library of Durham Cathedral; and it contains many beautiful pictures of Scripture subjects worked up into the first letters of each chapter. The cost of these must of course have varied according to the time and skill bestowed upon them. And so also the binding could be of plain wood and leather, or richly ornamented with clasps and bosses of precious metal—sometimes even with jewels let into the bosses; and at others, with richly carved ivory covers, of which several may be seen in the British Museum room of English antiquities. Putting all these things together, £500 of our modern money does not, after all, seem so very unreasonable a price to be paid for a new folio bible fit for church use in the days of which we are speaking, and such a price was not uncommon. And though circumstances might often arise, through which libraries would be sold at much less than their original cost, yet I do not think there is any record of a bible complete being sold for a less sum than would now amount to £200: the four Gospels costing about a twelfth of that sum, and other parts of the Bible in proportion. And yet, with all this cost, it is surprising to find how exceedingly well every book of the Holy Bible was known to the writers of those days. Commentaries without number were written upon it. It was as commonly referred to as now, in most of the books of the period; and in some collections of private letters that are still existing, written in the 11th and 12th centuries, correct quotations from it are to be found, to an extent quite wonderful. The same thing may be observed with respect to our forefathers' knowledge of the classical writers—eight or ten different and rare authors being sometimes quoted in a single page. And all this illustrates what I said before,—that the learning of a people does not depend upon the abundance of their books, but on the use which they make of them. Study in those days was a work of toil, and therefore what was acquired was not lightly forgotten or set aside. It is truly wonderful to see what they did with the means at their disposal. For there are actually many works extant of even greater bulk than the Holy Bible,—works originally written, and copied time after time, by those hard-working students, authors, and transcribers, of 600 and 800 years ago.

Our statistics respecting the vast quantity of books thus produced are not founded in conjecture or on uncertain data. In our public libraries and private, there are yet existing many thousands of these MS. books,—perhaps I may make the matter still plainer if I say many tons weight of them; and a great number of books written in England are also to be found in foreign libraries. It is also on record, that at the dissolution of the monasteries the libraries were some of them destroyed by fire; and yet so many books remained, that ship-loads of them were taken across the seas and used for the most unworthy purposes in Holland and other countries. "Covetousness was at that time" (says Bale, a protestant writer enough, anno 1540), "so busie about private commodity, that public wealth in that most necessary, and of respect, was not anywhere regarded. A number of them which purchased those superstitious mansions, reserved of those library books, some to serve their [illegible], some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocers, and sope-sellers, and some they sent over sea to the bookbinders, not in small number, but at times whole ships full.....I know a merchantman (which shall at this time be nameless) that bought the contents of two noble libraries for fourty shillings a-piece, a shame it is to be spoken. This stuffe hath he occupied instead of grey paper, by the space of more than these ten years, and yet he hath store for as many years to come." And the old historian, Fuller, also bears his testimony to the same effect, adding that the costly and curious covers of the books were very often the cause of their destruction, by offering temptation to the greedy wretches who seized them. "Yea," he says, "many an ancient manuscript Bible was cut to pieces, to cover filthy pamphlets," of which there was certainly an abundance, and of filthiness enough in that age. Even now, it often happens that when the binding of some old Puritan writer has become loose at the back, we find the folios glued on to a piece of vellum which has formed part of such a book as I have been describing, and in one or two cases portions of most valuable and otherwise unknown books have thus been discovered.

(To be continued.)

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

6th..St Faith. A native of Agens, in France. Though of great beauty, she despised the allurements of the world, and dedicated herself to Christ. After suffering greatly from persecution, she was decapitated A.D. 290.

7th..St. Remigius. For seventy years Archbishop of Rheims. Upon baptising Clovis, King of the Franks, on his conversion from idolatry, he admonished him thus:—"Adore what thou hast hitherto despised, and despise what thou hast hitherto adored." He died A.D. 533.

9th..St. Denis (or Dionysius), the Patron of France; he being supposed to have been the first who planted the cross there. He died A.D. 271.

13th..Translation of St. Edward the King and Confessor. Exclusively an English festival, instituted on the removal of his remains by King Henry III. to a new shrine in Westminster Abbey, he himself having founded the abbey Died A.D. 1096.

17th..St. Etheldreda. Daughter of an English monarch, and distinguished for her piety. She founded the abbey, now the Cathedral of Ely, and the present building is dedicated in her honour.

18th..St. Luke the Evangelist. An able scholar, physician, and painter. He accompanied St. Paul when sent as prisoner from Jerusalem to Rome, and there wrote the Acts of the Apostles as a supplement to his Gospel. He attended St. Paul until his martyrdom, but whether he himself suffered is uncertain.

25th..St. Crispin. With his brother Crispinian went from Rome as missionaries to France, where they resided at Soissons, and worked as shoemakers for their support. Their preaching was crowned with great success; but, at length, they were seized by the authorities, and after patiently enduring great torments, were decapitated in the beginning of the fourth century.

28th..SS. Simon (Zelotes) and Jude (called also Thaddeus), Apostles. They were brothers, and were nearly related to St. James the Less. Both are believed to have been martyred, but in what manner is uncertain; but the former, it is generally thought, by being sawn asunder, and the latter by being beaten to death with a club.

"FAMILY RELIGION."

"If any man . . . hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters . . . he cannot be my disciple." ST. LUKE, xiv. 26.

Most of our readers are aware that an attempt is being made in Manchester to bring back into practice the almost forgotten theory of the Church of England as the Poor Man's Church,—of our churches as houses of prayer *for the people*. Four years ago the plan of a new church* was first put forward, the whole area of which should be open and unappropriated, so that every man, rich or poor, well clad or ill clad, clean or otherwise (although we do not believe that any would come dirty to a *church*, however they may go to a mere school-room), might enter and take his place wheresoever he liked—not only without interference, from beadle or pew opener, but also with the full *consciousness* of entire freedom, independence, and equality before God with all his fellow worshippers. Astounding, indeed, was such a proposition to some pew-holding respectabilities in the metropolis of cotton! Prognostications of failure were general. Nor were there wanting the still less charitable imputations of Tractarianism and the like, from that class of miscalled Evangelicals, who seem to place the essence of religion in being stirringly preached to in a purchased and self-satisfied privacy. Many were the difficulties and discouragements which the promoters had to encounter. But perseverance and hard work seem at length likely to have their way. The excellent and respected Dean of Manchester, Dr. Bowers, warmly espoused the plan, and preached in the Cathedral Church, last Advent Sunday, an able discourse, whose plain speaking and yet extreme moderation of views have produced the best effect. Nor must the personal kindness of the Lord Bishop of Manchester, in giving his sanction to the plan, and in smoothing over some difficulties which came in the way, be passed over without sincere acknowledgments. A valuable site of land was given by the Earl of Derby. The plans of the new church have been prepared by an architect of the highest reputation (Mr. J. S. Crowther), and have been approved by "the authorities." The Societies' grants have been awarded; and although the amount received falls considerably short of what is needed to complete the building and for endowment, the committee have determined to proceed to erect the chancel end, and as much more as they can get funds for,—in full faith that churchmen in Manchester and elsewhere will not permit so great and good a work to languish or fail. Nor has the seed already sown been unproductive. Two other churches, to the building and endowment funds of which one family (that of Birley) have largely contributed, are already planned upon the same principle of entire freedom from paid-for and appropriated seats; and there is good reason to hope, from the strong and general feeling that has grown up in Manchester in favour of open churches, that no church upon any other plan will henceforward be proposed for erection in Manchester, under colour, at least, of providing church accommodation for the poor.

Whilst upon this subject, we have to notice an article in the *Church of England Quarterly Review*, upon the Dean of Manchester's excellent sermon on Open Churches. Our contemporary represents, we believe, the so-called "Evangelical" school in the church,—indulging occasionally, as in duty bound, in a vehement outburst of rabid Protestantism. Whilst, therefore, the writer of the article in question pays a merited tribute to the dean's sermon, and quotes with approval some of the plain truths told in it, we could hardly expect his very decided support to the anti-pew movement. Upon this subject, the writer gravely puts forward the following extraordinary statement:—

"We may talk as much as we please about the equality of all before God, and the propriety of enforcing this in God's house, but unless an English family can have a place which belongs to them, unless they have places for their books, cushions to sit on, and hassocks to kneel on, they will not go to church at all."

This remarkable sentence, it will be observed, alleges a fact and asserts a principle. We make bold to say that neither the fact nor the principle are worth the paper they are written upon. The *fact* is plainly nothing more than a gratuitous assumption of the writer. It *may* be true that religious persons will never consent to sit in a church, unpartitioned from their fellow-Christians, although such used to be the custom in England, and is still the practice throughout Christendom. But certainly past experience does not show it to be true. Neither the writer's own belief that *he* will never be induced to pray except in "a place that belongs to him," nor the belief of any number of his friends who may have solemnly assured him that *they* will never waive their sacred rights to "cushions" and "hassocks," can be held to substantiate this supposed "fact." The circumstance that, in the present pewed churches, persons belonging to the middle and higher classes will not (more's the shame!) generally worship God except as occupants of their own pews, merely *proves*,—(1) Their desire to be upon an equality with others of their class; or, (2) their dislike to be supposed to belong to "the poor" who sit in "free seats"; or, (3) their honourable desire to do their part in paying the minister. But in a church such as, according to our idea a church should be, "the rich and poor meet together, the Lord *is* the maker of them all" (Prov. xxii, 2); and no person, in whatever grade, could object upon any such grounds to worship regularly in an open church. He would be precisely on an apparent equality with his friends and acquaintances, and indeed with the wealthiest of the congregation; and by putting down his name for what he could afford as an annual subscriber to the endowment fund, and by giving at the regular offertory, he would contribute his full quota to the minister's stipend and other church expenses.

Suppose, further, that *all the seats* were comfortably fitted up with decent cushions and kneeling mats. Suppose that (as is usual) the seats were so uniform in appearance that even a regular pew-holder would have been compelled to count the seats as he walked up the aisle, in order to make sure of getting into his own "pew." Suppose, also, the church to be tolerably filled, without being over-crowded. Grant us these three very reasonable suppositions, and we assert, without fear of contradiction, that there never could arise the slightest crowding, inconvenience, or unpleasantness from making all the seats equally open and unappropriated, and allowing people to take their places as in a concert-room, as they enter, or prefer to sit. Assuredly, there could not be a tithe of the squabbling and injustice, and not any of that sordid and disgraceful trafficking, which often attend the present system. For, every one who chose to come *early enough* would, *of necessity, get the seat which he liked best*. If he preferred the seat he sat in the Sunday before, it would be there for him to take. The earliness of his attendance would doubtless be proportioned to the strength of his organ of "locality." If his family were very large, he might want, as at present, room equal to two pews. If he preferred the two pews to be together, he would go a minute or two earlier and secure them. If a family were small, it would the more easily find a place. To appropriate, as at present frequently happens, a large pew to a small family, is a sheer perversion of God's good gifts, and a denial to many of the means of grace. Indeed, in the "family-pew" argument, as usually put forward

* At Cheetwood, in Manchester.

against "open churches," there is this manifest injustice and absurdity. Our "common Protestantism," it is argued, is a family religion. It requires that each family should worship together. But it secures this privilege only to a tenth, or a twentieth, of the families in the district. What, then, becomes of the family religion of the residue? Is it less important to the poor than to the rich, that "they should have their children around them" and "under their eye?" The present system of free seats almost precludes this. In open churches, every family that cared, or all those members of it for whom it might be expedient to sit or kneel together, might, as we have seen, make sure of doing so. Under the pew-system, the morbid exclusiveness of some two or three dozen families, and these often non-resident, or mere sermon-hunting, or nominal church people, is consulted, at the expense of the "family religion" of all the rest of the population. Is not such an argument as this a mischievous fallacy?

But what shall we say of the *principle*, to which we have alluded, as being involved in the Reviewer's statement? Stripped of its disguises, the principle is simply this: that *all* who do not *now* occupy pews of their own —including the poor, who avail themselves of the mean and precarious "accommodation" now made for them in churches,—in a word, that nine-tenths of the whole nation are, in *all* matters connected with the national church, to *be treated* as *non-existent*. A principle more fatal than this to all real Christianity cannot be conceived. Yet upon this principle only can the private appropriation of pews in either parish or district churches be supported. For, it would clearly be no argument against open and unappropriated churches, that a small proportion of English families "will not go to church at all" except they can have a place that belongs to them. It would be no sufficient argument if even a *large* proportion of such families were thus unhappily minded. For you may not rob even a minority of their *rights*, in order to suit the *feelings* or *convenience* of the majority. But the Reviewer's proposition is plainly a universal proposition. What he says in effect is this: "*All* English families —that is, all the families whom we and our readers have to take into account,—will not go to church except they have a proprietary partition for themselves, their cushions, and hymn-books. There may, indeed, be other families, twenty to one in number as compared to the families having pews of their own. These families being poor, may be especially dear to their Lord and Saviour, who of such a family came Himself in the flesh. 'Theirs,' He may have said, 'is the kingdom of God.' (St. Luke, vi., 20). He may have declared it to be the special object of His mission, that *they* should have the Gospel preached to them.' (St. Matt. xi., 5). It is true, also, that St. James (ii., 1, 10) especially condemns those of us who have despised the poor and their families, and show that we despise them by providing worse accommodation in churches for them than for ourselves. All this we, devout upholders of Scripture truth, evangelical members of the Church of England, conductors of an 'anti-tractarian' journal, deem ourselves bound to admit and yet entirely disregard." * Are such sentiments as these legitimate? And yet all this the Reviewer's words logically imply, and his reasoning necessarily involves.

So far as argument goes, the publications of the Revs. E. Stuart, and J. H. Molyneux (Shilbury), the *London Guardian*, the *American Church Review*, and the Manchester Churchmen who have zealously taken up this question, leave the advocates of inclosed churches not a leg to stand upon, save the merest predilection of individual habit and selfish exclusiveness. The pew-system, therefore, like negro slavery, or any other world-sanctioned abomination, must now be left to the gradual drippings of Scripture truth and Christian charity to wear it away. Whilst upon this subject, we feel bound to protest against the support given to the pew-system by the "Incorporated Society for Building Churches." The recent letter of their secretary, the Rev. T. Bowdler, in the London *Guardian*, justifying the maintenance of class distinctions in churches, was only worthy of a Boston Unitarian, whose self complacency has been disturbed by contact with a coloured fellow-mortal. But, for a Church Society—a society which professes to provide church accommodation for the people—to adopt regulations interfering with the earnest desire now growing up amongst churchmen, to restore to the people their place in the church, by providing churches entirely open;—for such a society to set itself against the only plan, perhaps, by which all future appropriation of open churches can be prevented—namely, by substituting moveable chairs for pews,—such a course of proceeding appears to us so inconsistent with the society's professed object, that we cannot believe it will be persisted in. Ours may be a "still small voice," but we venture to hint to the managers of that society, that unless they at once and for ever abandon the miserable "routine" implied in these obstructions to the "open-church" movement, the withdrawal of the Queen's letter,—which, indeed, so anti-popular and anti-national a course of proceeding on their part would fully warrant,—will have been a slight blow to it compared to that which it is likely to sustain at the hands of the public, and of its subscribers generally. To require those who build pew churches *for the rich*, to secure a certain space for the "poorer inhabitants," may be right enough; but to require churchmen building a church with its whole area, for ever unappropriated and free to all, whether rich or poor, to set apart so much of that area exclusively for the "rich," seems to us the height of fatuity. Such a restriction, it is clear, can never have been contemplated in the regulations adopted by the Incorporated Society in restraint of powed churches; and it seems just as absurd as if the railway department of the Board of Trade, in carrying out the parliamentary requirement of "a penny a mile trains," were to peremptorily forbid any trains to carry people for a half-penny.

We trust that Mr. Bowdler's assurance on this point will relieve us from the duty, as an humble organ of the open church movement, of returning to this subject. On one point we think, all must agree, that it would be better to have no centralized church building organization at all, and for clergy and laity to devote their energies to diocesan or local action, than that the whole force of a powerful society, with its petrified officialism, should be exerted for the bolstering up of a theory so corrupt, a practice so pernicious, as that of the English and American pew system.

THE NECESSITY OF RECREATION. — Games, gaities, sports, spectacles, there will be, as long as men have limbs, or eyes, or ears. The development here is as natural as it is in the arts. You might as well talk of extirpating music and painting, as of driving the common amusements out of the world. Now, there are abuses of these things. What are we to say of the abuses? "Let them crush down and destroy the things themselves"—do we say? But they cannot. Then let them be cut off. There is really nothing else to be done. Elevate, refine, purify the public amusements. Let religion recognise and restrain them.

* Mr. Dilkens puts precisely the same principle or idea, in its application to waste affairs, in a very similar form, as follows,—the words in parenthesis being, of course, our own:—"It was agreed that the country"—(church), "another word for the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings" (pew-holders), "wanted preserving, but how it came to want preserving was not so clear. It was only clear that the question was all about Barnacles and Stiltstalkings" (pew-holders), "*because there was nobody else but me.*"—*Little Dorrit.*

"TRACTARIANS."

We hear, at length, a plain statement of the principles of this new sect "everywhere spoken against." The Rev. James Skinner, senior curate of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, has done yet another good service to the church by making the world-wide circulation of the *Times* the means of refuting the silly fictions of the anti-church party. His letter of the 18th September, 1856, must, we think, strike with remorse every so-called Evangelical whose sense of "the beauty of holiness" is not wholly obscured by the cold shade of shut-up churches, once-a-month communions, and a damaged and lifeless ritual. Mr. Skinner points out the necessary element of all efficacious church reform, an abandonment of the "money care," which lies at the root of so many clerical arrangements; the necessity for more bishops actually superintending spiritual work, and the restoration of church property to church purposes, not by a central commission, but by a board for each diocese. He proceeds:—

But the remedy to which I look most hopefully must be tried on the new churches which are springing up every day. These churches are the significant tokens of present events, which faithful men departed could not supply. They are signs at once of a necessity which exceeded the calculations of our forefathers, and of a "gladness to give," of which the example set in their day is followed now. They are witnesses, moreover, that the church of England is set upon redeeming the children she has lost by a too long neglect and a too blind adherence to her shortcomings and sins. These churches are the field in which most of the fresh life of the English church is developing itself. They are also the field in which most of the future clergy of England will work and die. They form, therefore, a most prominent part in this discussion which you have raised. Now I am persuaded, by experiment, that the only sure policy for clergy and people, determined at every hazard to do the church's work and to benefit souls, is as follows:

First—To make the whole area of every new church free and unappropriated for ever; to abolish pews, and all the exclusive rights and unchristian distinctions which pews involve; to make the house of God what God has made His church—a home free to all, in which the differences between man and man are sunk in their common oneness with Him—all, save those which are invisible, and known to Him alone. * * * *

Secondly—To make every new church available for worship to its fullest capacity. It is a sheer waste of means to build a church for a population of some thousands at the cost (say) of £7,000 or £8,000, and then to set down a single clergyman to serve it, with two or three cold services on a Sunday, and closed doors all the week. And, therefore, on economical as well as spiritual principles, a church should be used to the very utmost. If the object of building a church be the encouragement of religious earnestness, that religious earnestness ought not to be cramped within the narrow compass of one clergyman's powers, or the meagre allowance of once-a-week worship. I would have services at all hours for all classes; and a church wherein those who wish it may pray without distraction should never be closed at all.

Holy communions early and late, morning prayers early and late, litanies by themselves, sermons short and to the purpose by themselves or otherwise; afternoon prayers, with or without sermons or with catechising, or with public baptisms; evening prayers, evening litanies, evening sermons; in a word, I would have services going on all day, at all sorts of hours, for all sorts of people, so that not one careless, godless man or woman in the district but they should stand without excuse. * * * *

Thirdly—To attach to every new church a sufficient staff of working men. It is an utter mistake to set one or even two down to deal with 8,000 or 10,000 souls, and to supply the church services which such a multitude ought to demand. And the institutions over and above which ought to grow up, and would grow up, around every well-administered church—the schools of all kinds for all classes, adult and young, the dispensaries, the orphanages, the nursing-women for the sick, the burial-guilds for the dead,—how could they all be directed and controlled by one or two unaided men? And therefore your whole complex work, in church, out of church, spiritual, pastoral, educational, eleemosynary, cannot be done at all if it is not done by several acting under the authority of one. Four or five men labouring together devotedly, in one church thoroughly used, will do more for true religion in the densest population in one year, than five churches with two men each, and two Sunday-services, will accomplish in ten.

Lastly—To make every new church self-supporting, through the very power of that religion which it dispenses. And here is the safeguard against a starving clergy. The maintenance of the clergy has only failed in England because it has been disjoined from religious worship. The moment you invented the contract system of pews, and sold worship at a price, while contemporaneously you discarded the divine suggestion of the offertory, and superseded all free gifts as an act in God's service, then you reduced religion to a mere commercial level, and your clergy became liable to all the vicissitudes which govern commercial men. Those who were "popular" thrived; those who had no such luck were ruined. The abomination of pew-rents and fees for ordinances, and shilling payments for a seat, enriched the few at a fearful cost to the many, and to the deep disgrace of our national church.

Now, my plan is to restore the maintenance of the church to that original dignity to which we owe all our endowments—to let it rest upon the piety of her members. I am not romancing. I am speaking with more than five years' experience of what I am advising; and I contend that by leaving people to follow the inspiration of God's good spirit in the matter of giving money, just as they must be left to follow it in the exercise of prayer, and faith, and love, and holiness, you will sooner solve the difficulty of church endowments and churchrates than all the mere statesmen of the world, whom it will perplex to the end of time.

With multiplied services, all hearty and real, with a devoted band of good men labouring, in singleness of heart, for the salvation of souls, with opportunities of giving to God precisely commensurate with the opportunities of praying to God, no church in Christian England, I will venture my life upon it, will fail for want of funds.

On this principle of frequent services, short and warm—say seven or eight on Sundays, and fifteen or twenty through the week—I reckon that at least two thousand persons will worship once in seven days in any church built for eight hundred. I reckon that of those two thousand, five hundred will give to God, as an act of service, two shillings a-week; five hundred more, one shilling; five hundred more, sixpence; and the remaining five hundred, one penny. And this I reckon on a scale low enough for an average which shall allow for many (I believe they will not be many in the long run) who will give nothing; and thus I have at once a yearly revenue of (in round numbers) £4,500. And if, at the four Ember sessions, I ask for an extra shilling, on the average, from half the whole body, to eke out the Clergy Maintenance Fund, I have £200 a-year more. So that I really have—say £5000 a-year, without a single obnoxious impost—a pure free-will offering to God—to maintain the fabric of His house—to preserve the efficiency of His worship—to support the lives and credit of His ministers—to furnish the relief of His poor—to afford comfort to His sick—as befits the honour and glory of His name. And of all this revenue I would have a careful and business-like management, vested in the churchwardens appointed by the minister (the church being free) and in two communicants chosen by the communicants themselves,

with a clearly-drawn balance-sheet, to be published every year, for the inspection and criticism of all concerned.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. F. T." "W. N. St. L." and St. Ann's Church received with thanks.

Unusual pressure of matter compels us to postpone our notices of several pamphlets, which have been kindly sent us.

The Rev. Canon Beckett's object could be better attained by the insertion of his letter in some of the daily papers. We have sent it to the Manchester *Courier*.

ERRATA.—Our readers are requested to make the following corrections in one article on the Episcopal Church of Scotland:—For "1612," read "1610." For "diocesan and general Episcopal synods," read "diocesan, general, and Episcopal synods." For "One Episcopal," read "An Episcopal."

Miscellanies.

OVERCOME.—The greater the difficulty, the more glory is there in surmounting it. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL OF MORALS.—"The brilliant Macaulay, who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that good means, good to eat, good to wear, material commodity; that the glory of modern philosophy is its direction on "fruit," to yield economical inventions; and that its merit is to avoid ideas and avoid morals. He thinks it the distinctive merit of the Baconian philosophy, in its triumph over the old Platonic, its disentangling the intellect from theories of the all fair and all good, and pinning it down to the making a better sick chair and a better wine-whey for an invalid; this is not ironically, but in good faith;—that "solid advantage," as he called it, meaning always sensual benefit, is the only good. The eminent benefit of astronomy is the better navigation it creates to enable the fruit-ships to bring home their lemons and wine to the London grocer. It was a curious result in which the civilization and religion of England for a thousand years ends in denying morals, and reducing the intellect to a saucepan. The critic hides his scepticism under the English cant of practical. To convince the reason, to touch the conscience, is romantic pretension. The fine arts fall to the ground. Beauty, except as luxuriant commodity, does not exist."—*Emerson's English Traits.*

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.—"Our churches, with their lofty aisles, seem intimately connected with devout ideas. I love this splendid homage, made by man to that which promises him neither rewards nor punishments, save by the feeling it inspires. I grow proud of my kind, as I recognise something so disinterested. The magnificence of religion cannot be too much increased. I love this prodigality of terrestrial gifts to another world; offerings from time to eternity; sufficient for the morrow are the cares required by human economy. Oh! how I love what would be useless waste, were life nothing better than a career of toil for despicable gain! If this earth be but our road to heaven, what can we do better than so elevate our souls, that they feel the Infinite, the Invisible, the Eternal, in the midst of the limits that surround them. Jesus permitted a weak and perhaps, a repentant woman, to steep his head in precious balms, saying to those who bade her turn them to more profitable use, 'Why trouble ye the woman? the poor ye have always with ye, but me ye have not always.'"—*De Staël.*

TO TAKE INK STAINS OUT OF LINEN.—There are various chemicals capable of extracting ink stains from linen, but the most simple and convenient when the stain is comparatively fresh, is the juice of lemons applied to the spot, then washed out with warm water.

THE MONTH.

Dr. Tait, the Dean of Carlisle, is to be the new Bishop of London; and the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Longley, is to go to Durham. Our excellent contemporary, the *Clerical Journal*, speaks of Dr. Tait in the following very flattering terms. "His scholarship will do honour to the mitre, and his literary tastes and habits will secure that proper mixture of learning and working, which has hitherto been the pride and glory of the Church of England. Above all, we believe that all his principles and habits will afford a guarantee that under his superintendence the diocese of London will be administered so as to carry out the plans and extend the sound views of his venerated predecessor." The very unusual appointment of one not already consecrated to the episcopal office to the metropolitan see, has led to a hope that the see of London is to be divided, and that the ancient Abbey of Westminster will become the seat of a new diocese. We much hope that it may be so, and that St. Saviour's, Southwark, will follow. Work might well be found for Bishops of London, Westminster, and Southwark.

Churchmen are now awaiting the infliction of the sentence of deprivation on Archdeacon Denison. All parties, save that represented by the *Record*, seem agreed as to the injustice of the whole affair; and we have no doubt that the Primate and the Bishops will be overwhelmed with remonstrances and petitions. We understand that some minds are much shaken by the decision. For ourselves, we cannot see why. At the most, it amounts to an individual opinion on the *individual* expressions of one divine. It would seem that severity is only to be used in one direction. Archdeacon Denison is to be deprived for what is called high doctrine on the Holy Communion, whilst Mr. M'Naught, of Liverpool, may, with impunity, deny the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Is this *evangelical* justice?

We have received a copy of the correspondence between Mr. Wilson, the Vicar of Islington, and Mr. Mackereth, the large-hearted Churchman, who proposes, at his own expense, to build and endow a church and schools in that large and destitute parish. There is something quite amusing, if it were not too painful, in the coolness with which the vicar asks Mr. Mackereth to put the church under the same patronage as the other churches in Islington. Why Mr. Mackereth's object is, as he says, to have daily service; and this he cannot get in all the ten churches of the parish put together. But Mr. Wilson is afraid of another St. Barnabas. Well he may. If he will only read Mr. Skinner's letter, he would see that such a movement as that contemplated by Mr. Mackereth would soon knock up the old traditions of his party, closed churches, highly-rented pews, and the like. Alas that men's zeal for their party should so outweigh their zeal for souls, that because he cannot have everything his own way, Mr. Wilson will have no church at all.

The *Times*, in one of its only too frequently reckless articles, denounces the clerical as the idlest of all professions. We very much wish that the proprietors of that unscrupulous journal would send a member of their establishment as a deputation from Printing House Square to Manchester. We rather think that a visit to such districts as St. George's and Holy Trinity, Hulme, and St. Andrew's, Ancoats, would send him home a wiser and a better man. If hours spent in visiting the sick, in catechising schools, in parochial matters of all kinds, day by day, be idleness, we do not know what work is.

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This unexpected success has rendered it necessary to build a schoolroom, and a house for the mistress, as the only room which the Bishop could hire has become too small for the numbers attending. A valuable site has been given by a member of the Church, and local contributions to a considerable amount have been raised. But, owing to the present high price of labour, and of all building materials, the lowest tender for the buildings considerably exceeds the amount of contributions, and the grant from the committee of Council.

Under these circumstances the Bishop trusts that he may stand excused for seeking support and encouragement from his friends in England, and from the friends of Education in Scotland. Being not insensible to what Chalmers called "the power of smalls," he will gratefully accept *any* offerings from those who may feel sufficient interest in the object of this appeal, and will do him the honour to communicate with him at Hedgefield House Inverness.

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HOLY SCRIPTURE AND ITS INTERPRETATION.

St. Paul, in his Epistle to Timothy, said that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Tim., iii. 16, 17.) St. Peter also informs us, in his Second Epistle, "that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (2 Peter, i., 20, 21.) The great object of the Scriptures then is—

1, To teach us doctrine;
2, To reprove and correct us both in faith and morals;
3, To instruct us in the way of righteousness;
4, To inform us beforehand, dimly indeed, of things to come.

It is, therefore, our great duty as Christians to study the Holy Scriptures, "which are able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Jesus Christ;" out of which we are to obtain the knowledge of the truth that has been revealed, and by which we are to shape our daily life,—and further, to make ourselves acquainted, as well as we are able, "according to the proportion of faith" which is in us, with those great events which are destined hereafter to take place on the earth. Now, while the above statement is strictly true, it is nevertheless to be observed that no Scripture is of any private interpretation. It is not lawful for man to put upon any text of Scripture his own interpretation without the guidance of the church, otherwise he will surely err. The Church of Christ, which was "built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone," is the infallible interpreter of the Holy Scriptures, of which, as our church informs us in her 20th article, she is its "witness and keeper." St. Paul describes the church as being the "pillar and ground of the truth" (1 Tim., iii. 15); and he directs that all the baptised should take heed to "obey from the heart that form of doctrine" which they had received, and to "keep the ordinances" and "traditions" they had been taught, whether by word or by his Epistle, and to hold fast "the faithful word as they had been taught." So that, nothing is so erroneous as the idea that each man may believe what he thinks is true, and what he conceives he has gathered out of the Sacred Scriptures.

We have observed how that it is the duty of all to study the Sacred Scriptures, with due submission to the authority of the Catholic Church. Let us now proceed to consider what may be the *rules* of interpretation, by which we may be able to comprehend what is therein written. We know that all the great heretics of ancient and modern times profess to derive the doctrines they have taught from the Holy Bible. The disputes between the Roman and Anglican Churches, and between the two great parties which divide the Church of England, are carried on by references to the Sacred Text. Now, it must be evident even to the dullest comprehension, that Holy Scripture cannot *in reality* prove the truth of all the contradictory and blasphemous doctrines that are now taught to a credulous world. As there is but one God, one Church, one Baptism, one Bread, so there can be but one Truth, one Canon of Faith. There cannot be two Truths, and two Canons of Faith; and Holy Scripture, the work of the Holy Ghost, cannot possibly teach contradictions. What, then, is the reason for this most extraordinary state of things? Why should there be such a diversity of opinion on some of the great doctrines of revelation,—as, for instance, the Atonement, the Incarnation, the Divinity of Christ, Baptism and the Eucharist. If we compare the Sacred Text (always excepting the Prophecies) with any ordinary book, we find that the Scriptures are written much in the

same style as other books; with the same clearness of expression, and with the same definiteness of purpose, though with a difference of object. When men peruse a sermon, a treatise, a history, &c, or some abstruse work on science or philosophy, they very seldom differ in their interpretation of the said book, though they may not always agree with the conclusions of the author. Why, then, should they differ as to the meaning of this or that statement in Holy Scripture,—supposing always that it is clearly expressed? It is admitted by all that the Bible was written for our learning, and it follows, that if such be the case, it must have been the intention of its Divine Author to make Himself understood even to the dullest capacity. How, then, can we account for this difficulty in ascertaining its true meaning? Surely, it must arise in the first place from *unbelief*. Men—even the best of men—are slow to believe in mysteries. They cannot comprehend why God should descend on earth, and perform wonderful things for man's benefit. The majority do, indeed, accept the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, Atonement, &c.; but how few believe that Christ is *still Man;* and how very few really confess His Real Presence "under the form of Bread and Wine." All this arises from unbelief, not exactly amounting to infidelity, but from the spirit of infidelity which is inherent in the natural man. Such being the case, and in order to get rid of the inconvenient statements of Scripture, men have invented a system of what is called Figurative Interpretation, by means of which the plainly-expressed doctrines of the Gospel are explained away in such a manner, as exactly to suit the natural unbelieving heart of man. There are then in the church two great schools of interpreters—namely, the Literal and the Figurative: the former declaring that Scripture, like all other books, is to be interpreted literally—that is, according to the exact meaning and value of each word; the latter maintaining that, as the greater part of the Scriptures is written in a highly poetical strain, its truth represented by symbols, &c., the words are not to be understood according to their literal meaning, but, what they call, figuratively. Now, it is evident that the *extremes* of both these parties are erroneous; for, as no ordinary work of past and present times could bear either of these *extreme* modes of interpretation, so neither can the Holy Scriptures, which were written in the style of the age their authors lived in, for our learning, and are to be understood with the same ease as other books are. When we read profane authors, we have no difficulty in ascertaining their meaning, easily discriminating between what is literal and what is figurative; why, therefore, should we find such overwhelming difficulty in tracing the truths revealed to us in the plain language of the Bible? Hooker has thus well expressed his views concerning Scripture interpretation: "I hold it for a most infallible rule in expositions of Sacred Scripture, that when a literal construction will stand, the farthest from the letter is commonly the worst. There is nothing more dangerous than this licentious and deluding act, which changeth the meaning of words, as alchymy doth or would do the substance of metals, making of any thing what it listeth, and bringeth in the end all truth to nothing."—Pol., Book V., ch. lix., 2.

Now, it appears to us that the reason men do not discriminate between Figure and Substance, Letter and Spirit, is, because they do not consider the phraseology employed by the Holy Ghost in the several parts of Holy Scripture. The Sacred Writings may be divided—if I may so speak—into three distinct classes of Literature—namely, History and Narrative,—Discourses, Conversations, Psalms, Proverbs, &c.—and, lastly, Prophecy. We shall find that each of these classes has a distinct phraseology or mode of expression, peculiar to itself.

I.—History and narrative are written in language perfectly free from all adornment by poetical illustration, simile, or symbolical representation. The History of the Creation, the Fall, the Flood, the Call of Abraham, the History of the Israelites; the Narrative of the Life, Passion, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of Our Lord: the account of the institution of the Passover, the rites and ceremonies of the elder dispensation, and the account of the institution of the Lord's Supper, Holy Baptism, &c., are to be taken in a plain literal sense according to the exact meaning of each word, and the ordinary rules of grammar.

II.—The next class of Sacred Literature is what may be called, Discourse, Conversation, and Devotion. Here we generally find that truth is explained by means of allegories or parables, poetical illustration, and simile. The parables of the Sower, the Tares, the Mustard Seed, the Leaven, the Hidden Treasure, the Unjust Steward, the Rich Man and Lazarus, the Prodigal Son, the Ten Virgins, are examples, of great truths being taught the people by means of allegories or stories. The Psalms, and the Canticles or Song of Solomon, are full of the most beautiful poetry, and the Book of Job abounds with similes of infinite variety. Now, when we take up any ordinary book of fiction, any allegory, or story book, have we any difficulty in comprehending the object of such book, and of the truth it was intended to communicate?

III.—The third great class of Biblical literature is prophecy. The language employed by

the prophets is generally symbolical, the object of their prophecy being represented by various things in nature. For example:—A lamb symbolises our Saviour; a mountain, the Church of God; a beast, a king; a woman, a city; stars, angels or bishops; and candlesticks represent churches. These are sufficient to illustrate the language of prophecy. We may, therefore, conclude that in Scripture all that part which is historical and narrative is to be understood literally; and while the two other great classes of sacred literature are written in a symbolical and allegorical style, highly ornamented by poetical imagery and illustration, yet even here all that is *narrative* is to be literally interpreted. When the Lord said while discoursing, "I am the good shepherd," "I am the door," and "I am the true vine,"—His hearers would perceive that He was speaking figuratively; that He did not mean them to understand that He was a literal door hanging on hinges, that He was a literal shepherd watching His flock with a crook in His hand, and that He was a literal vine actually growing in a vineyard,—but that He was, in the usual poetical language of the east, explaining how that He was their Guide, their Way, and their Life. The merest child can comprehend this. But when He said, "This is my Body," was He then speaking figuratively? Certainly not, because He was neither preaching nor discoursing, but performing a solemn religious ceremony, in which a figurative, allegorical, or a symbolical mode of speaking would have been out of place. Therefore, in the *narrative* of the institution of the Lord's Supper, when Christ said, not in the way of discourse or conversation, "Take, eat, this is my Body," "this is my Blood," He was performing a strictly religious and solemn ceremony, and consequently every word must be taken literally. It is true in prayer that many persons do in their ardour make use of figurative and poetical modes of expression; but in the sacred solemnities of the priestly office, and in the performance of its functions, there is no room for figurative or symbolical modes of speaking and acting. Everything here is real and literal: so that, when our Lord said, "This is my Body," he meant very differently when, on another occasion, while *addressing* the people — He said, "I am the door," or "I am the true vine." This distinction is obvious, and it is a sin of fearful die to confound these expressions; and because our Lord in his preaching and familiar conversations spake in parables and by figures, to make Him do likewise while He was performing solemn religious rites.

We must, therefore, be careful, while reading the Sacred Scriptures, to distinguish the language peculiar to the three several classes of sacred literature, and then we shall find no difficulty in understanding what is written for our learning and admonition. Then, indeed, will the Scriptures be "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" then, indeed, we shall grow in wisdom and become wise unto salvation.

C. L.

A YEAR OF WONDERS.

A sad year was the year 1661 to the democratical Puritans. Circumstances had all combined together in their favour for many a long year; and then, when they least looked for it, came the turn of the tide, sweeping back with a power invisible but yet irresistible all the cherished novelties and fanaticisms which they fancied had become established on a firm footing for ever. The Puritan temper had its idiosyncracies, its personal peculiarities, as well as all other tempers; and in this time of their disaster it vented itself in different ways as different men gave it voice; though all varieties of shape bore unmistakable marks of originating in the same mould. Perhaps the most common feeling among the falling men was one of sullen despair, a conviction that their cause was entirely and hopelessly lost; and that all resistance to the nation's returning common sense would be utterly useless. When men arrive at such a condition of gloomy despondency, after a season of unnatural exhilaration and success, it is not uncommon for them to imagine the world is all going to rack and ruin; and that their own fall only precedes that of the stars. Let the world around them be as prosperous as it will, they will tell you it cannot last, that storm always follows sunshine, and that the brighter the day, the more terrific and boisterous will be the coming night. Thus it was that one of the chief topics of Puritan conversation at the return of the king was the fearful judgment awaiting the land on account of that event. Dire prognostications of evil abounded, all pointing to the vengeance of heaven on king, church, bishops, and every one except themselves.

The heading of this paper also represents a small portion of the title of a curious collection in which such superstitious provisions abound. We say a small portion, for, as our readers are probably aware, these Puritan titles are sometimes extended to the most extraordinary length. The longest we can recollect at this moment of writing is that of a pamphlet by Colonel Lilburne, afterwards one of Cromwell's choice

associates, but then, as he styles himself, a "prerogative prisoner in the Tower of London." The first words of it are "The people's prerogative and privileges asserted and vindicated (against all tyranny whatsoever) by law and reason," but the remainder would go far to filling one of our columns.* The title of the "Mirabilis Annus" is not quite so long as this, though it is much extended by some portentous quotations. We give it without these latter.

ΕΝΙΑΥΤΟΣ ΤΕΡΑΣΤΙΟΣ
MIRABILIS ANNUS,
OR
The year of Prodigies and Wonders,
being a faithful and impartial collection of several signs that have been seen in the heavens, in the earth, and in the waters; together with many remarkable Accidents and Judgments befalling divers Persons, according as they have been testified by very credible hands; all which happened within the space of one year last past, and are now made publick for a seasonable warning to the People of these three Kingdoms spedily to repent and turn to the Lord, whose hand is lifted up against us.

Printed in the year 1661.

In the preface to this collection of prodigies, the author (whose name is not given) makes a solemn protestation "before God, angels, and men, that we have not feigned any one of the particulars here inserted, not so much as a circumstance relating to any of them, but have faithfully and impartially published them as they were communicated to us from credible persons," &c., &c.; so that there can be no doubt they were set before the world *bona fide*, credited by the original sight-seers, the narrator, and, as the case probably was, by a large proportion of those who read of these wonders. The preface also puts it plainly enough that these prodigies, while they foretold all manner of judgments upon the king and the Church of England, predicted that "end drawing nigh" which would bring comfort and consolation to the thwarted party. We shall not venture to transfer to our pages the scriptural illustrations which the author gives in proof of this belief, but go on at once to lay before our readers some of the prodigies themselves.

The first recorded, happened to "several persons who were reaping wheat in a field about a quarter of a mile from Hertford, near six of the clock in the evening, August 1, 1660." It turns out to be simply a "parhelion," or mock sun; a phenomenon now well explained by the laws of refraction, but to the eyes of the puritan observers portending some great visitation on account of the re-establishment of the monarchy. What the next could prognosticate,—a ship in the air at Stratford Bow, testified to by "an able minister living not far from the place,"—it is difficult to tell; but about the meaning of a "rainbow of a blood-red colour," seen just before sun-rising, no reasonably superstitious person could have a doubt. Of celestial phenomena there is abundance, and one does not much wonder at the Aurora Borealis, or an unusually large meteor, causing some feelings of awe in an age when they were not accounted for on any natural grounds. But there is something amusingly ludicrous in the way which the observers have of turning them all against the poor Royalists. The city of London was especially the subject of such visitation; doubtless, because the king had been received by the citizens with open arms. A fiery dart was seen hanging directly over the obnoxious city on the 11th of October; on the 12th, a besom of destruction figured in the same terrible element, passing with a swift motion from west to east; on the 30th, "two persons of credit who live near Pickardilla, going over the field by the Pall Mall, heard a noise in the air, as if a pound of gunpowder had been fired," streams of fire being visible at the same time, in proportion to the magnitude of the sound. Herein let us admire the exactness of ear and computative power which could define sixteen ounces as the quantity of gunpowder whose explosive detonation was simulated by the "noise in the air." Similar appearances are recorded at various places also in the country; and if we compare dates, it will be found that these prodigies were supposed to attend the trial and execution of the regicides. Major-General Harrison having suffered at Newgate, with others, on October 13th; Hugh Peters, at Charing Cross, on the 16th; Scroop, Jones, and some others, at the same place, on the day following. On the latter evening was seen at Shanley, in Hertfordshire, "the appearance of five naked men, exceeding bright and glorious, moving very swiftly; and after a little time a great hill intercepted the sight of them." "Not long after this—viz., the same day when the quarters of the several executed persons were set up upon the gates of the city,—there appeared at noon-day a bright star over Aldgate, for two or three hours together, and continued so for four or five days; of this, many hundreds in the city, passing that way, together with the adjacent inhabitants, were daily spectators during the time

* The date itself is a curiosity which our readers may like to see as a sample of the rest:—"London, Printed in the yeare, when some of the mercinary Officers and Souldiers of *Sir Thomas Fairfaxes* army, that were pretendedly raised for to fight for the Liberties and Freedomes of *England*, avowedly drew their swords at the House of Commons doore, to destroy those that really stood for their Laws and Liberties. 1647."

before specified." "Also, at Bishopsgate, there appeared seven pillars of smoke (one whereof was bigger than the rest), ascending from the seven quarters, which were first set up upon the gate; they reached up towards heaven, as high as the beholders could well discern." One feels disposed to ask, what cunning arts were used to produce these appearances (if such there were, and there seems little reason to doubt it); and whether the "bigger" pillar of smoke ascended from the quarters of Hugh Peters. But Colonel Jones was honoured by a double marvel. He had an estate in Merionethshire, and on the evening of his execution, one of his tenants there saw a crab-tree in a field, or close of the colonel's, covered all over with blossoms (October 17th), and cut off a bough, to certify the fact to his family, and divers of his neighbours. This seems to be a sort of parody on the alleged miracle of the Glastonbury thorn, which was reported to blossom every year at Christmas.

The parliament which had done so much towards re-establishing the monarchy and church, had a holiday of two months, beginning on September 30th and ending on November 6th, 1660. Of course they had made themselves not very acceptable to the prodigy-seekers by what they had done; and as they had found it necessary to except the actual regicides from the act of amnesty, were considered to be thirsting for blood. Accordingly, on the night previous to their meeting, there appeared (our authority records) a fiery bright cloud, and under it two stars as big as the moon; and "to their apprehensions they did with great violence contend each with other; and after they had contested awhile on [one] of the stars by degrees grew dimmer and lesser, and the other brighter and larger, till at length one of them totally disappeared, the other continued in their sight at least two hours, a great part of which time they saw streaming from it as they conceived successively streams of fire and blood, and, to use their own words, the blood streamed from it as if it had been poured out of a payl or bucket." As the star gradually diminished to the size of an ordinary star on the men arriving near their journey's end, perhaps it is pardonable to suppose that they saw their wonders double. But on the morning following a great star of divers colours was seen by several persons in Spitalfields; and as one of the colours was blue, it was of course likened to the flaming of brimstone. Houndsditch and Stoke Newington each had their own "bright particular star" on two several nights in the early part of December; but they and all others were clearly outdone by the definite character of the celestial phantasmagoria which Yorkshire was enabled to boast of, and concerning the meaning of which there could be no mistake. It was "certified by a letter from a very good hand in Yorkshire, that six sober [happily for the vision this word is in the original] discreet persons, being very early upon the road, saw a fiery apparition in the air, wherein they discerned two or three steeples and several cathedrals, some burning, others rent and torn irreparably, others subverted, with the pinnacles downwards, and by one of the pinnacles stood an angel with a flaming sword." On December 8th also there was seen on "Bramma More, in Yorkshire, the form of a steeple in the sky, which presently grew red, and then the heaven seemed to open, and great flashes of fire proceeded out and fired the steeple, which presently tumbled down with a long cross-hilted sword hanging at it. Also at the same time and place was seen the form of a church all on fire, which tumbled down as the other, with a long pike hanging at it."

One of the most curious kind of "prodigies," as coming nearer to the mark of true prognostications than any other, is the appearance of fire at various times and under some variety of form, in one quarter or another of the great metropolis. There are, we believe, not a few such alleged previsions of the great fire of London; but we are not aware of any so unmistakeably in print before the event took place, as those contained in this strange Puritan pamphlet of 1661. "About the 14th of January last, betwixt two and three of the clock in the morning, there appeared a very great light over the city of London; some persons of credit dwelling in Paternoster Row, being up upon some occasion so early that morning, went forth and saw, as they have since related, directly over Paul's, a sheet of fire mingled with blood, the spectators themselves acquainted some of us therewith." A little later in the month, some "discreet persons, at Hogsden, near London" (Hoxton?) saw a very great light towards the south-west; "some of the spectators thought that some part of the city of Westminster had been on fire. After they had for a little space of time viewed this fiery light, they plainly observed to come out of it a large white streak in the form of a sword, pointed towards the north-west." "An inhabitant in the Tower, much about the same time.....saw a very great fire in the air, directly over the White Tower. He presently called forth some others to behold it, who also were eye witnesses with him thereof." And "probable reports" are alleged of several such appearances seen about the same time, near the White Tower. Considering that the Fire of London began very near to the Tower, this is at least curious. Here are others of a similar character. "About eight

of the clock at night, March 14, 1660" (this is a mistake, 1661 is meant), "some of the inhabitants of Plaistow, in the parish of Westham, near London, saw, for some hours together, a very great flame of fire over the city of London, as far as they could guess it was so great, that a very knowing person (from whom we received this information), did declare to us, that he believed he should, the next morning, have heard that half the city had been consumed by fire, but, coming to London next day, he found his fears prevented, though his admiration very much heightened." A very similar appearance was observed, from different quarters, and by different persons, in the neighbourhood of W—— H——, and the P—— H——, on March 14th, and, as Westminster Bridge is mentioned, there is no difficulty in identifying these localities as White Hall and the Parliament House, of the ancient Palace of Westminster, burnt down in our own day. "Upon the 23rd of April, 1661 (the day of His Majesty's inauguration), about the time of that dreadful storm of thunder and lightning, there was seen in the sky, at Bednal Green, near London, a great piller of fire, and there seemed to encompass it burning coals of fire." The same night also, "fiery clouds and meteors, very terrible to behold," were seen by several persons near "Pickadilla." There was also, about this time, a marvellous display in the sky about London Bridge, the description of which reads almost like one of the quaint pageants of a little earlier date, so full is it of mountains, cathedrals, oaks, crocodiles, bulls, rampant lions, bears, boars, and monsters. The upshot of it was "that several forms of perfect burning glowing coals, resembling these following figures, with intervals equally distant from each other. The first and longest whereof seemed to be fixed to the middle part of some houses or buildings near Charing Cross. The second longest, or middlemost, seemed likewise to be burning about the middle part of some houses in the Strand. The last and shortest seemed likewise to be burning, as aforesaid, upon some houses or buildings either on, or about, or between the Temple and Fleet Bridge." The first two localities probably mean Whitehall and Somerset House; of which one was the usual residence of Charles II., the other (if we are not mistaken) of his brother, when Duke of York.

A dreadful storm of wind occurred on the 8th of December, 1660. Never was such a storm known in the memory of man. "Very much hurt was done by the blowing down of chimneys and houses, but especially windmills, and the ships went to wreck; it spared not the consecrated places, many churches were sorely shaken; the great cathedral at York was damnified by it, as it was judged, at least £1,500; neither did Rippon nor Beverley Minster escape free." Perhaps the writer thought, with John Foxe, the "martyrologist," that storms were sent in special vengeance upon "consecrated places;" but whether or no, this was so thoroughly Puritan a storm, that the damage it did them is not to be wondered at; for "the *Publique Intelligencer* observes, that upon the same day the House of Peers voted the digging up of Oliver Cromwell's bones." "My Lord Mazarene" suffered so in this tempest, that he had not scarce a straw left upon straw." But then Viscount Massareene, (as Sir John Clotworthy,) had been very instrumental in bringing back the king, and that accounts, to the writer's mind, no doubt, for the damage, though he says nothing about it. The elements were, in fact, decidedly opposed to the Restoration of church and king; for when the Queen-Mother, Henrietta, came down to Whitehall to see her son, "there was a strange double tide seen at London Bridge;" and the "day before the Covenant was burned," May 21st, 1661, there was such a flood of rain, that London streets ran like rivers; and when some naughty peasants in Somersetshire, who had requested their pastor to say the Common Prayer, vented their indignation at his refusal, by trying to burn him in effigy; the fire was of so Puritan a turn of heart, that it would not scathe a hair of the man of straw; while the wind, for fear the fire should turn renegade, blew it in a contrary direction to that in which only the effigy could be consumed. Even the smallest tribes of animal life betrayed a Roundhead bias. At St. Edmundsbury, in Suffolk, September 6th, 1660, "a peck" of reddish-coloured spiders marched straight up the Broad street until they came to the house of Mr. Duncombe, a member of the late parliament (which restored the king), and since knighted, (no doubt, for special services). Knowing their man, the "company of spiders" stopped at Mr. Duncombe's door, and without asking leave, walked in forthwith; and building an enormous web between the doorposts, took up their lodging therein, "in two great parcels that hung down near to the ground." The ruthless servants burnt out the Puritan spiders with wisps of straw, and "all the use that the gentleman made of this strange accident so far as we can learn, is only this, that he believes they were sent to his house by some witches." Of course, according to the writers on Theology, he should have regarded it as a special judgment, calling him to repent of his late conduct in bringing home the king. About the same time, such multitudes of meadow-mice attacked the crops of a Mr. Spelman, in Norfolk, that they "spoiled him so much grass as used to

keep 130 fat cattle, and he feared also he should be damnified by them £300 in a field of cole-seed." We suspect Mr. Spelman was a son or nephew of Sir Henry Spelman, of Congham, in Norfolk, who wrote certain books about sacrilege, tithes, &c.; and, if that was the case, no doubt his high-church origin was the cause of his damnification by the Puritan mice.

(To be continued.)

A COBBLER'S NOTIONS ON CHURCH MATTERS.

Our Aston strike lasted a few weeks longer, and ended, as all strikes do, after a great deal of mischief, and with no good at all. As might be expected, the hands had to give in at last; for though a poor man may bear a good bit, he can't bear starvation. I've seen many a man who'd been used to a good meal of meat, turn away from his own table, without tasting wet or dry, because there wasn't enough for his hungry children; and many's the bitter curse I've heard against the masters. It just all comes all along of their not understanding one another,—I mean masters and men. I believe that if the masters had given the ten per cent. just at that time, there wouldn't have been a mill that wasn't working at a dead loss; and yet, surely if they had done a little more when times were good, to show that they really cared for their hands, and loved them as their neighbours, the hands would have believed them when they said that they couldn't afford an advance. Mr. Jones's hands went in first of all, and a deal of abuse they got, and he, too; for he stoutly refused to enter into any alliance. "Leave me," said he, "to manage my own people; and though they've got wrong a bit, they'll come right at last." To my thinking, the vicar had some hand in bringing the work-folk round, for he went about from house to house, and he never crossed a threshold without telling 'em some good.

One day me and Jaques had gone into a cottage where they were all on strike; the room was full of folk, who had come together to while away a bit of time, when who should come in but the vicar. It was just at the time when they used to send a cart round to beg provisions, and to threaten everybody who didn't relieve them. Good morning, my friends, says the vicar. Seeing so many of you together, I thought I'd come and talk to you a little. I feel very, very sorry, for you; and sorrier still that I can do nothing to help you. Then looking on the empty table, he says: "Are you willing to see your minister, if he's only got kind words for you." Here an operative stepped forward, and said: "We know our friends; and we know you, sir. Your kind words come out of a kind heart. Step in, sir, and be welcome." Here the master of the house gave the fire a poke, and put an extra bit of coal on, a sure sign of Lancashire hospitality.

What the vicar said, I can't quite call to mind; but after he had said all he could in defence of the masters—for it was always his way to speak the masters fair to the hands, just as he bespoke them kindly to the masters, he outs with his Bible and asks them if they'd a mind to hear a bit of the word of God. "Aye, surely," says most of them. Jaques was for taking up his hat, but I gave him a pinch at his arm to sit down, which he did. The passage Mr. Austin read was the second chapter of St. Peter's first Epistle, and he went on to comment on verses 17th to the end. Showing how suffering wrongs patiently makes us like to Jesus Christ, and is just what his servants are called on to do. All this he said without judging who was right and wrong among them there. When he'd done, up started a great raw-boned woman, who had been sitting with her arms a-kimbo, impatiently in a corner of the room, "Honour bright," says she; "you've told us what Peter says about poor men submitting to rich men; just tell us, now, what James says about rich men,—its in the fifth chapter.

Vicar: "To be sure I will." He reads on to the end, and then he goes on to show what a fearful condemnation will come on the rich and great if they do oppress and wrong the poor. When he'd done, most of 'em murmured their assent. All thanked him but Martha Bateson, the woman I named. "It's all very fine preaching to us," says she; "but dare you say all that to Jones and Wilkinson, and Taylor, and the rest of them masters."

Vicar: "Certainly, I dare; and if you will come to St. Albans you shall see if I don't."

Jaques: "I'll be there to hear you, sir;" "and so will I," says another; "and so will I." "And so will us all."

Vicar: "Its a bargain; and there's my hand on it. Would you come early, for all the seats are free; and its first come first served with us at St. Albans."

Well, sir, and so we all went. Every man among 'em all tidied up, and in such of their Sunday's best as wasn't pawned. I thought some of 'em, poor things, wasn't much used to church. The verger put prayer-books into their hands, which I was sorry to see one or two of 'em held upside down. The singing and chaunting seemed vastly to please most of 'em, though they dosed off a bit in the lessons. Aye, but they were attentive enough when Mr. Austin walked into the pulpit. His text was Ephes. iv., 4, 5, and 6. "There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling. One Lord, one

Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." The vicar went on to show, just as he always does, the equality of all Christians in the sight of God. That we should need no benefit clubs or the like if people bore in mind what the church was meant for. That as in a man's body he couldn't have a pain in one limb without feeling it all over, so if we really thought on it that we are all members of one another in the body of Christ, no one could suffer without his neighbours feeling for him. He then showed how the interests of rich and poor are one; that the rich man can't do without the poor man, any more than the poor man can do without the rich man. Then out he plumps the passage in St. Peter. "Here, says he, shall we learn to fear God and honour the king, and submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." Here shall poor men be taught to be subject to their masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward. Here shall masters be reminded that they also have a Master in Heaven. Here shall they be instructed in the wisdom that is from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruit, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Here shall the rich [just at these words out my friends stuck their necks to listen]—Here shall the rich learn the awful responsibility of the talent of wealth; that the gold and silver of those who heap it up shall be a witness against them, and eat up their flesh as it were fire; that the hire of the labourer, if so be that it is kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth; that wantonness and pleasure-living does but nourish the heart as in a day of slaughter. Here shall we all learn—in whatever station of life our lot is cast, whether high or low, rich or poor—to honour all men, to love the brotherhood, to resist not evil, if reviled not to revile again, when we suffer to threaten not, but to commit ourselves to Him that judgeth righteously."

I could hardly keep 'em from shouting out their approval in church, and your readers may think how surprised I was when, just as the sermon was over, up started those stout fellows, and every man among 'em wanted to shake hands with the vicar. "You're jannock," says one. "You're true blue," says another. "Honour bright, sir," says a third.

Jaques said nothing but a "Good night, sir." But as we were walking home, "I like your vicar," says he. "He's a true man. I don't judge him by what he said to-night, for scores of parsons may preach one thing and do another; but I liked him that day at Ned Higgins's cottage, and so did Ned too."

Myself: Why, how did he get into your good graces?

Jaques: I'll tell you. First he scraped and wiped his feet before he came in; then he took his hat off, and he didn't sit down till he was bid to do so. I know it's fashion to do so in a rich man's house, and I like to see some respect to a poor man. Besides, Wilson's wife says that he never will come in whilst they are at dinner. Do you know, John, when I was living at Fairtown we'd some lady visitors and tract lenders, and they came into my house once, and only once, I can tell you, for I'd have none of their impudence.

Myself: Why, how were they impudent?

Jaques: Impudent enough. They made their remarks on what I'd got on the table, and told me I ought to have my bit of meat put into a stew to make it go further, when I chose to eat it as a chop. One of 'em was recommending oatmeal porridge or something of the sort, when I turned round and said, "If you'll just take your tracts, ma'am, and pay your visits where they'd be a little more acceptable, you and I are not likely to fall out." I suppose I was a bit sharp, for she went away in a moment, and I thought I heard her say something about ingratitude and insolence, which didn't mend my temper, I can tell you.

Myself: But perhaps the ladies meant well.

Jaques: Then if they *mean* well, why don't they *do* well. What business, I should like to ask, had these Miss Simpers to come and see me unbidden and make their remarks on me, any more than I had to go to their houses and comment on what they put on their backs or into their bellies?

Myself: They didn't mean to offend.

Jaques: I'll take precious good care they shant have another chance.

Here Jaques and I parted As I went home I couldn't help thinking what a deal of good is spoiled by a little want of common sense. People should try and understand the working classes before they bother them with advice free gratis. It's part because our vicar did so that he was so successful, and so because I think those who have to do with the "Church of the People," are wide awake on these points, I take it in, and recommend it to my friends.

If your readers are not already tired of my "notions," I'll try and show in my next how Mr. Jones came to a resolution that there never should be another strike in Aston, and how he was able to carry out his views.

OUR VILLAGE.

No. V.

I THOUGHT how it would be—I have fallen into deep disgrace for what I have been writing. I have won anything but golden opinions from all sorts of people. "Our Village" does not care about me or my writings a bit, they know who I am, and take us at our real value. Talk about the anonymous character of the press being disadvantageous to the public—no such thing! People know, or fancy that they know, who writes what, and it does not much matter whether they are right, or wrong—its all the same in the end "when ignorance" *et cetera*, *et cetera* "its folly" and all the rest of it. So I, having my new work cut up in the "Literary Ogre" elevate my ductor nasal muscles, and ask my friends, [who, of course, make it a point to bring me the paper, and show me the obnoxious paragraph,] what else could be expected from such a fellow as Jones who writes the criticisms upon the branch of literature which I had followed, for that journal. But when my book is praised in the "London Toad Eater," do I intimate that the review was written by my friend Smith who had dined with me nine times during the previous fortnight, and borrowed a five pound note upon the last occasion when he favoured me with his company? Not I! I remark casually, that the "Toad Eater" is an admirably conducted and conscientious journal. I consider that the "Toad Eater" the whole "Toad Eater," I was going to add "nothing but the Toad Eater," but that would not be true—had discovered my numerous merits as evinced in the pages of my book [published by Messrs. Paste and Scissors, Abernethy-street,] and I lay claim to the admiration of all and every, the conductors, authors, and *employés* of that journal from the editor down to the printer's devil. Thus it is that "*Our Village*" does not mind what I say, because I say it. But I find that the *Church of the People*, *quorum pars parva fui* has set the whole country side by the ears. Every gentleman of property whose Christian name, be it long or short, begins with a G, has a good-natured friend [as aforesaid] who pays him a morning call upon the second day of the month with our periodical, fresh from the press, in his pocket, and assures him that he is satirised at Mr. de Grigguet, and recommends him to take legal proceedings against poor Mr. Dinham, who is as innocent as the paper unprinted, of any crime against him. A noble earl writes to me all the way from Ireland to say that as his estates lay there, and his title derived from them commences with the syllable "Bally" [just as though "*Ballys*" are not as common as blackberries.] I must mean to insult him, and his country in my portraiture of Lord Ballycrackcranium, and intimates that a friend, Major O'Blazes of the Connaught Rangers, will be in England in a week or two to settle sundry small matters for him. So that if my readers miss me next month they may draw their own conclusions as to my probable fate. Then, half the young ladies I meet, simper and blush when I enter the room, and declare that I am a "shocking satirical wretch," that I am a "dreadful man," that it is "dangerous to come near me," and tell me to "go away please," having previously got me into a corner, out of which — thanks to those vulcanised indiarubber chandeliers upon which the dear creatures extend their skirts—it is impossible to move—but where I am sufficiently resigned to my imprisonment. There is not one of my female friends, ranging in age from fifteen up to that interminable era, which separates suppositious eight-and-twenty and acknowledged thirty—who does not imagine herself to be reflected from the black mirror of my inkstand as Nelly Dale. What am I to do? Are these sketches to continue or are they not? If I were a hatter now, I should make my fortune—for my literary caps are no sooner constructed than half-a-dozen customers come struggling for the honour of putting them upon their own craniums, or those of their friends. Nor am I the only sufferer. My friend and editor has lost an esteemed subscriber, because he would no longer support a publication in which a clergyman (Mr. Dale) was described as being fond of a game of backgammon with a neighbour upon a summer evening. *Me miserum.* What is to be done? "Go on with your story, sir, and don't be chattering about yourself. Very well, most courteous reader.

Mr. Dale was a victim to photography. He purchased a set of apparatus (as warranted per advertisement) for £3, and found them upon delivery to be not worth three pence. Having sent them back, he obtained for three times the money a serviceable article, with which he instantly began to practice upon our Nelly.

He produced all manner of Nells. Nells with one eye, and Nells with three. Nells without any head, and Nells destitute of any perceptible body. Fat Nells and thin Nells. Nells crying and Nells laughing; and, I am shocked to say, Nells winking. Very black Nells, and very white Nells; and sometimes no Nell at all; his sitters place upon the plate being usurped by a broad black stain. There was no possible libel upon his niece that this inhuman uncle did not perpetrate.

He was more successful in his landscapes—a fact he explained by asserting that a church or a tree did not wriggle about in their chair, and make him anxious just at the most ticklish part of the operation, which observation, besides being a self-evident proposition, contained a subtle reproach upon his sitters who were capable of such distracting movements, which was not lost upon me. I have been taken—I beg to premise; and to state that I cannot see a man stooping down with a cloth over his head, levelling a sort of miniature eighteen-inch mortar at my head, without looking very grave, especially when he tells me that I must not move. I cannot see him rise up with his hair all in a mess, without laughing. I cannot see him run away down into the coal-cellar (where his chemicals are), without altering my position to watch where he goes. I cannot regain my exact posture when he comes back, and am dreadfully agitated in consequence. His warning that the plate will be spoiled if I do not at once look pleasant, does not compose me; on the contrary, that very identical instant in which he draws up a sort of trap-door, is the moment of all others in my life in which I look most ruffianly and most miserable. Mr. Dale has given me up as unmanageable. He has done several good pictures from still life; one of the best of which is the stall of a fellow in "Our Village,"—half tinker, half marine store dealer, and as such, consequently, all rogue. A heap of old iron, and odds and ends of his trade comes out admirably under the stereoscope. I think I told you in my last number that a very curious criminal case from "Our Village" was tried at the last assizes. I may as well give you the story at once.

The father of a young farmer named Stack died suddenly shortly before the expiration of his lease, and when his son obtained a renewal, there were sundry charges for delapidation and fees, all of which he paid except one item—a trifle—two or three pounds, which he contended that he had no right to pay. He was a hot-headed, positive young man. I don't know whether he was right or wrong, but most probably the latter. Well, quarter day came, and the disputed demand was renewed when he paid his rent. The steward, who collects the rents in great state at the De Grigguet Arms [vice Balcaraign Ditto painted out], made some sneering remarks about giving him time to get the money, upon which Stack got into a rage, and flinging a roll of bank notes upon the table, bade him take what was due out of that, and retorted by saying that he was

rich enough to buy up said steward at his own valuation and sell him again at his [Stack's], which he estimated at less than a farthing, but that pay the obnoxious charge he would not. The steward pocketed the affront and the notes, and coolly proceeded to make out a receipt for the rent and the disputed item, which, together with the change, he handed over to the now further-enraged Stacks.

"Give me back my money," he roared.

"You've got all you will get," said the steward. "The rest is fairly due."

"I did not mean to pay it."

"But I mean to keep it."

"I'll have it."

"You shall not."

And so forth and so on till there was a dreadful row. The police were called in and the combatants [for it had come to blows], were separated; and Stack swore with a bitter oath that he would be revenged, that he would have his money back if it cost him his life.

The next morning the unhappy steward was found murdered upon his road home, and robbed of the money which he had collected. Upon enquiry, it was discovered that Stack had been from home the greater part of the previous night, and that he had come back early in the morning, and burnt a shirt which he had worn the previous day.

The murder had been committed with an old-fashioned bayonet—a curious instrument, such as when once seen could not be forgotten, from its peculiar shape and make. The maker's initials and trade mark were on the hilt, "S. & W., † No. 139." There was no mistaking it—the weapon belonged to young Stack.

Jackton the tinker had had it to mend, and deposed to having returned it the day before the murder. There was but one bearing to evidence like this. Stack was committed for trial.

The assizes commenced upon the Monday. Stack was brought up, pleaded "not guilty" on the Wednesday; this case was called on that afternoon, but owing to the unaccountable absence of a witness, was adjourned till the following morn.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Dale happened to have a few friends to tea. We talked about the trial, and expressed our opinions as to the evidence taken before the magistrates. There was but one verdict. Stack was guilty. His threat, his absence from home, his burning the shirt he had worn the night previous, and above all his weapon found red with blood by the side of the murdered man, were damning proofs against him.

One of the party present had been at the assizes upon business, and had heard the trial as far as it had gone. Jackton's evidence, he said, was most conclusive. He swore to having delivered the bayonet at the prisoner's house and into the prisoner's hands the day before the the murder. He was quite sure it was that day—it was the 26th of June. He even recollected the time, three o'clock in the afternoon. Stack would be hung, there was no doubt of it.

We then changed the subject, and began to talk about Mr. Dale's photography, and to look at his stereoscopic views—amongst which was the tinker's shop.

"Look at the heap of rusty iron in the corner—does it not come out beautifully—you can see every separate piece sticking out separately; look, dear—is it not wonderful?" said a young lady to her friend.

"Look at it through the magnifying glass," said Mr. Dale; "and you will find it more remarkable still."

"So it is—dear me! There's an old horse shoe, and a piece of a fire grate, and the end of a rake, as distinct as possible—you can see every prong; and what's that queer thing like a sword. I declare it's got someting written on it—let me see if I can make it out—there's an I and a W, and then a thing like a cross, with No. 139."

"Yes," said a gentleman passing at that moment, "that is what they all swore to."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, upon Stack's trial,—the description of the bayonet with which he murdered the land-steward to be sure."

"Good heavens," said I, "then what you see in the picture is the very weapon."

I need not tell you what an effect this discovery produced upon the assembled company. At last we came to explanations. "You must have made the view when Jackton had the bayonet," I said.

"I made it upon the twenty-seventh of June," answered Mr. Dale, referring to a memorandum written upon the back of the card.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure—positive. I remember it, because Poulton the thatcher, came to borrow a sovereign to make up his rent."

"Then Jackton is a perjured villain."

"How so?"

"Because he has sworn that he gave that bayonet to young Stack, upon the afternoon of the *twenty-sixth* of June; and there it is imprinted by the sun, which cannot lie, in his shop on the *twenty-seventh*."

To make a long story short, we started off to the assize town early the next morning; saw the prosecuting counsel, and the presiding judge, and showed the photograph. A light had been thrown upon the other portions of the case, which, when the important inroad upon Jackton's credibility appeared,—made them consistant with the prisoner's innocence. He had been out all night.—True! he had been poaching; three brace of hares were found in his house. He burnt his shirt—true again! but it had been so torn in the scuffle with the unfortunate steward upon the day when the dispute arose, that it was no use. Jackton's testimony was what was putting the rope around his neck, and Jackton's evidence was now shaken to the foundation, and a serious suspicion aroused against him, which was speedily confirmed, for one of the very notes that young Stack had given the murdered man was traced into his possession. Stack was acquitted, and Jackton changed places from the witness-box into the dock, and J. awaiting his trial forgot to send my September article to the *Church of the People*.

NOTES FROM NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

The English, as a nation, distinguish themselves by their peripatetic propensities. No sooner is land distinguished,—a new route suggested,—or the possibility of anything novel being discovered, than off rush our countrymen to explore; and having done so, they return on the wings of the whirlwind to make known the result to the British public, who read all, and believe most of it.

We think the above remarks hit the bull's-eye of a national weakness—an amiable weakness, in our opinion, for we will confess (in strict confidence) that we ourselves are rather fond of travelling; and, in point of fact, some notes of ours upon Naples and Pompeii appeared in the pages of the *Church of the People* not long since.

Having thus unburthened our mind, we will proceed to tell how, on the present occasion, we turned our backs on the sunny south, forgetting, for the time, Vesuvius and macaroni, Roman antiquities and beggars, Venetian gondolas and glass, Peninsular beauties and bull-fights, French gloves and vanity, Bavarian beer and broom-

girls, Heidelberg learning and sausages, and a variety of other local peculiarities too numerous to mention; and resolved to counterbalance the unusual heat of last July, by visiting the colder clime of Scandinavia,—better known by the more modern designation of Norway and Sweden.

Thus it happened that we took ship from England, and in due course arrived at Christiania, the capital of Norway. It would require too large a space (not to mention the display of egotism), were we to narrate the details of our journey, resembling the journeys of a dozen predecessors already in print. How we drove up the country, northwards, to Dronthjem, and thence across to Sweden, and down the Baltic coast; how there were no provisions to be had on the way, beyond coffee and bread, or a stray fish; how there was frost every night, even in August, and we reached Dronthjem in our thickest winter great-coat buttoned up to the chin, and with a rug round our knees, and chilblains on our toes; and how we didn't meet with any bears or other adventures, except a prospective bivouac on a marshy river-side one dark night, when the ferryman, of course, lived on the opposite bank.

It should also be borne in mind that we have already emphatically disclaimed any attempt at describing scenery, so that we must be excused from painting or even etching those scenes of wild, gloomy grandeur peculiar to the country; the sublime desolation of the mountain districts—now blackened with pines—now, at a higher elevation, utterly barren, and strewn with vast fragments of rugged rock, scraped and polished by the bitter, rushing wind, while the not-distant mountain tops, covered with fresh snow, gleam, dazzling-white, in the morning's sun. Anon a narrow valley, its precipitous sides clothed with pine and birch, intermingled with rock, or clinging for bare life to a crevice; while a noble river rushes and roars beneath, tossing and tumbling in its narrow bed, till we think it *must* roll out; and here and there, at no distant interval, a rivulet descends from the cliff in a silvery cascade, hundreds of feet, perhaps, in one clear fall, or perhaps bounding from point to point till lost in vapoury spray. Sometimes the scene widens a little, and the surface of the valley is overspread by a

> "Lake, whose gloomy shore,
> Skylarks never warble o'er,"—

shadowed as it is by threatening precipices. Then, again, the totally distinct character of the west coast scenery, where the sea runs for many long miles inland, till time and tide are forgotten; filling the winding chasms in the rifted mountains which rise perpendicularly on either hand from the water-surface, and descend to an unfathomable depth below; or where, in place of this wild scene, the land rises gently from the margin, while rocks and pine-clad islands form one vast labyrinth, most strikingly seen on the eastern coast and near Stockholm.

To describe its characteristics, we should call it "a land of stone, and wood, and water." To this must be added (in respect to Sweden especially), "and politeness," for that furnishes a strongly-marked feature. It is not the politeness of a Frenchman who will bow and smile, and leave you to strive for yourself, or, perhaps, push himself before you; but a genuine politeness in word and deed—a kind-hearted readiness to oblige and assist. Possibly the show may be carried a little too far, and even to an expensive extent, in respect to bowing, when an inclination of the head, or raising of the hat is considered quite insufficient, and that important item of costume must perform a complete, geometric semicircle, with the extended arm for a radius; even if two labourers met, the flourish is infallibly performed,—often gracefully.

The very first words of the language learnt by a stranger are, "Vaer so god."—"Be so good," which means everything. Is your horse ready, "Be so good" announces the fact. Is the attendant about to show you your room,—"Be so good" is all she says. Is dinner placed before you,—"Be so good," requests you to fall to. Nothing is handed or done without the expression; and it is reported that the royal huntsman never feeds his hounds without the accompanying phrase, as he throws them their meat,—"Be so good."

The people are very grateful, too, for any little kindness; and not content with the ordinary idiomatic sentence, "Thanks shall they have," insist upon shaking hands—a rather inconvenient practice sometimes, when a horse-boy (for example) holds out his dirty paw to shake, in acknowledgment of your goodness in giving him an extra penny; and I verily believe that a beggar would expect to shake hands with every one who relieved him, if there happened to be any beggars, which there are not; because, in so thinly populated a country, every man can gain a living,—poor though it is, even for the farmers who constitute the upper class. The population of Sweden is rather larger, and Norway rather smaller, than that of London.

The mode of travelling is well adapted to such a country, where even the principal cities are quite small towns—where railways are all but unknown, and travellers are few. Excellent roads lead across the country in various directions, ascending or winding round the mountains without any attempt at cuttings or engineering works, except an occasional bridge. At intervals averaging ten miles, but sometimes unavoidably extended to twenty miles, are the posting stations, being farm-houses, to which the neighbouring farmers are bound in turn to send horses as required, and receive remuneration at a moderate tariff. At some, called fast stations, they have to keep horses in readiness, to the number of six a day, but more often it is necessary to bespeak them. The stations are the only inns, and the master must provide a room with two beds for the use of travellers. By these excellent arrangements a man may very well "do" his seventy miles per diem, but of course must not be overfastidious as to board and lodging.

Norway was once celebrated for its timber churches, built in the mediæval time, and very quaint and rich; but they have almost all disappeared. There remain fine stone cathedrals at Dronthjem and Upsala, now elaborately whitewashed, and half filled with pews piled one above another in three or four tiers, like private boxes at a theatre. Although the religion is Protestantism after the use of Luther; although bishops are altogether abolished (in Norway, not Sweden); and although the congregation sit comfortably through their interminable hymns (which compose the greater part of the service), apparently impressed with the idea expressed in an English dissenting hymn—

> Here will we sit,
> And sing ourselves away
> To everlasting bliss;

although this is the case, yet the churches are still ornamented with carved and gilded sculpture; the walls are hung around with pictures, never omitting the portrait of "Dr. Martin Luther;" two candlesticks stand upon the altar, and a crucifix surmounts it; while the officiating priest at the Sunday holy communion (still called the "high mass") wears a rich crimson velvet vestment, marked from head to foot with a huge gold cross. Surely the self-styled "Evangelical" party in England might take a lesson from this striking proof of opinion on such points, coming from men of more undoubted Protestantism than themselves, and cease to persecute those who wish to restore to the Church of England the more decorous richness prescribed by her.

APPOINTMENT OF BISHOPS.

The draft of the following able report, prepared by the Hon. Colin Lindsay, president of the Manchester Church Society, has been handed to us, and it relates to a subject of such pressing importance at the present moment, that we deem it our duty to lose no time in printing it for the information of our readers, although not yet formally ordered for publication.

YOUR COMMITTEE having been appointed to investigate the present manner of appointing Bishops to vacant sees in the Church of England, with a view of considering what improvement might be made therein, after careful consideration of the subject beg now to submit this report, which they deem convenient to divide into two heads, namely:—First, the general practice of the Church of England, from the earliest periods to the present time; and, secondly, a suggestion of a plan to ameliorate the present mode of appointing Bishops.

1. *General practice of the Church of England, from the earliest period to the present time.*

Although it is evident that the Kings of the Heptarchy, and of England, from the earliest periods, have had great influence in the appointment of Bishops to vacant sees, yet it is equally true that, according to law, both of the church and of the state, they were elected by the clergy, both regular and secular. This may be proved by such charters or decrees which have been granted by Saxon kings. Wihtred, King of the Kentish, among other things, ordered that "when it happens that a Bishop, or Abbot, or Abbess depart this life, let it be notified to the Archbishop, and let such an one as is worthy be *chosen with his* advice and consent....and let no man in any wise be chosen or consecrated into so sublime an office *without the advice* of the Archbishop. Kings ought to constitute earls, aldermen, reeves of districts, and judges; and Archbishops ought....to choose and appoint Bishops, and Abbots, and Abbesses, and Priests, and Deacons, and to consecrate and establish them with good precepts and examples, lest any of God's flock go astray and perish." (Johnson's English Canons, vol. i. 128, Oxford edition.) This decree was confirmed by Ethelbald, King of the Mercians. "Therefore, I, Ethelbald, King of the Mercians, for the health of my soul, and the stability of my kingdom, and out of reverence to the venerable Archbishop Cuthbert, confirm (the ordinance of King Wihtred), by the subscription of my own munificent hand, that the liberty, honour, authority, and security of the Church of Christ be contradicted by no man." (Johnson's English Canons, vol. i. 238, Oxford edition.) Collier, in his ecclesiastical history, declares, on the authority of William of Malmesbury, "that before the Norman conquest the Bishops used to be chosen by the chapters, whether monks or prebendaries." (Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. 501, Oxford.)

Your committee, therefore, believe that, as a general rule, and as a recognised principle of law, both ecclesiastical and civil, the Bishops were chosen by the clergy, with the consent of the King, and afterwards confirmed and consecrated by the Archbishop and other Bishops of the province.

2. After the conquest, the Kings, not by any gift on the part of the church, but by means of their own despotic power, succeeded in getting into their own hands the absolute nomination to vacant sees. This was, no doubt, because the English clergy were generally, at first at least, disaffected to the new dynasty, and it was the main object of the Kings to fill the whole country with foreign ecclesiastics and nobles. Hence we read of the deposition by William of Archbishop Stigand, and the nomination of Lanfranc, and after him of Anselm, by William Rufus. In fact the Kings succeeded in so enslaving the church, that the prelates were only too willing to seize the first opportunity of demanding from the temporal power her inherent rights and liberties.

Passing by the contest about investitures, your committee would now call attention to several charters and statutes for restoring to the church her rights. The first clause of the celebrated Magna Charta is as follows: "John, by the grace of God, King of England. Be it known that we....for the honour of God, the exaltation of the holy church, and the amendment of our kingdom, have conceded to God, and by this our present charter have confirmed, on behalf of us and our heirs for ever, that the Church of England be a free church, and keep its laws entire, and its liberties uninfringed, and we wish it to be observed so, inasmuch as it appears that the *liberty of elections*, which is necessary to the English church, was granted by us, of our own free will, and confirmed by our charter." (See Giles' translation of Roger de Wendover's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 310; London, 1849. "First, we have granted to God, and by this our present charter have confirmed, for us and our heirs for ever, that the Church of England shall be free, and shall have all her whole rights and liberties inviolable." (9th Henry III. c. 1.) "If any [ecclesiastical] dignity be vacant where *election is to be made*, it is moved that the electors may freely make their election, without fear of any power temporal, and that all prayers and oppressions shall on this behalf cease. They shall be free according to the power of statutes and ordinances." (9th Edward II. s. 1, c. 14.) "It is ordained and established that holy church shall have all her liberties and franchises in quietness, without impeachment or other disturbance." (50th Edward III. 5, 1.) Your committee would call especial attention to the following statute, 9th Henry III. c. 9:—"Our sovereign lord, the King, hath advanced and established, that henceforth *all elections of all Archbishoprics and Bishoprics shall be free, without being in any wise interrupted by the said Pope, or by* COMMANDMENT OF OUR SOVEREIGN LORD, THE KING: provided always, that our said Lord the King shall have as freely his liberty and prerogative, like any of his noble progenitors have had before this time of the sitting of these estates."

It is, therefore, evident, that according to law, all Bishoprics were filled up by *election*, although it is clear, that in consequence of the state of the times, and the frequent contests between the Popes and the Kings, the latter usurped more power than they were entitled to, and filled up the vacant sees with their own adherents.

Up to the time of King Henry VIII., the church, according to the great essential principles of the constitution, was *legally* free; it was reserved for this monarch to subjugate the Church of God in this nation, and to load her with chains; which, to the disgrace of all, both in church and state, still encircle her sacred body; and which have now become a burden of such intolerable weight, that churchmen can no longer bear it with equanimity. To effect this, the King compelled, by threats, the clergy to acknowledge him as head of the church; with, however, a saving clause, "so far as is permitted by the law of Christ;" and to promise never again to make canons without his permission, and that of his successors. He after this proceeded to destroy all the rights and liberties of the church, which she had enjoyed from the remotest antiquity, though, doubtless, with many variations. Among the many injurious acts of parliament passed in this reign, perhaps the most nefarious is the celebrated statute, 25 Henry VIII., c. 20th. to which your committee would now draw your attention. Before this statute was passed, it was the custom, when a vacancy occurred in any see, for the chapter to solicit the King for his *conge de lire*, which is a license to permit them to elect a successor. After the chapter had elected

the new Bishop, he was then confirmed by the Archbishop of the Province; and then, after doing homage for his temporalities, was consecrated to the vacant see. Now this act made no change in the *form* of the election, but it required the chapters to *elect the person nominated* by the king in his "*letter missive*," which the act directed should always accompany the *conge de lire* or license to elect. The chapters were bound to elect the person nominated within thirteen days from the receipt of the *conge de lire* and *letter missive*, and if they refused to do so, then the king might by his letters patent appoint to the vacant see; and, moreover, if any dean and chapter refused to elect the person named in the said letter missive, and if the archbishop of the province refused to confirm and consecrate him, they, that is, the dean and chapter, and the archbishops and bishops of the province "shall," as the act recites, "run into the dangers, pains, and penalties of the estatute of the provision and præmunire made in the five and twentieth year of the reign of King Edward the Third, and in the sixteenth year of King Richard the Second," or in plain English, they shall be banished the kingdom, and all their worldly goods confiscated to the crown.

3. In conclusion of this part of their report, your committee would observe, that from the most ancient period of English history till the reign of Henry VIII, the church—not, however, without temporary interruptions—was free, and had her liberties recognised as a part of the constitution of the realm. Since that period till now, so far from being free, she is the slave of the state; she cannot without permission issue any injunction, nor can she make any canons for her own regulation; and, moreover, she has no voice whatever in the selection of bishops for vacant sees. The attitude of the crown to the church is that of a despotic monarch, commanding the most abject obedience to its authority—an attitude totally different from what it exhibits to the temporality. Suppose the crown was continually to prorogue the parliament, to refuse it permission to make laws for the kingdom, to forbid the sheriffs of counties and mayors of boroughs to proceed to the election of members of parliament; suppose, moreover, it denied to the municipal electors the right of choosing their chief magistrates, what would be the consequence? And yet that, what the crown dare not do to the temporality, it has done to the church. The liberties of church and state were solemnly granted and confirmed by successive sovereigns in sundry charters; and these were ever deemed irrevocable. It is the opinion of your committee that the act of Henry VIII. was a gross violation of the coronation oath, an act of fearful sacrilege, of despotic impiety, and a sin which every monarch that has subsequently sat on the English throne has to some degree shared in. Why, then, has the church so long submitted to this cruel bondage? Your committee think that this may be in consequence of many of the kings of England having been warm friends of the church, and up to the time of George the Third, were accustomed to nominate bishops to the vacant sees, with the advice of the archbishop of the province. Mr. Pitt, when prime minister of England, induced, nay obliged his majesty to allow him for the future to choose the bishops, and from that time till now, the patronage of episcopal sees has been in the hands of the prime ministers for the time being. The object of Mr. Pitt was to obtain political support in the House of Lords, and to reward his clerical supporters for past services; and so it has been with every prime minister, not excluding even the present statesman that now wields the sceptre of this nation. Can anything be more humiliating to the church, more disgraceful to all persons concerned, that the holiest offices in the church should be filled up by persons whose chief qualifications in the eyes of the cabinet has been political orthodoxy and relationship to some of the ministry. Your committee believe that much, very much, of the present state of ecclesiastical affairs, the prevalence of dissent, the march of infidelity, the utter prostration of the church, her inability to meet the wants of the age, is attributable to the scandalous way the bishoprics of the church are filled up. Your committee are, therefore, of opinion that the time has now come for a change in the mode of appointing bishops and for restoring to the church her guaranteed liberties. In fact, Her Majesty must be requested to give up a right which she has inherited from those who wrested it from the church, in violation of sacred oaths and kingly honour. If it is maintained that this is part of the prerogative royal, your committee would humbly but firmly deny that such is the case, for before the time of Henry VIII., as has been abundantly shewn, the church elected all her chief ministers, without any other reference to the king than the obligations of courtesy on the part of the chapters and homage on the part of the bishop elect. Your committee do, therefore, honestly believe that, in order to preserve the supremacy of religion and the church, to meet the wants of the age, to overcome the latitudinarian state of opinion (becoming every day stronger and stronger), and, lastly, to reclaim the respect of her own children—it is absolutely necessary that the rights and liberties of the church, and especially her right to freely elect her own bishops and other chief ministers, according to the provisions of Magna Charta, and other charters and acts of parliament.

THE MONTH.

Sentence of deprivation has been pronounced against Archdeacon Denison, and the appeal has now to be made to the Secular Courts. We trust to the sense of justice of English lawyers and the English public to reverse this most iniquitous decision. Which ever way the lawyers determine, there is nothing however to dishearten churchmen. The teaching of the church is quite unaffected, for it is not even pretended at Bath that the Archdeacon has contradicted that; he is tried by Act of Parliament, and not by Scripture, Council, and Fathers, the standards to which our church always appeals. It is simply persecution triumphant for a time, and certain in the end to defeat its own objects. As another specimen of the same spirit the *Times* devotes a leading article to certain religious dissensions in the Parish of Hurst, in Berkshire. It seems that Mr. Cameron, the incumbent, has restored his church and made it what it ought to be, *at his own expense and without troubling his parishioners for a farthing*. Nothing 'Popish' can be shewn in the church or in the services, but because a set of ignorant and stupid farmers and small shopkeepers choose to fancy there is, the *Times* sings a note of triumph. This would be unaccountable did we not happen to know that one of the propietors of that journal had formerly a personal quarrel with Mr. Cameron. No wonder that the leading journal refuses to insert contradictions of lying reports when it is not ashamed to make a private quarrel a ground for damaging a munificent and excellent clergyman. The same journal opens its columns to a series of attacks on the bishops and clergy of the Scottish Episcopal Church. The most unscrupulous of these anonymous scribblers turns out to be Dr. Cumming, of Exeter Hall notoriety. Will our readers believe it that this man has the shameless audacity to charge Bishop Wordsworth with encouraging persons to enter into communion with the Roman Catholic Church, and when challenged for proof simply turns round and says

that the bishop said the *Catholic* Church and not the Roman, but that it *made no difference*. Surely our opponents must be in sad want of arguments if they are obliged to have recourse first to slander, and then to such petty-shifts and evasions.

Mr. Close, of Cheltenham, is gazetted as the new Dean of Carlisle. The appointment is important as showing what may be expected from the present ministry. We believe that their statutes bind deans and chapters to the performance of daily services and weekly communions, otherwise we should fear such results as took place at Lambeth, Marylebone and Brasted. Once sure that the daily and weekly services are safe, we shall view with some interest the working of the cathedral system in such hands as Bishop Villiers's and Dean Close's. Deeply thankful indeed should we be to hear of these confessedly able popular preachers filling the spacious area of the Northernmost Cathedral with attentive and interested audiences.

A religious mountebank, yclept Spurgeon, a baptist, has given us full proof of the viciousness of the popular craving for excitement by drawing together incredible numbers to hear the most arrant trash, which (if the reporters don't do him injustice) we have ever chanced to read. In the Surrey Gardens' Music Hall seven deaths and many injuries were the consequence of a panic among the crowds assembled. The London thieves are blamed for raising the cry of fire.

Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley has celebrated the opening of a church which he has erected, by a series of gorgeous musical services. We are delighted to see that the Bishop of Hereford sanctioned the proceedings with his presence, and preached a sound and excellent sermon on the occasion. The *Record* bemoans, and sound Churchmen will be glad to hear that church principles are steadily on the advance at Oxford. According to our contemporary's special correspondent, its own opinions are not very attractive to the young men at Oxford; whilst Puseyism and Jowettism (what is that?) are. We should be much surprised if it were otherwise, as we could not imagine a severer penance than to swallow the *Record's* garbage twice a week.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

1st..All Saints. At the period of the Reformation the number of Saints' days had so much increased that it was thought necessary to abolish most of them, and this day was fixed for the joint commemoration of the other Saints. It had many centuries previously been set apart for a similar observance.

St...Leonard-Abbot. After an imprisonment by the king he was taken into favour, and had the privilege of freeing any captive he saw in chains. He refused proffered wealth, preferring to serve God in solitude, and at length was made Abbot of a monastery, where he died, A D. 550.

11..St. Martin, Bishop of Tours. Was celebrated for his charity and zeal. Perhaps few saints enjoyed a more extensive reputation all over Europe, where representations of him in the characteristic act of dividing his cloak with a naked beggar frequently occur. He died A.D. 47.

14..St. Britius, Bishop of Tours. Succeeded St. Martin. During his absence at Rome another bishop was chosen, at whose death he returned, and died at Tours A.D. 524.

15...St. Machutus, Bishop of Aquitaine. Born of British parents. He died towards the end of the 6th century.

17..St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. Early entered a Carthusian monastery, and was sent to England to be prior of one at Witham. A few years afterwards he was elected Bishop of Lincoln, where he continued to practice religious austerities, and died A.D. 1200, when the Kings of England and Scotland assisted in carrying his corpse to the cathedral for burial.

20..St. Edmund, King and Martyr. King of the East Angles, and being attacked by the Danes under Hinguar gave himself up for the safety of his people. He was shot with arrows, and finally decapitated A.D. 870. The town of St. Edmundbury is so named from being his burial-place.

22..St. Cecilia, Virgin, Martyr. A native of Rome; from her knowledge of music, looked upon as the patron of the art. For publicly confessing Christ she was sentenced to be boiled to death in a bath; that not succeeding, the headsman endeavoured to decapitate her, but after three strokes left her to linger there. She died about the middle of the century.

23rd...St. Clement, Bishop of Rome. Preached with great zeal, and caused all the idols to be destroyed. He was tried by order of Trajan, and cast into the sea with an anchor round his neck, about A.D. 78. He wrote some excellent epistles which were read in the churches.

25th..St. Catherine, Virgin, Martyr. Born at Alexandria, where she was distinguished by her learning, and afterwards by many conversions to the faith. The Emperor Marxentius ordered her to be placed between two wheels studded with knives and turning different ways; but these breaking, she was decapitated A.D. 306.

30th..St. Andrew, Apostle. Was the brother of St. Peter, and at first a disciple of St. John Baptist. On seeing our Lord he believed, and subsequently became his follower. After the Ascension he taught diligently, till at length he was martyred at Patras, in Achaia, by being tied to a cross in the shape of an X, where he lingered two days before he died.

Miscellanies.

A very little could suffice to make us happy, were it not for our own desire to be happier still.—*Sir E. L. Bulwer Lytton.*

Family Interest.—"I have interest enough, for that matter," says honest Captain Bowling, in Roderick Random, "for the beadle at the Admiralty is my good friend, and he and one of the under clerks are sworn brothers, and that under clerk has a good deal to say to one of the upper clerks, who is very well known to the under secretary, who will recommend my affair to the first secretary, and he again will speak to one of the lords on my behalf."—*Smollett.*

Anecdotes of Judge Eskgrove.—*(From Cockburn's Memorials.)*—As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus, "and not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or pro-pell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his re-gi-men-tal breeches, which were his Majesty's. [He had a grotesque way of pausing between his syllables.] In the trial of Glengary, for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled. But before administering the oath, Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty. "Young woman, you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this high court. Lift up your veil, throw off all modesty, and look me in the face." He rarely failed to signalise himself in pronouncing sentence of death. It was almost a matter of style with him to console the prisoner by assuring him that, "whatever your religi-ous persua-sion may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-sion at all, there are plenty of rev-erend gentlemen who will be most happy for to show you the way to eternal life."

"The poor, in their isolation in the midst of civilization, are like lepers in the outskirts of cities, who have been repulsed with disgust."

Is Oxford or Geneva the Nearest Road to Rome?—The mother of Charles II. tried to disgust him with Protestantism, by sending him to the Calvinistic seminary at Quarenton.—The Roman Catholic *Weekly Register* lately stated, that "There is no diminution in the number of converts [to Popery]; but they have recently come not so much from the ranks of Tractarians as from the Low Church and even Presbyterian school." The instances of Miss Stanley, the Wilberforces [whose education must have been deeply "evangelical"], and a host of others, illustrate this fact. There is, in truth, no danger from the faithful following of primitive doctrines and practices, as enjoined by the creeds and rubrics of our church. The danger is from the "scandal of permitted heresy and violated discipline" amongst the Puritan and Nonconformist party in the church.

AN AUTUMN HYMN.

Rough Autumn sweeps o'er hill and plain,
And joy and laughter sink again
To sorrow's quiet tone,
That mourns the mirth of Summer past;
Ah! nothing fair on earth can last,
And man himself must soon be gone.

Lord of the seasons, hear our prayer,
And help us, that we now prepare
For our true rest above;
These silent teachers Thou dost send
To warn us of the coming end,
And show Thine ever-watchful love.

For every blade of grass will tell,
Each little leaf will show us well
What most should be our care,
To make Thy pathway smooth and plain
To our rough hearts, wilt Thou but deign
To bid Thy grace to enter there.

Look how the rose will ne'er withstand
The gardener's wise and master hand,
That plucks her from her seat;
Look how the ripened apple now
Forsakes for thee its sunny bough,
And falls, to serve thee, at thy feet.

And canst thou, Man, resist Him still,
Nor yield thee wholly to His will?
Wast thou not made for this,
And faith and reason given to thee,
That to be wholly God's should be
Thy proper glory and thy bliss?

And though some cherished hope be crost,
Thy heart may mourn its sunshine lost,—
He wills thy good in all.
If we are His, then for His sake,
In child-like silence let us take
Whate'er He suffers to befall.

Oh, who this wintry world would choose
At risk the heavenly spring to lose?
Oh help us, Lord, aright
To train our hearts, while yet in time,
To long for that sweet summer clime
Where shines Thy throne in cloudless light.

Death's gloomy winter cometh fast,
But spring shall triumph at the last,
And all his frosts o'ercome.
Ah, bring me then to that bright land,
Where 'mid the angels I may stand
And praise Thee, Sun of that fair home.

Heinrich Albert, 1807.

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Under these circumstances the Bishop trusts that he may stand excused for seeking support and encouragement from his friends in England, and from the friends of Education in Scotland. Being not insensible to what Chalmers called "the power of smalls," he will gratefully accept *any* offerings from those who may feel sufficient interest in the object of this appeal, and will do him the honour to communicate with him at Hedgefield House Inverness.

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The Church of the People

And the People's Magazine.

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APPOINTMENT OF BISHOPS.

The following is the second part of the Report of the Committee appointed by the Manchester Church Society, concerning the Appointment of Bishops.

II.—*Suggestions of a Plan for Amending the Present Mode of Appointing Bishops.*

Your committee will now proceed to state what in their opinion would be the best mode of appointing Bishops to the Church of England. They think that the nearest possible approach to the Divine Law, as stated in Holy Scripture and the Canons of the Universal Church, would be the wisest and safest course to pursue; they will, therefore, before stating their conclusions, first consult the Sacred Volume and the church.

The case of the vacancy in the Apostolic College, and the appointment of St. Matthias, is in point. When Judas, by his apostacy and death, vacated the holy office he held, St. Peter informed the church of the fact. The church then nominated two persons whom they deemed worthy for this office. They next prayed, or rather in the technical language of the church, invoked the Holy Ghost, saying: "Shew whether of these two Thou hast chosen." After this, "They gave forth their lots;" or, in other words, they proceeded to the election; "and the lot fell on Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles."—Acts i., 15-26. Now it is evident that the mode prescribed by the Holy Ghost for the appointment of the chief ministers of the church, is by election, accompanied with Prayer. If it is objected that the Apostles being inspired, any election by them must of necessity have been infallibly guided by the Holy Ghost, your committee would reply, that the Apostles *alone* did not elect St. Matthias, but the whole congregation assembled in the upper chamber, numbering an hundred and twenty souls; and, further, that the Apostles were *not at that time inspired*, as they had not then received the Holy Ghost; the "Day of Pentecost" not having "fully come."

The early church, following Holy Scripture, enacted the following canon: "It is most proper that a Bishop should be constituted by all the Bishops of the province, but if this is difficult, on account of some urgent necessity, or the length of the way; that at all events three should meet together at the same place, those who are absent also giving *their suffrages* and *their consent* in writing, and the ordination be performed. The confirming, however, of what is done in each province belongs to the metropolitan of it." (Can. iv., Nicæa, A.D. 325, see Hammond's Six Canonical Councils, page 16, Oxford, 1843.) This canon was made by the Universal Church in council assembled; and this council forms part of the statute law of England, as may be seen by referring to 1 Eliz., cap. 1, sec. 36. It is, therefore, the opinion of your committee that the only canonical mode of appointing Bishops according to the rule of Holy Scripture, and the general discipline of the Universal Church, of which the Church of England is a principal portion, is by *election* preceded by *prayer*. In fact, your committee believe that this is the only lawful course to pursue; and that the custom that has for so long prevailed in this country is wrong in the sight of God, and is opposed to every principle of church government.

Your committee would, therefore, suggest that the principle of electing the Bishops should from henceforth be restored to our church;—and that our gracious Sovereign should be solicited to give up a right which she cannot possibly exercise personally (the prime minister for the time being having that responsibility), and which cannot be otherwise than a grievous burden to her conscience:—at least she cannot but feel a degree of responsibility, which it was never intended, either by our Lord or the church, to lay upon her. If it is maintained that the right of appointing Bishops is an *inherent* part of the royal prerogative, let Her Majesty consider that the institution of the system of election in the church was established by the Apostles of the Lord, in

the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, whose supremacy over all persons and over temporal matters was fully recognised by them; and let Her Majesty more especially consider that the fourth canon of Nicæa was enacted in the reign of the *Christian* Emperor Constantine, who sat in the council, and himself confirmed it. Her Majesty surely does not desire to claim a prerogative which was not claimed by that distinguished Emperor, under whose auspices the church was for the first time established as the recognised religion of the state. But your committee would more particularly observe that even in this country, it never was the legal prerogative of the crown to appoint Bishops before the time of King Henry VIII.: that has been proved in the first part of this report; and, therefore, your committee need not say more on this subject. But they would call the attention of Her Majesty, the members of the legislature, and all Christian people, and ask whether it is right in the sight of God, whether it is just to the church, and fair to the nation at large, that the appointment of the chief pastors of the church should rest with an irresponsible cabinet, with a prime minister, who may be an atheist, an infidel, or a notoriously immoral character, or who may not be even a member of the Church of England, but a Unitarian, a Baptist, or perhaps a Jew? Your committee would confidently appeal to all honest people whether this is right; and, moreover, whether it can be pleasing to Almighty God, that the *chief* qualification for the episcopal office should be political agreement with the reigning cabinet, and reward for past *political* services.

Your committee, therefore, think that a change is indispensable for the well-being of the church, for the purpose of enabling her to do the work proper to her, for the supremacy of truth, and the preservation of morality in this country.

Your committee would, therefore, recommend that all such parts of the Act 25 Henry VIII. cap. 20., which provides that a "Letter missive, containing the name of the person they [dean and chapter] shall elect and choose" be repealed, and thus allow the chapter, after it has received the *congé d'elire, to elect in* REALITY the best and fittest person that can be discovered in our church. While your committee would recommend this, they do not forget how utterly unfit the chapters, as at present constituted, are for so important a duty as the election of Bishops for the church, by reason of the manner in which the members of the body are appointed. Your committee, therefore, think that the appointment of the members of the chapters, as well as that of Bishops, must be reformed. They think that the chapter ought to represent the diocese, and that it ought to be composed partly of ecclesiastics and partly of laymen; and that they ought all to be elected by the diocese, that is the clergy by the incumbents and licensed curates of the diocese, and the lay members by the churchwardens and sidesmen of the said diocese.

Your committee are not unmindful of an objection, and a very serious one too, that will be be raised, namely—the great danger of ebullitions of party feeling, the strife for party ascendancy, and the consequent scandal that would be caused the church, which, if not provided against, would necessarily tear her to pieces. Your committee think that this may be completely obviated, by requiring each member of the chapter, as well as every ecclesiastic in the diocese, to promise never to canvass either in behalf of himself or others, to hold no communication whatever, either verbal or by writing, with any person on the subject of election, and to make a solemn declaration before he gives his vote that he has complied with these regulations; and further, that all ecclesiastical elections should be accompanied with all the circumstance and solemnity of religion, and conducted in silence, each elector voting by inscribing the name or names of the person he desires to vote for on a card provided for the purpose. If some such plan as this were adopted, there would be no fear of any collision of parties in the church; all would necessarily run smooth; and, as there would be no bar against the operation of the Holy Ghost, your committee believe that the very best results would soon be apparent both to her Majesty and the nation.

Your committee beg to append to this report the annexed propositions, which will they think clearly demonstrate their plan; and, in conclusion, they would commend them to the consideration of the church,—not as perhaps the very best that can be adopted, but as an approximation to some remedy.

PROPOSITIONS.

I.—*Reform of the Chapter of Cathedral Churches.*

1. That for the future the chapters of cathedral churches shall be composed of both ecclesiastics and laymen, the latter being communicants of the Church of England: and their numbers not less than two thirds of that of the former.

2. That the office of dean, sub-dean, and other offices belonging to the chapter, shall be filled up by the suffrages of two-thirds of the chapter, duly assembled for the purpose.

3. That when any vacancy shall occur in the ecclesiastical portion of the chapter of any cathedral church, the dean or his representative shall direct the archdeacons of the diocese to notify the said vacancy to every clergyman in their respective archdeaconries.

4. That within ten days after the date of the notification of the said vacancy in the ecclesiastical portion of the chapter by the archdeacons, any incumbent, or licensed curate of any church in the diocese, may nominate in writing any clergyman (being of the rank of an incumbent, and not under any ecclesiastical censure), he may deem fit to be a representative of the diocese in the chapter. This nomination must be sent to the dean within the time specified.

5. That if after the expiration of ten days the dean shall have received no nominations, he shall then summon the clerical portion of the chapter, for the purpose of nominating ten or more clergymen of the diocese whom they may deem eligible for the vacant stall.

6. That the dean or his representative shall then notify to each of the archdeacons of the diocese the names of the clergymen that have been nominated. Each archdeacon shall then summon the incumbents and licensed curates of his archdeaconry, directing them to assemble in some church situate within his archdeaconry, for the purpose of electing a new member of the chapter.

7. That after the celebration of the Holy Communion, all the clergy present (having severally made a solemn declaration to the effect, that they have not, either directly or indirectly, held any communication with any one, either verbally or in writing, on the subject of this election), shall proceed to seelect from the nomination list the name of any clergyman they shall deem fit, which they shall do in the following manner: Each clerical member of the chapter shall, in the presence of the archdeacon, then and there, write on a card, provided for the purpose, the name of the clergyman he intends to vote for, which said card he shall present to the archdeacon.

8. That the archdeacons having transmitted the voting cards to the dean, the dean shall then summon the chapter, when the votes of the diocese shall be determined; and the clergyman who shall have obtained the greatest number of votes shall be declared duly elected, and shall be in due form installed.

9. That if, perchance, the member elect should not be eligible, by reason of his not being an incumbent or licensed curate of the diocese, or of his being under ecclesiastical censure, then the dean and chapter shall select the ecclesiastic who shall have obtained the next majority of votes.

10. That in case of equality of votes, the dean and the clerical portion of the chapter shall determine the election; and if they cannot agree, the dean shall have the casting vote.*

11. That the lay members of the chapter shall be elected by the churchwardens and sidesmen of each church in the diocese; the election to be conducted in the same manner, and in the same form as that of the clergy, and according to the foregoing propositions; substituting for "clergy," "clergymen," "incumbents," or "licensed curates," churchwardens and sidesmen, lay, or layman. "For ecclesiastical or clerical portion," lay portion; for "ecclesiastic," lay, or layman.

12. That the archdeacons may summon the churchwardens and sidesmen, through the rural deans, whose duty it shall be to carry out in this respect the directions of the archdeacon.

13. That no churchwarden or sidesmen shall be entitled to nominate or vote; and no layman shall be eligible for election, unless he be a communicant, of full age, and not under any ecclesiastical censure.

II.—*Election of Bishops.*

1. That within one week after receiving the *congé d'elire*, the dean or his representative shall summon the whole chapter to the cathedral church.

2. That after the celebration of the Holy Communion, the dean or his representative shall inform the chapter of the duty they are called upon to perform, and he shall call upon each member, ecclesiastical and lay, to solemnly declare that he has not, either directly or indirectly, held any communication with any one, either verbally or in writing, on the subject of this election.

3. That after this each member of the chapter shall in order approach the table which is placed in the midst of the choir, and shall then and there write on a card provided for the purpose the names of any three priests (being incumbents, and not under any ecclesiastical censure,) he may deem the fittest for the vacant office; this being done, he shall then present the said card to the dean or his representative.

4. That when all the members of the chapter have voted, the dean or his representative, with the assistance of one ecclesiastic and one lay member, shall ascertain which two sets of nomination cards have the major number of votes; and, laying aside all the other nomination cards, the chapter, in the same manner as prescribed in proposition number three, shall determine which of the said two nominations cards shall have the majority.

5. That if after the first election several nomination cards shall be declared to have an equality of votes, then the chapter, laying aside all other nomination cards being in a minority, shall determine which two nomination cards shall have the majority, as in proposition number four; and if in the second election there be an equality of

* We should ourselves be strongly opposed to the introduction of laymen into cathedral chapters.—Ed. C. P.

votes, the dean or his representative to have the casting vote.

6. That after the election, the dean shall declare before the congregation the names of the three clergymen who have been selected by the chapter as fit for the office of bishop of the vacant see.

7. That within forty-eight hours after the election, the dean shall signify to the archbishop of the province the names of the three elected of the diocese, which shall be attested by at least one ecclesiastical and one lay member of the chapter.

8. That thereupon the archbishop of the province shall summon the bishops of the province, for the purpose of examining into the life and doctrine of the three elected clergymen; and if all the requirements of the church are satisfied, then to confirm the election.

9. That after this, the archbishop of the province shall inform her Majesty of the names of the three clergymen that have been elected by the chapter of the vacant see, and whose election has been confirmed; and her Majesty shall then, out of the three elect, select the one to be consecrated to the vacant see.

10. That if the archbishop and bishops of the province, in which the election has taken place, shall disapprove of the election, and, thereupon, shall refuse to confirm the said election, then a new election shall take place, in the same manner as prescribed in this and the foregoing propositions. And if the chapter shall, perchance, re-elect either the same clergymen, whose election had been rejected by the bishops, or shall elect any three the bishops of the said province shall disapprove of; then the archbishop and bishops of the province shall assemble in the cathedral church of the vacant see, and in the manner prescribed by the foregoing propositions (substituting for the dean the archbishop of the province, or his commissary; and for the members of the chapter, the bishops of the province), shall proceed to elect any three priests they may deem fit for the vacant see. Bishops who, by reason of sickness or infirmity, cannot attend, may vote by proxy, provided always that no one bishop shall hold more than one proxy.

11. That the bishops of the province, having thus determined the election, the archbishop, shall present to Her Majesty the names of the three elect according to proposition number nine.

OBSOLETE HOLIDAYS.—The non-observance of holidays is a matter of greater moment than most persons imagine. "Festivals, when duly observed, attach men to the civil and religious institutions of their country: it is an evil, therefore, when they fall into disuse." . . . Besides, unceasing toil is injurious, and an excess of labour, like all other excesses, is mischievous, and destroys the power of labouring.—*Southey.*

A COBBLER'S NOTIONS ON CHURCH MATTERS.

So Mr. Jones made up his mind that if he could help it there never should be another strike at Aston. "It all comes," said he to the vicar one day, "of past neglect, and past misunderstandings. These, sir, I'm determined, with God s help, we'll never have again. I'm quite sure that the interests of myself and my people are one, and if they don't feel it, it's because those to whom God has given the means have never taken pains to convince them of it." The Vicar, you may be sure, was right glad to hear Mr. Jones say so, and promised to lend him all the help he could.

Mr. Jones was not a man of words but of deeds. What he meant he said, and what he said he meant. So away he went one fine morning, to talk over his plans with the other masters in Aston. I don't think he met with quite the luck he deserved, for the masters were a bit aggravated at him for not entering into an alliance against the hands. "That" said he, "I'll never do. I'll always be at liberty to deal with my own people as I think right." So Mr. Jones put out a paper addressed to his hands, beginning with "My dear friends and neighbours," in which he put down first of all his satisfaction that so few of his own workpeople had gone on strike (they were only about 20 or 30 in all). He then went on with a free confession that enough hadn't been done to teach 'em all that their interests were one. Then he went straight away to figures, and had all down in black and white the rights and wrongs of the matter; the losses and risks of bad years set off against the profits of good ones; how they had struck just at the worst time, and the like, and then told 'em that he hoped all misunderstanding was dead and buried for ever, and that he wished to be a friend if they'd make him one. He concluded by calling a meeting of his hands, and showing 'em the principle on which he intended to work his mill for the future.

First, he says I will employ no one that does not attend some place of worship,

Secondly: I will employ no one that is an habitual drunkard, or a profligate character of any kind.

Thirdly: I will reward every man in my employ who conducts himself in such a way as to meet my approbation.

Fourthly: No one who has worked for me a certain number of years, hereafter to be specified, shall ever want in his old age.

Most of the hands were right well satisfied with what was said and done, but some of em took off in a huff. Some said he was turned bigot, and Puseyite, and Papist. Others said

that his machinery would rust, and his mill stop, and he himself go to the dogs long afore he'd get sober and steady hands.

One man got up and said he'd like to know what Jones, or any body else, had to do with his conduct, so as he gave a good day's work for a good day's wage; it was just like the old Papist days, to enquire into what a man believed, or how he behaved in his own house.

Mr. Jones said he didn't care to reply to him, for if a hand had a right to work for whom he would, a master had a right to employ such as he pleased, and he was pleased to employ such as would spend their wages on their wives and children; besides he'd found that a man who cared most for God's law would care most for man's; the man who did his duty to God best would do best to his neighbour.

This Stephen Harker, who had spoken his mind, had been one of the ringleaders of the strike, so he ups to Mr. Jones, and asks him if the hands had'nt their rights as well as masters?

Mr. Jones: Certainly; and its to give you your rights that I've called you together. He then turned to the folk assembled, and said, "Am I doing wrong to any man in encouraging good conduct?"

Stephen Harker: There should be no *favouritism*. You'll favour them as goes to your church, and listens to Austin and such Puseyite chaps.

Mr. Jones: If I favour any one for listening to Mr. Austin, it will be because by doing so he becomes a soberer, better man. Now I ask you, Stephen, aren't those that go to church, and that mind their duties, the best men? Are'nt their houses cleaner, and their wives and families the best off?

Stephen Harker: May be they are, but they are not the best workmen. Why, there's Tom Miller; where's there a better hand than him? and he's not seen much of the inside of a church, or chapel either.

Here Mr. Pilkington stepped forward. "Aye, Stephen," says he, "Tom's as clever a lad as ever took a tool in hand, but then I can never get more than ten days work out of him in a fortnight, and before pay-Monday he hasn't a sixpence to call his own, and his children are all in rags. Why, Tom could earn two pounds a week if he liked.

Stephen Harker: What Tom earns is his own; and if he chooses to turn gentleman and play him for a day or two in a fortnight, who's to say him nay? He's just as good a right to spend his wages as you masters have to spend the fortunes you make out of poor folk.

Mr. Pilkington: Every one has a right to do what he will with his own, sure enough. But what we masters and all ratepayers have a right to complain of is, that all such men as Tom Miller never lay by for a rainy day; and so if a mill were to stop, they would come on the parish in a fortnight, no matter how high wages were, and we should have to keep them after all.

Stephen Harker: Wages are none so high when you come to think of ten hours and a-half spent in a close room, with cotton fluff in your throat, and machinery dinging in your ears like mad.

Mr. Pilkington: Perhaps it isn't much worse than to be out all weather like farm labourers; but I won't argue with you, my lad. Mr. Jones and I am determined to do you good if you'll let us. Our plan is, to encourage what will make you all happier and better, to help yourselves. We don't compel you to enter into our plans. If you don't like to agree to our terms, you can go to those that will come on to yours.

Here the meeting broke up, after Stephen had told the people if he was them he'd have no spying into his conduct; if he liked his glass he'd have it. There were a good many women there, most of whom sided with Mr. Jones, as was natural they should. Martha Bateson said "she liked her man to be steady, but she did'nt like the masters to tell 'em what they should be. She'd do nothing on compulsion." However, Jones's mill started work, though not in full work at first, and what with his influence and the vicar's; what with his letting his cottages to decent folk, very few of the wrong sort came to ask for work, and them as did were soon paid off.

It wasn't many days after, that Jaques and Mr. Tomkins and I were taking a walk near some closes of Mr. Jones', about a mile or so out in the country, near where he lived. It was after our work was over on Saturday evening, and who should we see but Mr. Jones and young Mr. Pilkington, the master who'd joined Mr. Jones at the meeting. They'd got rules and lines, and measuring cords and the like. There wss a stranger chap there too, who had got a plan in his hand. "What's up now," says Jaques, "a new church; I reckon that vicar of yours has managed to get his hand pretty deep into Jones's pocket. I'm afraid he's a bit soft headed." "Soft-hearted, you mean," says Mr. Tomkins. "But you're wrong for once, for Mr. Jone's isn't building a church (although there'll be a chapel there), it is some alms-houses he and Mr. Pilkington there are planning for their old and infirm hands."

Jaques: That's a right good plan, if he doesn't fill 'em with drones. But what is he building a chapel for? Has he turned Methodist or Papist?

Tomkins: Not he. A chapel means a sort of church for folks who don't live near the parish church. I didn't say a meeting-house. Dissenters

have no chapels. Their places of worship are called by law meeting-houses. When the Queen's proclamation says all chapels and churches, it means places of worship belonging to churchmen, other spots are licensed as meeting-houses.

Jaques: There's not much in a name. A rose smells as sweet whatever you call it. But it'll cost 'em a rare sum. He must have lots of money.

Mr. Tomkins: It'll just cost Mr. Jones and Mr. Pilkington a tenth of their entire income, when the plan's complete. There'll be alms-houses, an hospital and dispensary, a free library, a savings-bank, and what not! Mr. Jones brought in the plan to the vestry after prayers, and the vicar held it up to the wall to have it explained to him, and I saw it all.

Jaques: Now, that's Mr. Jones's notion of tithes. Why, when I was a lad in the country, our parson used to draw his tithes, and so we used to have to give him the tenth pig and the tenth of potatoes. I've heard my father say they always sent him the ricketty pig and the lightest potatoes.

Myself: More shame for you; for all the farms were bought or let so much lower because of those tithes, and they just belonged to the vicar as much as the rent did to the landlord, and the produce to the farmer.

Jaques: I hear that Jones said that his plan would be the cheapest in the long run. I think he'll find himself wrong there.

Myself: I don't know for that. Perhaps he means the long run hereafter. Don't you remember the tale that good Mr. Andrew told us about Dean Swift's sermon; "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and look, what he layeth out it shall be paid him again." Now, my brethren, says the dean, you hear the bargain, if you like the security down with your dust.

Jaques: And not a bad sermon either; a plaguey deal better than half the begging sermons one hears. I never put much faith in those missionary chaps that come about; there's no one to contradict 'em, whatever they say. For my part, I should like to know what becomes of all the money they get.

Myself: Why, they publish reports of all they do. If you was to give 'em 5s. they'd have it down for one to see. I'm not very fond of speechifying meetings, but I don't see why a gentleman who'se been in foreign parts shouldn't come and tell us what is doing for God there.

Jaques: If it's all true.

Tomkins: I don't think that a man would go from his home, and give up all his comforts for the sake of spinning a long yarn when he comes back.

Jaques: Travellers, they do say, spin long yarns and pull the long bow.

Myself: Aye, but not Christian ministers. Only in one thing I agree with you, that it would be better to look at home first; we've heathens enough at our own doors.

Tomkins: But our Lord says we're to preach the gospel to every creature.

Jaques: But charity begins at home.

Myself: I've no objection to that neither, if only it do'nt end there; but I say make good Christians of our folk at home first.

Tomkins: It would be cheapest way; for, if you touched their hearts, you could soon get at their pockets.

Jacques: I don't like such pocket-picking work. Why at Mr. Flower's church, you've to pay ever so much for a sitting, and they've collections without end, it's all a trade concern altogether.

Tomkins: We've no pew lettings at Saint Alban's.

Jaques: But you've collections every Sunday morning.

Tomkins: We've the Offertory, but you're not tied to give except you've a mind to.

Jaques: But they'll look pretty black at you if you pass the plate.

Tomkins: Not they. But what is a trifle a week to give for all the good one gets at such places. Why, I knew a Methodist who was none so well off, and his religion cost him £20 a year.

Myself: More shame to churchmen not to do more.

Tomkins: Well, I do say this: if working men are to be got at, it'll be by such as Mr. Austin and Mr. Jones. A man must feel at home at church, if he's to go there at all.

Here we reached home and parted. How Mr. Jones carried out his plans, and what came of it, shall come in next time.

A YEAR OF WONDERS.

(Continued from page 135.)

A few "prodigies" relating especially to the Church. One that was seen in Yorkshire, in the month of May, 1660, passes our power of interpretation; it is the apparition of "one clad in white, on horseback, without a head, galloping over hedges and ditches, as in plain ways; immediately upon this there was the appearance of an army of grey coats driving a flock of sheep towards a hedge, where they did hack and cut them as they passed through some gaps in the hedge, upon which an army of red coats fell upon the gray coats and totally routed them, and then the whole disappeared." We have, indeed, a

dim impression of Archbishop Laud's headless ghost riding in his episcopal albe as avant-courier to a persecuting army, but beyond this we can offer no conjecture. The interpretation of the matter is not so difficult in the case of a letter "from a very good hand from Magdalen College, Oxford, for the explanation is given in the margin. "It is certified that about the 10th of November last, 1660, a spectrum appeared to one Allen, of that college, which, according to his own relation, was as followeth:—He heard in the night, when he was in bed, a noise like the noise of geese, he arose from his bed, and looked out at his window, which opened over the bridge, but saw nothing; but, going to his bed again, he saw a man as it were grovelling upon the floor, in his pontificalibus, attired like a bishop in his lawn sleeves, &c. At first he was much affrighted, but called to it and adjured it to speak, the bishop immediately rose up and approached towards his bed, at which the young man was exceedingly terrified," &c. &c., as well he might be, if he knew who his episcopal visitor was as exactly as the writer, who places a note in the margin. "The devil, in the likeness of a bishop, appeared to a scholar in Magdalen College, November 10, 1660." Had this collector of prodigies Bishop Latimer's famous sermon, at St. Paul's Cross, in his mind? "Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him, who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. Among all the pack of them that have cure, the devil shall go for my money, for he applieth his business." It was not the first appearance of a prelatic Satan this at Magdalen College, at any rate. Only a few days before, the same personage, it could have been no one else, became the champion of Puritanism even near head-quarters; for "two great hogs came two several and very strange unusual ways up divers steps into the cathedral of Canterbury, and went into the quire, when the prebends were in the midst of their devotion, and there continued till they were driven out by the vergers. The generality of the inhabitants do very well remember that a little before the down-fall of the hierarchy in the year 1641, the same thing happened in the same place." This time, however, the sacrilegious pigs (or their owners) were mistaken in their prognostications.

The Puritan champion not only entered into the swine for the purpose of signifying his disapproval of the hierarchy however; for even inanimate things made their protest on the same side. "On the 31st of March, being the Lord's day, 1661, two strange accidents happened at Christ Church in Oxford, where the Bishop of the diocese was met with several of his clergy to confer holy orders (as they call them) upon several persons.....whilst they were about the solemnity.....a great ledge of wainscott fell down either upon or nigh the Communion-table, whilst it is thought if the Bishop had not been in the body of the chancel laying hands on persons to be confirmed, but in the place where he read the prayers it would have done him a mischief." The other accident was that of Dr. Barton Holiday, the Archdeacon of Oxford, stumbling headlong and hurting himself seriously, in another part of the service. Bishops and Archdeacons were not alone in such visitations. A Mr. White, minister of Ruffham in Suffolk, wrote in vindication of Episcopacy, and was one of the first ministers in those parts that attempted to read the service-book; but it "pleased the Lord to give him a very sharp rebuke, for upon his first attempt he was smitten and fainted away while he was in the reading-place, but coming presently to himself again, he proceeded to read on, and was smitten in like manner the second time, and so carried out of the church for dead: though afterwards by the use of means his life returned to him; but whether he hath since recovered his perfect health again or no we have not heard." No doubt "we" supposed, not, unless he repented the great iniquity of reading the book of common prayer. It is curious to see, from Puritan evidence, how eager the common people and many others were to enforce the use of the common prayer immediately after the Restoration. Supposed judgments upon them on this account abound in the pages we quote from, and show how little sympathy the people at large had with those who opposed the nation's return to old church usages. It always has been seen, and so it ever will be, that the great bulk of Englishmen love their church, however they may, after the approved fashion of Englishmen, grumble at their clergy; that it is only an artful and wide-spreading agitation which can alienate their affection from it for any time, and that in the end they will be sure to return to their loyalty, as a supple bough springs back when the whirlwind has passed away from it.

We quote one more prodigy *in extenso*, as indicating the root of the matter, and shall then relieve our reader's patience. "About the 26th of February last, a discreet sober gentleman, and of good quality, an inhabitant of the town of Darkin, in Surrey, being abroad in the evening, saw a strange cloud in the air, and in it the appearance of two churches, the one was in the

form of a cathedral, very spacious and glorious, having upon it divers goodly pinnacles, and on each of them a long streamer flaming upwards; and, as he beheld it, he thought it grew up to a greater splendour and glory, glittering and shining exceedingly. He saw also, not far from from it (which he could scarcely discern), another church, which was very mean and little in respect of the former, and he especially observed that when the great church was most glorious, then the little one was most dark and obscure, yet he plainly discerned a very bright star in the midst of it, and another brighter star in the midst between the two churches. After this gentleman had for some time, with great admiration, beheld this strange apparition, he perceived a small puff as of breath upon the stately cathedral church, and immediately it fell down and vanished away. Then he saw the little church with the star begin to appear more bright and glorious, but upon some special occasion being earnestly called into his house, he saw not the issue of it, which since hath been a very great trouble to him. This comes from the spectator's own mouth, who hath been always observed to be very averse to give the least credit to relations of this nature. He was, by what he saw with his own eyes, convinced of the truth of this."

Bearing in mind the solemn protest "before God, angels, and men," which the narrator of these prodigies (and many more like them, which we have not had space to notice) asseverated his truthfulness as recorder of what he heard; it becomes a curious speculation how far Puritans wilfully invented them, and how far they ignorantly deceived themselves. The *animus* of them all is so uncharitable towards the church, that we are inclined, in the face of all protestations, to disbelieve their narrator's sincerity; and attribute to his malice, and that of his many Puritan friends, the invention of false and profane prophecies and visions, by means of which they hoped to deceive the simple. That they did not succeed is owing to that good Providence by which the church is ever guarded; but that they made the attempt is one more indication of the evil spirit's presence, by which the agitators of that day were possessed. J. H. B.

CONSECRATION BY THE BISHOP OF CHESTER.

The new church of West Derby, near Liverpool, which, formerly a chapelry of Walton-on-th'-Hill, has recently been made a separate parish, was consecrated on the 6th ult. It is a truly noble structure, with side aisles, clere-stories, and massive centre tower, and does great credit to the architect, Mr. Scott. There was a large attendance of the clergy from Liverpool and the neighbourhood, a considerable portion of whom were in surplices, and, with the surpliced choir, filled the chancel, which is of ample dimensions. The clergy, in black gowns, took their station below the chancel steps. The service was choral throughout; the psalms, services, and anthem being effectively chanted; and the entire area of the church was crowded with an attentive and well-conducted congregation.

The only drawback from the completeness of the dedication, was the omission of the distinguishing service of Christianity, the Holy Eucharist. This omission was painfully felt and commented on by many, both of the clergy and laity. Those who had the chief direction in the arrangements had expressed a desire for the Holy Communion on so solemn an occasion, but this was overruled by the Bishop, out of a courteous consideration for the puritanical prejudices of the people, who, it was presumed, might possibly have been offended with what might have seemed an innovation upon the usual practice in the diocese of Chester. For the same reason, a procession of the clergy and choir to the church was omitted.

It is needless to remark, that *we* have no sympathy with these superstitious prejudices against decent ceremonial. And as to the omission of the celebration of the Holy Eucharist,—the one ritual of our Lord's appointment,—we question whether it does not vitiate the full efficacy of the consecration.

TOULMIN SMITH ON CHURCH RATES.

Since the year 1853 no "Church Rate" has been proposed for the parish of Hornsey (near London); the churchwardens having, by means of private subscriptions and otherwise, managed to defray the expenses incidental to their office. It being felt, however, that the continuance of such a course was fatal to the popular character of parochial institutions, and to the true responsibility of parish affairs, it was a fortnight ago determined to poll the parishioners, if necessary, in support of their ancient *rights* of defraying the expenditure of the church, and controlling that expenditure. Happily for the church in that parish, and for the maintenance of those old English laws and customs, whose simplicity and sensibleness shames the blundering complicity of modern poor-law and sanitary "acts" and "orders," there lives at Hornsey a gentleman whose long and useful life has been devoted, apart from all personal or party considerations, to the upholding of the time-honoured institutions of social self-government, and to the resisting and exposing the new-fangled dictatorship of central boards, inspectors, and commissions. Although a dissenter by family and early association, and a churchman only in the sense in which every baptised Christian who receives the Apostles Creed, and chooses to go and say his prayers, and "hear his Bible read without being tacked and ticked to some sect," has a right to consider himself a churchman. Mr. Toulmin Smith not only bore the brunt of dissenting eloquence, by proposing the rate in vestry, but published his reasons for doing so in a short tract, entitled, "The True Points at Issue on the Church-rate Question." Although these points are not put in all respects precisely as we should put them, the tract seems to us admirably calculated to impress upon dissenters and luke-warm friends of the church—to whom every church-rate defeat is, of course, owing—the duty of upholding their parish church, as "the Church of the People." In this work our magazine assumes to have a special part. No plan has yet been proposed to supply the funds proposed to be taken from the church by Sir W. Clay's unblushing spoliation, except that of the rendering lawful, by attaching a payment to the now unlawful appropriation of

pews in parish churches, one of the most gigantic usurpations ever perpetrated upon the rights of a whole people. To rob the church of its rates is precisely neither more nor less than to rob the people of their *right* to worship in the church. However naked this right may in many cases be, there is as yet the possibility, and of late a growing likelihood of the people's inheritance in the church being vindicated. Adopt the Baines and Clay Spoliation Bill, and the people's right is for ever abolished; and all our parish churches hopelessly stereotyped into the horribly un-Christian system of Mr. Close's (parish) church at Cheltenham. For example, where Christ's poor have no place at all, except little brackets drawn out into the aisle from the side of each pew, after its "respectable" occupants have condescended to take their places. All honor, then, to men who, like the writer of this pamphlet, devote talents which would raise them to the highest rank in the bar and senate, to maintaining through good and ill report the rights of the people of England, in their own church, by maintaining their *right* to tax themselves for its support.

The following passages are all that our limits allow of our extracting from the pamphlet in question. Our readers will be glad to learn that its arguments led a large number of previously staunch opponents of church rates, and very many dissenters, to vote for the rate; which was carried by 360 persons voting, against 291. The plural voting under Sturges Bourne's unconstitutional Act, giving the still larger proportionate majority of 630 *for*, to only 315 *against* the rate.

After showing that churchwardens are "*secular officers*, whom every parish in England is, very properly, required to choose annually as its representatives;" that they have important duties, most of which have nothing at all to do with the church; that they are the chief officers of the secular institution of the *parish*, and responsible as such to the inhabitants, or "vestry;" that they have, in discharging their duties, to incur certain expenses, which it is only common honesty to enable them to meet, and that most of these expenses "concern the common rights and common welfare, and practical and habitual affairs of every inhabitant totally irrespective of every particular set of religious opinions," the writer proceeds as follows* :—

"The rate made to meet the expenses incidental to the office of churchwarden, can be made *only* by the inhabitants of each parish; its amount depends *solely* on their will. It has no speciality whatever, as many imagine, as a 'church rate.' Lord Chief Justice Coke says, expressly, in a celebrated case, that the inhabitants may 'make ordinances or bye-laws for the reparation of the church, or a highway, or of any such thing as is for the general good of the public.' . . . This has always been the law in England—it is still the law. There has never yet been an act of parliament imposing church rates,—except (such is human consistency) in the time of the Commonwealth, when the Church of England was down, and the presbyterians and independents held the rule; who then *enforced* church rates by act of parliament, without either the consent of or accountability to the parishfouers. That act, happily, became void when things changed again.

"Such allegations as tyranny, oppression, and imposition are, then, not only without meaning—they are dishonest. They only serve to mislead the well-meaning but ill-informed. The parish alone can, by the law of England, make the rate: the parish alone can deal with the accounts of the expenditure. Those, therefore, who (as it is phrased) 'oppose church rates,' and desire a 'repeal of the law of church rates,' are in reality striving, not for the release of the consciences of men from an imposition, but for what will truly be a tyranny and oppression; namely, the *coerced prohibition against the inhabitants of any place spending their own money over that which they may think for 'the general good of the public.'*

"But the objectors say, that they resist the rate 'for conscience sake:'—they neither use the church, nor approve the doctrines taught there, nor approve of church establishments. The plea of 'conscience' is to be reverenced. But there is a fallacy on each point. The church is, in fact, used in most parishes (it ought to be so in all) for vestry meetings. It has always been so. The parish burying-ground, which comes within the category, is a matter of the greatest importance to all, totally irrespective of any religious opinions. So of many other matters. You cannot even have a local act of parliament brought in, touching any place, without the parish clerk's duties being essential. As to doctrines taught, the 'church rate' does not go to the parson. What a part of it helps to do, is, simply, to sustain the fabric and decent condition of a place, in every parish in England, to which every man shall have the right and opportunity to go up: that is, the parishioners vote supplies to sustain the ancient and valuable common right of every man to have the opportunity of hearing his Bible read without being tacked and ticketed to some sect. So far is 'the state' from at present supporting the church, that every parish church in England was founded, not by the state, but by individual donation, in ages past; while the parson's income is entirely derived, partly from similar sources, and partly from a charge (far heavier than any church rate) which has been attached, like any rent-charge, to the ownership of certain classes of property for centuries. The state supports neither the one nor the other. *All that the state does is, impartially to ensure the protection of the law, alike to the ancient property of the church, and to the more recent property (created by similar donation and endowment) of every dissenting chapel in the land. The latter are thus just as much state-supported as the former.*

"It is clear that if the fabric and decent condition of the church are not thus maintained, they must be maintained by other means—such as county rate or consolidated fund. Every man will thus have an enforced tax to pay; but there will be an end of responsibility and discussion and parish control and action. 'The state' will, at length, be forced to support 'the church;'—driven to it by those who have, 'for conscience' sake,' resisted 'church rates.' It needs subtle casuistry to show that conscience may quietly pay for the church indirectly, and when deprived of control or responsibility, while it protests against doing it directly, and when under its own control!

"As no one dissenting body, whether Independents, Methodists, or Unitarians, can claim that its own members ought, as being the majority, to have exclusive possession of parish churches, it becomes a simple question between tolerance and intolerance, religious charity and bigotry, whether, because their own doctrines are not preached in the parish churches, therefore they would have all parish churches closed; whether, as they cannot have exclusive possession, the general good of the public is not, in the meantime, best served by the parish churches of England being maintained (under the eye and with the sanction and control of all parishioners, of every sect) in such state that there *may be no parish in England without some place in it where men may go up, as of right, to hear, habitually, that life and man were made for something more than what is merely work-a-day and worldly.* Is it to be declared, by a coercive and restrictive law, that, because individual sects cannot each persuade every man to be of their religious

* Those who are not familiar with constitutional subjects, and who may not be acquainted with the extent and value of Mr. Toulmin Smith's contributions to the constitutional *Libra* Jurisprudence of this country, may be usefully referred to his choice principal works, entitled, "Illustrations of Local Self-government and Centralisation," published by Chapman and Hall; "The Parish, with Illustrations of the Practical Working of this Institution in all Secular Affairs," p. 611, published by Sweet, London, 1854; and "The Nuisances' Removal Act; a practical manual for townships adopting that measure." Sweet, London.

opinions, therefore the common right which Englishmen have inherited, through centuries, to have a place maintained in every parish where every man may go up to worship if he pleases—just as they have inherited the right to have the highway maintained by which they may go to or from that place — shall be taken away; the parishes of England made desolate of any certain ministry, and void of the necessary presence of some man whose duties are the ever-present words and deeds of Christian charity? Those who contribute towards the maintenance of the parish church are, plainly, not thereby supporting any particular set of opinions. They are simply supporting the inherited right of every man in England to be able to find a place where he may go, to worship if he will, and to meet his fellows and transact their common secular affairs when need is. . . *The right in the church in the inheritance of the whole people.*

"The cause really at stake, then, is the cause of constitutional liberty; of responsible administration; of honesty and common right; of religious consistency and charity; of free discussion; of avoidance of sectarian denomination; and of local interest and share in the management of local affairs. These are the true matters involved. These are, indeed, matters of true and vital 'principle.' Every man who loves free institutions,—civil and religious liberty,—responsible management,—independent thought, discussion, and action,—simple manly honesty,—and Christian charity coupled with the assertion and maintenance of the rights of all the laity in the Christian Church (whatever its form of doctrine), will support the voting of 'church rates,' and resist those who seek what they call their 'abolition.'

"This rate may be most properly proposed in the following terms:—'That a rate of one penny in the pound be now granted to the churchwardens of this parish, to raise the moneys necessary to enable them to pay the lawful charges incident to their office, and which are not otherwise provided for.'"

CHRISTMAS.

While the crisp rime crackles beneath our feet, and the leafless trees stand out sharply defined against the snow background, and our roseate noses almost disappear beneath our up-turned coat collars, comes Christmas; and by the name of Christmas weather we welcome the bright, clear, frosty air. Or rather, such is the theoretical Christmas weather, but so often practically different as to give a double enjoyment when it really proves correct.

"Christmas comes but once a year," so let us keep it with becoming joviality. Our ancestors wisely kept their festivals not with puritan gloom, but with light-hearted mirth; feeling that if the mind celebrates a joyful event, the body should share in the enjoyment. Thus has Christmas become a doubly festive time, commencing with its Eve, when families assemble round the great Yule-clog (or Christmas log) blazing on the hearth—perhaps in remembrance of the shepherd's keeping watch at night, while the accompanying carols are clearly suggested by the chorus of angels which announced to the world the birth of its Saviour. Here is an old example of a carol, taken from a manuscript of the time of King Henry the VI.—

Lystenyt, lordynge, more and lesse,
I bring yow tydyns of gladnes,
As Gabriel beryt (beareth) wytnes;
dicam vobis quia.
For the trespas of Adam,
Fro ys Fader (from his Father) Jhesu he cam
Here in herthe howre kende he nam (our kind he took),
sua mente pia.
Mayde moder, sweet virgine,
Was godnys (whose goodness) may ne man divine,
Sche bare a schild wyt wot pyne (without pain),
teste profecia.

In the morning friends and relations, servants and dependants receive presents from each other in token of peace and good will; so far is the custom carried in some places, that in Norway for example, the farmers set up a wheatsheaf on a pole, that even the birds of the air may keep the feast.

Then comes the ecclesiastical ceremony, for which, however, we have had to prepare the church beforehand, and to impart a festive gaiety to its time-hallowed walls, by means of evergreen decorations; in which respect this season is so peculiarly favoured in England, that the custom has uniformly been preserved, while it has, in most instances, become obsolete on other festivals, and is now only slowly extending with the daily-spreading current of church feeling.

Yet it is very natural to

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer;
They are nature's offering, their place is there;
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part.

So was the temple decorated as was prophecied by Isaiah: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary." S. Augustin, S. Jerom, and other fathers of the church, speak of the custom of decorating the walls of the churches with boughs of trees, and the altar with flowers. Therefore shall it be our delight to encircle the pillars, till they resemble "bundles of lances with flowerets entwined," and the evergreens we permit to climb up, still higher, in the recesses of the arch, till they meet at the point; a new beauty is imparted to the gas standards, by gradually diminishing verdure wreathed around; and the few flowers that the season affords are reserved to beautify the chancel and altar. Every available description of flower is admissible, and every kind of evergreen, except the mistletoe, which is reserved for secular purposes exclusively.

In the afternoon comes the great family gathering, when relatives arrive from north, south, east, and west (not to mention the intermediate points of the compass), perhaps travelling from afar to keep the feast; many a threatened quarrel, or rising feud, disappears for ever on this occasion.

Now in all its glory appears the weighty roast beef and mighty plum-pudding, "the pride and the boast of our dear native land,"—the fame of which has spread abroad through all the civilised world; for in what country is "rosbif" (to use the continental phonetic spelling) unknown? or where is English plum-pudding not mightily esteemed? singular enough though the actual composition often may be to a travelling Englishman's palate. There, too, is that national peculiarity, the mince-pie,—having survived Puritan attempts at its suppression by means of very rigorous enactments and abusive language. And at length, when evening sets in, sports and innocent revelry make the old forget their age, and banish wrinkles from the face of care.

Also ye menstralles doth [do] your diligens,
Afore our deperture to give us a daunce.

Which being translated into the modern vernacular, is equivalent to "Play up, fiddlers, let's have a hop."

Finally comes the supper, and a flaming snap dragon; and before returning for the country-dance, which concludes the festivities, some astute olive-branch of the family contrives to suspend the congenial mistletoe bough in the most advantageous position; and what the result is we need not stay to relate. Nor need we remark the dismay of the female part of the family, who—oh! dear me!—never suspected such a thing. And so, we will but express our kindly feelings in the appropriate phrase of the day, and—

Wish you all a Merry Christmas!

HOW JOHN GRUNTER SPENT CHRISTMAS EVE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

[A Tale,]

In an old-fashioned country town, in the south of England, some thirty years ago, there lived an old gentleman of the name of Gunter, or as he was equally well known, for reasons that shall be named, Grunter. At the time my story begins John Gunter was about fifty years of age, an old bachelor, as you might have guessed from the peculiarities that mark that unhappy race. In person Mr. Gunter was stout and florid, with short crisp grey hair, forming a natural tonsure around a bald well-polished crown. He had, in short, just that amount of corpulency and pinkiness of complexion which bespeaks a good stomach, and plenty of corn, wine, and oil to put into it. His dress was a high-collared blue coat with brass buttons, a nankeen waistcoat, and drab shorts and gaiters. He wore his watch in his fob, with a great bunch of keys and seals. His voice was round and mellow, with that peculiar enunciation that made you attend to him, as if to say "D'ye hear what I say, sir?" I have heard people say that only good tempered people grow pink and fat. I don't believe anything of the kind myself. I've seen many a portly choleric old fellow with "fair round belly," and a face like a turkey's throat;—certainly Mr. Gunter was not the most placid being in the world, and this he showed in many ways. I remember travelling with him, in the inside of a coach, when I was a school-lad, coming home for the holidays, and no persuasion could induce him to have either of the windows open. I remember taking out a piece of cake to eat, when Mr. Gunter, after prefacing the remark with one of his characteristic grunts, told me that no one ought to eat in a coach; Mr. G. himself having just swallowed a monstrous dinner and a pint of port at the inn where the coach stopped. Not long after, the sun came out, and, December though it was, not all the persuasion of a thin old maid, with a small peffing cough, and a French poodle dog, which she was in momentary fear of jumping out of the window, could induce him to have it shut.

Mr. John Gunter was a partner in a commercial firm for which he used to travel, and right well he was known on the road, by coachmen, guards, and landlords. Woe to the man that had inadvertently taken the box-seat if he had bespoken it; woe to the waiter who kept him waiting. I don't think that I ever came across him in those days, and I have been on the road myself many a long year, that he did not find something to grumble or rather to grunt at. Sometimes the meat was not done enough, sometimes it was done too much, when everybody else thought it was done to a turn. I remember dining with him one day when he could find nothing to grumble at but the creaking of the waiter's shoes. "Confound that fellow," said he, "what a noise he makes;" and nothing would suit him but for the poor man to wait in his stocking feet. I have always noticed that the more a man claims for himself, and the more positively he maintains his rights, or even his wrongs, the more will be allowed him. So it was with Mr. John Gunter. Whether it was his look of monied respectability, the peculiar cut, that seemed to say, "I can give you a cheque, if I liked, for £1,000 and not feel it," what was the reason I don't know, but certain it is no one ever seemed inclined to dispute his right to retain possession of the best arm-chair in the chimney corner, or the first read of the newspaper, a comparative rarity in those days. After he had retired from the road he was just as well known at Tunbridge Wells, Bath, and Cheltenham. Amongst his peculiarities he always eschewed any inn where there were any children, always professing to have a great horror of measles, scarlet fever and other children's complaints. He abhorred cricket, from a supposed danger of being hit by the balls. I once heard him threaten to appeal to the mayor of a certain town against the danger of kite-flying in a thunder storm, because he had just read of Benjamin Franklin's experiment with the electric kite. He held school-boys in great horror, saw every reason why gunpowder treason should be forgot. He vowed that he was as much opposed to Christmas gatherings as he was to Christmas bills, and that he never breathed freely, go where he would, till all the school-boys in the neighbourhood had gone back to school. I never heard that he had any cause of complaint against the young England of his day, except that of a stone being shot through his window, and a peg-top being spun on his gouty toe. If I did not know of some instances, here and there, of eccentric benevolence, I should have concluded him to have been one of the most churlish and grumpy old fellows in Christendom.

It was always Mr. Gunter's habit to spend his winters in some fashionable place or other, and to return home early in the year to the country town where he lived. It so happened one year that some unexpected business called Mr. Gunter home just before Christmas-day, so he wrote in due form to his housekeeper to prepare for his arrival. His directions were just as precise with just as many references to his personal comforts as might be expected from an old bachelor of his peculiar temperament. Fires were to be lighted in his bedroom and sitting-room for two days before hand, his bed was to be aired and warmed, his easy chair was to be wheeled to the fire, and his cushions to be aired for exactly four hours; a pair of stockings were to be hung over the fender, his snuff-box was to be filled with a particular mixture from a particular shop; his time-piece, on the chimney-piece was to be set exactly by the parish church clock, with other directions too numerous to be named.

Those were not the days of railroads and penny-posts, and so, as nothing human is certain, this important missive of Mr. John Gunter's, instead of finding its way to his lodgings, was found some days after in the pocket of the messenger. So unlikely did the unannounced arrival of one so punctual and methodical as our friend seem to the worthy person who filled the responsible post of the bachelor's housekeeper, that actually, when the "Flying Telegraph" mail coach set him down at his own door, the lady in question had gone to spend the day with some crony gossip in the neighbourhood. To describe the indignation and amazement of Mr. Gunter, when he found his lodgings deserted is impossible. He rang the bell till the wire broke, he rapped at the door till the neighbours came out to see what was the matter, he peeped in at the key-hole till he got what his doctor, at Bath, called a lachrymose and lymphatic defluxion from the optic nerve; he kicked till his gouty toe stang again; he shouted till he was hoarse. I'm afraid that he swore, although he wasn't in the habit. At length a neighbour, who held him in great dread, ventured to suggest that Mrs. Bridget must have gone to spend her Christmas-eve somewhere, but whether with Mrs. Meggitt, in Back-street, or Mrs. Tinker, in the Market Place, or with her daughter, out of town, she didn't know, but she thought she wouldn't have gone far, because she'd only a reticule and a paper parcel, which she thought must be her Sunday cap; but if she was Mr. G. she'd inquire at Mrs. Meggitt's, in Back-street, because, if Mrs. Bridget wasn't there, perhaps she'd be able to tell where she was.

"What number is it in Back-street?" shouted Mr. Gunter.

"There is no number," says the lady.

"The street is half a mile long," says Gunter.

Here another neighbour came up. "Do you know where Mrs. Meggitt lives?" says Mr. Gunter.

"She did live on the left hand side; about half way down," says the new guide, "but they say she's moved to nearer the bottom of the street on the right."

So towards Back-street Mr. Gunter directed his steps but how to find Mrs. Meggitt there was the question. In the first place, like himself, she was only a lodger; in the second, she had changed her residence, and whether

he had been told that she lived on the left side at the bottom of the street, and had changed to the right side half-way down, or *vice versa*, he could'nt for the life of him recollect. Wearily then, through the snow, our friend groped his way down the Back-street. In the hope of finding Mrs. Bridget, he looked in at all the lighted windows. Many a cheerful sight he saw. There were children gathered around round tables, on which there seemed to be placed little treats that, poor fare as it would have been to a wealthy old bachelor, was a treat to them. As he stood, now and then a weary father might be seen coming home from work with a basket of tools on his arm As the doors opened to admit them, a flood of light burst out, and the merry welcome of wife and child broke on the still frosty air. Once or twice, a drunken man staggered past Mr. Gunter, and entered cottages where there were no cheerful lights or merry voices. No one, however, knew anything of Mrs. Bridget, and as for Mrs. Meggitt, she had removed out of the street. More out of curiosity than from any other motive, Mr. Gunter had stopped near a window where the fire-light showed a bed in a corner, and a poor sickly invalid man sitting up with a cotton night-cap on his head. As he listened, he heard a child's voice reading aloud. It was a very sweet voice, unlike that of an uneducated child, and betraying a gentle origin. It was the story of the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, how their vigils were broken by the voices of the holy angels, the joyful message that there was born, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. Then the little voice told of the multitude of the heavenly host who sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men." Then it spoke of the weary journey of the son of David, who sought a resting place for the gentle partner of his sorrows and his joys, and found neither house nor home, for there was no room for them in the inn.

"Was it such a night as this, dear father?" said a little girl with bright hair, younger than the reader. "Did the wind blow and the snow beat as it does to night.?"

"Perhaps it did my love," said the father.

"Oh how sorry I am," said the child; "why didn't Joseph and Mary ask somebody to let them in, to warm themselves by the fire, and to lend them the cradle for the baby. I'm sure mamma would if she'd been alive and living there." Here the child's voice broke, the poor father covered his face, and Mr. Gunter saw that what clothes they wore were shabby mourning.

Father: It is written, my love; "He came to His own and His own received Him not." St. Matthew says—"There was no room for them in the inn." But if He had come as one of the great men of the earth, they would have no doubt found room for them. But He was the Lord our Saviour. He came to save poor as well as rich. He was poor to teach us to bear our want.

Child: Oh, how I love Christmas! I'm always so happy at Christmas. I don't feel to want all the things I used to have, when I think how poor Jesus Christ, and His mother, and Joseph were.

Here Mr. Gunter was interrupted by the step of some boys, and presently they entered the cottage with bundles of holley and evergreens. Mr. Gunter turned away to escape observation; but what he had heard and seen had somehow changed the current of his thoughts. It came into his head that he had all his life long had every comfort and luxury he had set his heart on, and that he had never been really thankful for them, or thought to whom he was indebted for them. Then he pictured the little wood fire, the mean appearance of everything in the cottage, the evident signs that the inmates had once been in different circumstances, and he wondered how they could look so cheerful and happy. And then for the first time in his life he realised the Christmas news that made them so, and the words of the little child came into his mind, and he thought of the watchful shepherds on the bleak hills of Judah, and the history of St. Joseph and St. Mary seeking a home, and how the Son of God was really cast out from the abodes of men, and born in a manger, and then it came home to him that he had only increased his luxuries at Christmas, and never once thought of the poor. So, with these new ideas, he turned back to the cottage door, and the evergreens were in the window, and the invalid father was stirring up the wood fire, and a clean white cloth was laid on the round table, and one single dish — what it was he couldn't see — was placed there, and the children clasped their hands and a blessing was asked, and what there was was shared amongst them all, the poor invalid father taking the least.

Mr. Gunter was both hungry and cold, but this little practical lesson had done its work. He no longer felt impatient and cross. He put his hand on the latch of the door, he opened it, he asked — not in his usual gruff voice, but mildly and gently—to be allowed to warm himself; he sat down and talked to the father. Gradually his features became familiar to him, he seemed to recognise the voice. It dawned upon him that he had before him an old confidential clerk, with whom he had parted in one of his whimsical humours, for some reason which his conscience told him had been an unjust one. Perhaps there may have been in Mr. Gunter's breast a struggle between his old pride and his better feelings; certain it is, however, that he made himself known, that he crushed a bank note into the old servant's hand, and told him that he should see him again in the morning.

I need not say that Mr. Gunter left the cottage a wiser and a better man. When he got back to his lodgings his housekeeper had got home before him. She had heard of his arrival, and, greatly surprised was she not to be rated and scolded, that Mr. Gunter had forgot his customary directions about his stockings, easy chair, and the like. To her still greater surprise he ordered her to procure a large plum-pudding and a turkey for the morning—to set out dinner for five. The old clerk and his children were sent for, in a chaise, to dine with him. Mr. Gunter was noticed, by the beadle, that very Christmas, to put a golden guinea into the poors' box. Mrs. Bridget told me herself that he bought a couple of humming-tops for the two lads, and that he actually watched them spinning in the hall, from the first landing on the stairs; that the little girls sang the Christmas hymn to him; that he grumbled and grunted at nothing, and said that he never had felt so happy in his life.

The secret of his happiness was that he had found out the luxury of *doing good;* he had found out that nothing makes people so miserable as selfishness, and that we add to our own happiness just in proportion as we add to that of others. The rest of the story is soon told; he first procured for the old clerk medical advice and change of air, and on his recovery he took him again into his employment, where, through detecting some long-practised frauds, he was the means of further enriching his benefactor. To the day of his death Mr. Gunter was in the habit of taking a walk on Christmas-eve to seek for objects on whom to exercise his bounty; he never again spent a lonely or solitary Christmas-day, but always had a party of children around him, the youngest of whom he used to set to sing the Christmas hymn. With the exception of a few harmless oddities and eccentricities, he became and continued, as long as his valuable life was spared, as genial and kind as he had before been churlish and disagreeable. As for the old clerk, he subsequently became a partner in Mr. Gunter's firm; his children were well educated. The bright-haired girl, who sang the Christmas hymn, is now the mother of four children, and is by my side as I write. The eldest brother is my guest, and an excellent clergyman; the younger boys are clerks in the establishment. It is only a few years since death made a gap in our family circle by the removal of our old friend and benefactor, but, in honour of his memory, as well as to connect the past

with the present, we always seek out some one to bless on Christmas-eve—always giving the preference to those who live in Back-street.

RAMBLING NOTES ON THE EARLY DAYS OF ENGLAND.

No. VI.

(*Continued from page* 123.)

I have shown you, from the details of book-making and library gathering, in the Early Days of England, something of their intellectual position. It might be still further illustrated from the many buildings which yet remain to us as evidence of their architectural skill.

I fear, however, that my Ramblings are becoming rather tedious to the reader, and must, therefore, draw to a conclusion. But before doing so, I will add, to what I have said with respect to books and education, a few remarks on opposite side of the question —our forefathers' superstition. I am not quite sure what the meaning of this word is; but I suppose we are not far off right in understanding it as the believing in something unseen which is supposed to exist but does not. In this sense there may be a kind of superstition which degrades the heart and intellect, and another kind which is nothing worse than innocent imagination. The belief in magic, witches, and so forth, is an instance of that which degrades men; and the belief in fairies and "good people" may perhaps be taken as a case of *harmless* superstition. While both kinds are to be traced in the records of our early forefathers, I think there was less of the bad than of the innocent; and that many things have been often included under the word superstition which are capable of a reasonable explanation. It is difficult to give a complete illustration of what I mean, without going rather largely into the religious condition of our country after it became Christian in the days of the apostles; but as this is not my purpose now, I will just refer to two or three more prominent particulars of the English superstitions in those days, and try to draw out their real character and how far they were common. With respect to fairies, perhaps it is unnecessary to say much. It was seldom that any evil ideas were grafted on the pretty poetry, which made so many of those agencies that we call second causes to depend on the little invisible beings which were thought to people the air with multitudes. And, indeed, they were so generally considered as the ministers of good, that one can hardly help thinking the superstitions about fairies are shadowy traces of that universal belief in the ministration of the holy angels, which has obtained in all ages, Jewish and Christian, and which may not be called in any evil sense a superstition.

The most remarkable and lasting, perhaps, of these ancient superstitions, was the belief in magic in different forms. For many ages it was the commonly received notion of English people, and other nations too, that there are persons in the world who are constantly holding direct communication with the Evil One; and that by his power they are able to do miracles of evil for their own or others' wicked purposes. No doubt many ill-disposed men and women were at all times willing to make a living by professing to exercise these magical powers, who merely deceived their customers by some sleight-of-hand or other clever fraud, which would pass off with credulous people. But the very general belief that well-educated and, as far as we can see, not unusually credulous persons had in magical powers, and that in all those ages, seems to shew that things sometimes took place which it was not possible to explain on any ordinary principles; and which we ourselves, with apparently all the facts before us, cannot account for, even with our extended knowledge of natural powers and "the world of science." And while we have not sufficient evidence to come to a reasonable opinion on the subject, it would be very unreasonable to come to the conclusion, without evidence, that our forefathers believed in that which had no existence when they believed in the exercise of supernatural powers by men for evil. One thing we may conclude, that whether their opinion was right or wrong, it was a very great wickedness of any who did think so to attempt to gain the assistance of the Great Enemy, and that if he was not at their beck and call for the purpose they had in view, he was only too near them when they thus tried to avail themselves of his power.

But what we far more generally think of, probably, as a great superstition of early England, was belief in the miraculous interposition of God by means of the ordeal, and in healing the sick at tombs of saints. These, too, must be regarded as questions of evidence; as we cannot say certainly, or at least we have no good ground for saying it, that such things cannot have happened. But then, when the evidence comes to be sifted, many of these supposed miracles fall to the ground. With respect to the ordeal, it was very generally discouraged by the clergy, some of whom went so far as to say that it was a temptation of God, that many guilty were liberated by it, many innocent condemned. With respect to miracles, there are several things to be said. Our ancestors were, no doubt, extremely ignorant of surgical science, and not very learned about medicine. Anatomy is a comparatively modern study, and it alone could teach them the truth about many cures that would otherwise seem most unaccountable. It was not very strange that in such cases—the second cause being out of their sight and knowledge—they should pass it over, and refer all to the First Cause of all things. But again, many of these stories are, it can be shown, pure inventions; and whether they were invented for a good or bad purpose, are proofs of romantic power in their authors rather than superstition. That they were often believed by the common people, only proves what we all know from the influence of the *Times* newspaper, that there is a large class of persons always ready to believe anything if it is only spoken boldly.

In short, it requires some care in the investigation of the supposed superstitions of early England, to see where our forefathers had good reasonable ground—as they saw things, not as we see them—for their belief in supernatural agencies and where they had not. Knowing but little of physical science—that is, of the agencies by which God works in the natural world—they no doubt often attributed things to supernatural agency which, if they occurred in our own day, we could explain on natural grounds; and perhaps there were occasions when those who were in advance of their age laid hold of the ignorance of others for the purpose of deception. But as all these natural causes with which science has made us so familiar are but links in a chain, the upper portion of which is held by the Creator and Preserver of the natural world,—we must take care not to call that superstition which saw so clearly the last and greatest link of this chain, because some of the intermediate ones—seen by us—were to them behind a cloud.

Such, I think, are some of the more prominent matters to which we should direct our attention, if we would come to a fair and correct appreciation of the intellectual condition of those who lived in the Early Days of England.

And now, having laid before you some very imperfect sketches of these Early Days taken from various points of view,—I will ask whether the general retrospect of our ancient forefathers is not such a one as to give us feelings of pride that we are come of a race so free, so brave, and altogether so respectable; and whether there is not much in the contemplation of those older times which is calculated to break down that inordinate pride in ourselves which is a vice so common to the nineteenth century?

There are people in this world who are continually forgetting that they themselves ever had grandfathers, or that this world of England was good for anything before the day when it first had the great advantage of their own illustrious presence bestowed upon it. I can, too, imagine a city alderman thinking it utterly impossible for any one to exist without a regular supply of turtle; but other people will know by experience that it is possible to carry on the affairs of one's life, and very happily, with little else besides bread and cheese, and salt. And just so I can imagine a person continually feeding himself up with superficial notions about some of the more evident wonders of the age, and thinking that there can be nothing worth living for in a world destitute of steam, and gas, and electric telegraphs. All the while, those who have read history, and read it with humility and an understanding mind, will see that these things do but lie on the surface; that they are not the essentials of even our age or of our greatness; and that there was glory and greatness in long past eras, when even the shadows of such wonders had not been forecast upon our land.

It is so we should try to think of our own times and those that preceded them. We should see that they are bound together by indissoluble ties of identity, which it is folly to ignore; that age after age is built up, not on the ruins, but on the foundation of those which went before; and that we no more stand by ourselves in the mighty fabric of England's greatness, than the roof of a gorgeous palace hangs unsupported in the air. Those Early Days of England were what I called them once before, the *constructive ages* of our country—the ages which laid those strong and deep foundations that yet serve (and may they serve for long!) to hold up the superstructure of our rights, our liberty, our power, and, whatever it may be, our worth.

If you want to learn from the records and antiquities which go to make up the page of history, reader, look not merely at the dry bones but at the principles by which they are vitalized. It must not be, either, a mere phantasmagoria of kings, and queens, and battles which is passing before your eyes; but of living men and women who made up many classes of society as now, who lived and died for a purpose, and whose example has come down to us for a purpose also,—people who were linked with ourselves in the bond of nationality,—whose faults, most likely, are our faults, and whose virtues we are but little likely as a nation to excel.

If you study the history of your country wisely and well—that is, thoroughly—there is no study so well calculated to make you good citizens, by showing you that each age has its place and destiny with reference to the rest in the good Providence of God; that each man, in every age, stands not by himself alone but as one of a mighty body, which will influence him and which he in his degree will influence for good or ill. And coming down to our own personal circumstances we shall have a keen apprehension of the fact with respect to ourselves, that *we* have our relative duties to the age, and that the age is exercising its influence upon *us*. And in those words which tell us that "no man liveth to himself," and those other words which bid us "Bear ye one another's burdens," we shall recognise that true practical philosophy which is warranted and borne out in its wisdom by the experience of the past, and which is the key to all social happiness and all social good. J. H. B.

THE MONTH AND THE YEAR.

By the time that this impression reaches our readers we shall have entered on the last month of 1856. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to take a short review of the year. And first, as to ecclesiastical matters, as we anticipated, the enemies of the church have not been idle; various measures have been introduced to conciliate dissenting constituents by weakening the influence of the church. Unhappily, these attempts to aim a heavy blow and discouragement against the church succeeded so far as the admission of dissenters into Oxford are concerned. We do not, however, hear that many such matriculations have taken place, and we are rather sanguine as to the overruling of this evil for good in the conversion of such dissenters as do enter the university. We have great faith in Oxford traditions and associations.

Whilst nonconformists like Messrs. Heywood, Myall, Apsley Pellatt, and others have been busy with the outworks, dissenters within the camp have thrown the apple of discord amongst us. Our real fear arises from the dislike to a settled faith, and from the puritan leaven working amongst professing churchmen. Were we an united body, we might resist all aggression from without, but this is not the case. The puritan party are determined to get rid of their high church opponents, by narrowing the terms of communion in one direction, and extending them indefinitely in another. Thus, at this very moment, a dignitary of the church is under sentence of suspension for doctrines which his opponents, by the most tortuous and unfair reasoning, pretend to consider popish; whilst another clergyman is allowed to deny the inspiration of the Holy Bible.

Never, perhaps, has a larger share of church patronage fallen into the hands of any one minister than has been exercised by Lord Palmerston. Never before has it been exercised on so thorough a principle of partizanship. Two, or at most three, of the appointments may be considered exceptions, that of the Bishops of London and Durham, and of the Dean of Westminster. For ourselves, we do not fear for the consequences of such arrangements; the influence of the church is with her hard-working parish priests and faithful laity, and we believe it will always be found to be the case that the party is not the *strongest* which is sunned in the world's favour. The real strength of so-called evangelicalism was the unworldly temper of the originators of the movement. With but little learning, no dogmatic theology, and no definite rule of faith, save what men's private judgment may find in holy writ, it will take more than the mere fact of having adherents in high places to enable it to stand up against the growing intelligence of the age; we fear that the traditions of Zuinglius and Calvin will have little chance against popery on the one hand, or rationalism on the other.

Hopeful signs we have many. Notwithstanding the rancour of extreme men, the great body of churchmen is sound at heart. Men of different views are working more heartily together, and are daily learning to understand one another better. Every where churchmen are turning their thoughts from the shibboleths of party to the great practical work of winning back the masses. To effect this great work, we cannot take up a newspaper without reading accounts of the building and

restoration of churches; of choral services and dedication festivals. Here, in Manchester, schemes are on foot for the erection of free and open churches, and for the organization of home missions. Our Church Institute has shewn new life and vigour by the introduction of a series of popular lectures, and we augur great success for the institution, if only the committee of management are not induced to seek for popular favour by *ignoring its distinctively church character*. Whilst speaking on such subjects, we are delighted to find that the Bishop of Oxford has devoted his learning and eloquence to a similar movement, and has himself commenced giving popular lectures at Reading. We feel assured that all faithful churchmen will look to such prelates as the Bishops of Oxford, Lincoln, and Salisbury, for support in all schemes that have for their object the good of the people, and we should be ungrateful not to acknowledge the kindness of the Bishop of Manchester, in giving his countenance and support to similar schemes in this city. We are happy to be able to assure our readers that our own prospects are very encouraging, and we invite their attention to the fact that we hope to publish a copy of the "Church of the People" for one penny. It remains with our readers themselves, if they approve of our principles to enable us to do the church's work amongst the people. We thankfully acknowledge the increasing support we meet with, and we entreat our friends not to relax in their kind endeavours to promote our circulation.

Reviews.

Is Confirmation Necessary? A question for all. By George Apedaile (Priestwell). Price one penny. London, Joseph Masters; Todmorden, R. Chambers.

This little tract answers the question in the affirmative by references to Holy Scripture and the primitive fathers. Whilst it does not ignore the popular notion of confirmation as a sort of confirming of ourselves by taking on us our baptismal vow, it shows the real essence of the rite to be the impartation of higher gifts of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. Yet we remember hearing two episcopal addresses to catechumens in which this was altogether omitted. We should be glad to hear that this tract has obtained a wide circulation, but we fear that it never will in its present unattractive form of a thin paper of four pages of the smallest type. Why not reprint it in pica?

Ultra Protestant Development at Liverpool. An old warning to evangelicals. By a Liverpool Layman. Liverpool, Adam Holden, Church-street; London, Joseph Masters; Oxford, J. H. and J. Parker; Cambridge, E. Lumley, jun.; Derby, Mozleys.

We rejoice to find that the mischievous heresy of Mr. Macnaught of St. Chrysostom's, Everton, on the inspiration of Holy Writ, has met with so able and satisfactory a refutation as this pamphlet supplies. We think that the line of argument taken by the Liverpool Layman is the only true one—to trace this and all other kindred heresies to the license of private judgment. The author shows, from valuable historical testimony, that the moment the authority of the Church is cast aside, and the obligation to hold a definite objective faith weakened, from that starting point we begin to lose not only our belief in those truths which we profess to have found in the Bible, but our faith in the sacred volume itself as an inspired record of God's will. This has been the uniform course of the foreign protestants, and seems to be the present development of English congregationalism, as we learn from the part taken by Dr. Davidson, the principal of the Independent College, in his contribution to the new edition of "Horne's Introduction." Churchmen may well ask, who are orthodox dissenters? before they are taken in like good trusting Mr. Horne. We wish that the Liverpool layman had noticed in his valuable paper the fact that, if Mr. Macnaught is to be tried by the same standard as Archdeacon Denison, *i. e.*, by the thirty-nine articles alone, he has full impunity to spread his heresy, and to preach it from the pulpit of St. Chrysostom's, aye, and to go, if he pleases, nearly the whole way with the Sadducees and deny the existence of angels and spirits. Will evangelicals continue to strain at Archdeacon Denison's gnat and swallow Macnaught's camel? Will the layman oblige us with his name in confidence?

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

6th..St. Nicholas. Bishop of Myra. He was greatly celebrated for his devotion and zeal, and his fame extended throughout all Europe. He died, A. D. 343.

8th..Conception of the Blessed Virgin. In commemorating her sanctification before birth, it may be well to dirtinguish this fact from the recently-decreed Roman dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which was clearly refuted many centuries ago, and among others by Peter de Natalibus, Bishop of Venice, whose book upon the Lives of the Saints, is the standard book for the whole Western Church.

13..St. Lucy, Virgin, Martyr. Was born at Syracuse where she was distinguished by her charity. She confessed the faith before the Consul Paschasius, and after much torment was put to death by the sword. c. A.D. 310.

16th..O Sapientia. A Latin anthem commencing with these words was formerly sung daily, from this day until Christmas.

17th, 19th, 20th..Ember Days. So called from the custom of fasting in sackcloth and ashes, or from eating only cakes baked on the embers. It was preliminary to the general ordinations which take place on the last of these days. Ember-days occur also in Lent and Whitsuntide and in September.

21st..St, Thomas, the Apostle. Besides the facts recorded in the Bible, it is related that he travelled in Cesarea and India, working many miracles, and was slain by the priests of the Sun, in Migdonia.

25th..Christmas. This festival of the Nativity of Christ being one of the greatest event in the history of the human race, has ever been observed with the greatest rejoicing.

26th..St. Stephen, Protomartyr. His death by stoning is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles: it occurred A.D. 33. He held the office of deacon.

27th..St. John the Evangelist. The Apostle whom Jesus loved. After the separation of the Disciples he preached in Asia, working many miracles. He was seized at Ephesus, and carried to Rome, and there placed in a cauldron of boiling oil, which had no effect upon him. Being banished to Patmos, he wrote the Apocalypse, but was put to death the same year by order of the Roman senate.

28th..Holy Innocents. A memorial of the innocents who were martyred by command of Herod, in hope of slaying the Infant Saviour among the number.

31st..St. Sylvester, Bishop of Rome. He made many regulations for the ceremonies and government of the church, and died peaceably A.D. 336, having resigned his bishopric fifteen days previously.

Erratum.—"Autumn Hymn."—Heinrich Albert, 1807, should be 1607.

ON DAILY SERVICES.

From a Correspondent.

It is said by some, that they never read the preface to a book. There is one book and that of inestimable value, the preface of which is read by a very small proportion of those who use it; we refer to the Book of Common Prayer. We read, "and all priests and deacons are to say daily, the morning and evening prayer, either privately or openly, not being let by sickness or some other urgent cause," "and the curate that ministereth in every parish church or chapel, being at home, and not being otherwise reasonably hindered, shall say the same in the parish church or chapel where he ministereth, and shall cause a bell to be tolled thereunto a convenient time before he begin, that the people may come to hear God's word and pray with him." There is a plain and express command and consequent duty, a duty to be performed by each priest and deacon, to "say daily the morning and evening prayer" in his church or chapel; and by every layman to go daily "to hear God's word and to pray" in the church or chapel of his parish. We are told in the Acts of the Apostles, 3, i, that Peter and John "went up together into the Temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour, but this, the 9th, was not the only hour at which the early Christians joined in public prayer; the set hours were the 3rd, corresponding with our 9 in the morning; and the 9th corresponding with our three in the afternoon. In Manchester and Salford and the suburbs, with a population of upwards of 500,000, there are only six daily services;* of these there is not one morning, and only one evening service at convenient hours for persons engaged in business. The metropolis stands in strong contrast with Manchester. In London and the suburbs, with a population of 2,500,000, there are 59 daily morning services and 31 evening services. The proportion of the population of Manchester to that of London is one-fifth. One-fifth of the number of daily services in the latter city is 18; the actual number of daily services in Manchester is 6; thus making the proportion not one-fifth but one-fifteenth. It may be said, why compare cities the inhabitants of which are so dissimilarly occupied? We will instance Leeds. In that town, with a population of about 180,000, there are 16 services daily. The proportion that the population of Leeds bears to that of Manchester is rather more than one-third. Two-thirds added to the number of daily services in Leeds would make 48; there are, as we have said before, six in Manchester. How far behind is Manchester in the observance of daily public worship! The following shows the number and hours of daily morning and evening services in London and Leeds:—

London.			Leeds.		
1 at 7 30	a.m.	....	1 at 7.30	a.m.	
3 at 7.45	,,	....			
22 at 8	,,	....	2 at 8	,,	
1 at 8 15	,,	....			
8 at 8.30	,,	....	1 at 8.30	,,	
9 at 9	,,	....	1 at 9	,,	
1 at 9 30	,,	....			
1 at 9.45	,,	....			
5 at 10	,,	....	1 at 10	,,	
1 at 10 30	,,	....	1 at 10.30	,,	
5 at 11	,,	....	1 at 11	,,	
1 at 11.30	,,	....			
1 at 12	,,	....	1 at 12.30		
2 at 3	p.m.	....			
1 at 3.15	,,	....			
1 at 4.30	,,	....	2 at 4	p.m.	
8 at 5	,,	....	1 at 5		
1 at 5.15	,,	....			
1 at 5.30	,,	....			
2 at 6	,,	....			
2 at 6.40	,,	....			
5 at 7	,,	....			
2 at 7.30	,,	....	4 at 7.30	,,	
1 at 7.45	,,	....			
3 at 8	,,	....			
2 at 8.30	,,	....			

A devout attendance at the house of God, before entering upon the duties of the day, will enable every one to engage in business with redoubled energy, and with the knowledge that he will have the blessing of God upon him. In the words of Bishop Beveridge—"On the necessity and advantage of public prayer"—"You can never get hurt by doing good, nor lose anything by serving God, except that which is better lost than found, whilst you are sincerely praying to or praising him who orders all things in the world, you may be confident that whatsoever happens to you at that time shall, one way or other, turn to your good, at least no real evils shall befall you." H. R.

[We are sorry to say that four daily services celebrated a few years back in Manchester have been discontinued; three by a change of incumbents, and one by alleged want of encouragement. We only know of three daily services in Manchester and the suburbs.—Ed. C. P.]

* Masters' Guide to the Churches where the Daily Prayers are said, in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Price Sixpence. Masters, London.

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London: KENT & CO., Paternoster Row. Manchester: T. Dinham and Co., 7, Corporation-street (to whom any communications for the Editors of "The Church of the People" are to be addressed), and all Booksellers.—Printed by Brabford and Southern, 3, Cross-street Manchester.

The Church of the People

And the People's Magazine.

No. 11, New Series.] JANUARY 3. 1857. [Price 1d.

A VISIT TO A SILVER MINE.

There is a tale of a gentleman who narrated his descent of a Cornish mine, with its attendant fatigues and dangers, assigning, as his only reason for the undertaking, that he wished to say he had been down the deepest mine in England. His auditor inquired, with surprise, why he could not have *said* he had been, just as well, without taking all the trouble. We suppose he might possibly have had some conscientious objections to the course suggested; but at all events, even if *he* had not, *we* have, and therefore, before describing a silver mine, we really did inspect it.

A silver mine, if not an object to be met with every day. There is no use in speculating on the pleasure it would be to discover one in our back garden, or dust-bin, or down the area grating, or situated in any other more or less convenient locality upon our own domain; nor in thinking what we should do with the produce when converted into shining coin of the realm, with the image of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen impressed on one side, and a certain arbitrary value on the other; nor in disquieting ourself with thoughts of midnight burglars with crape-covered faces, dark lanthorns, and jemmies. Thus thinking, one day, at Christiana, we determined to visit the silver mines at Konigsberg.

In the early morning we sent for a horse, and started from the Norwegian capital for a drive of fifty-four miles to the mines. The road embraces many beautiful views. One especially, when on ascending a steep hill, and looking back from the summit, there opens a magnificent panorama of land, and wood, and water, and Christiania near the horizon, about twenty English miles distant. We passed through the little town of Drammen, whence much timber is imported to England, and dined at an inn called the "Scandinavie." Here there happened to be several farmers with their wives and children similarly occupied; so we had the opportunity of seeing what a genuine Norwegian dinner is, with its concluding custom of shaking hands all round, accompanied by the usual little speech addressed by every one to every one else: "Tak for mad" (Thanks for meat), and the reply, "Wel de bekomme" (Much good may it do you).

Thus being refreshed with dinner and politeness, we paid our little account, with some little difficulty, for we were quite fresh in Norway, and could only speak two or three words of the language, and the landlord, who was somewhat more learned in English, happened to be out of the way at the moment. But we had long cherished a favourite theory that a traveller need only learn to ask in the language of the country, "How much?" those words alone being essential to his progress—always supposing that he possesses the wherewithal to meet the responsive demand. At various times we had proved the soundness of this theory by practical experiment in half the countries of Europe; so now we inquired, knowingly, "Hvor meget?" (such being the Norske form of the phrase), and found the attempt crowned with brilliant success.

Proceeding on our way over a villainous road, for which we would not assure a pair of carriage springs at any premium, we arrived in due course at Konigsberg, a village of 5,000 inhabitants, but considered rather an extensive town, here, in this thinly-populated land.

The next morning we drove off to the mines, escorted by a Danish gentleman, well acquainted with the subject and with the English tongue, who kindly volunteered his assistance. The road winds for some five or six English miles, gradually ascending, till at length, while it rises rapidly, the land around becomes more and more sterile, and we arrive at the house of the captain of the mine. On sending in our cards we were introduced, but started back in surprise, for we took our host to be Hamlet himself. He was a tall, gentlemanly young man, rather fair, with a grave, somewhat melancholy expression, and wore the mining costume—a long-waisted, black velvet tunic, close round the throat, and with sleeves tightened at the wrist, while the head is covered by a cylindrical, felt hat, without any brim. The only incongruity we did not observe at the moment, for it consisted of a leather apron, worn *behind*; an eccentricity according to British ideas, but in practice the most convenient situation for a miner. The captain received us with courteous hospitality; and we found that though his house was only built of timber logs, notched together at the corners, after the fashion of the country, yet he had fitted it up well, and rejoiced in the possession of a pianoforte, a well-dressed wife, and many other luxuries quite unexpected at such an out-of-the-way place.

We were invested in full mining-costume (including the apron), and then intrusted to the care of an experienced miner, who, swinging a lamp in his hand, led the way to the entrance of the mine, looking, a hundred yards off, like a rat-hole in the hill-side, but

proving to be a tunnel some six feet square, with a planked tram-way running for upwards of a mile in a straight line, into the heart of the mountain. We left behind the bright sunshine and the fresh air of heaven, and entered the tunnel in search of adventures. Every now and then was heard a dismal sound of rushing water, rendered doubly dismal by the darkness and uncertainty; while the slimy planks threatened to make us investigate, if not its source, at least its destination.

At length we emerged into a larger, irregular chamber, where a huge furnace was employed to create a current of air, for the purpose of ventilating the depths which we proceeded to visit. Here we saw two buckets alternately descending and then ascending with mineral, and we learnt that the dismally-rushing waters were turned to good account, and made to undertake this duty. Then we followed our guide, who disappeared through a mysterious trap-door, and down a ladder, the first in a series of we don't know how many, sometimes almost rotten, often wet and slimy, and terminating in a horizontal gallery 600 feet below the level we started from.

Like the gentleman who visited the Cornish mine, according to the veracious history already alluded to, we didn't see anything to speak of. An irregular, rocky gallery now and then, just large enough to pass through, and here and there the shining granules of silver barely discoverable. Nor is there much to see in the working, which is principally by blasting,—that is to say, by tediously drilling holes in the rock, filling them with gunpowder, and setting fire to it, in order that the explosion may disengage fragments from the rock; a process by no means remarkably interesting, and certainly not exciting, unless there happens to be a prospect of the explosion taking place before you are well beyond its reach.

> "Thus far into the bowels of the land
> Without impediment we'd passed."

and then discovered that although descending an indefinite number of ladders is not altogether one of the lightest tasks in the world—by no means "a light, gentlemanly business," such as is advertised in the newspapers as suitable for a young man with a reasonable capital—yet, as compared with the ascent, it reminded us of the "*facilis descensus Averni.*" The use of the cylendrical hats soon became apparent, for it proved a very simple matter to run one's head against a projecting rock, or a beam supporting the stage above, when, with this protecter to give timely warning, we were merely bonnetted, and nothing more.

So we safely returned again in upper air, and found the sun shining and the wind blowing as before, all things looked the same, and would have looked the same had we met our fate in the mountain—in the depths of the earth—and re-appeared no more.

Thence to the dressing-house hard by, where the fragments of rock are broken up with hammers into little pieces, which we may describe (for the sake of comparison) as being "as large as lumps of chalk"—or somewhat more definitely, as not exceeding two inches in any direction. Here, too, the mineral is assorted, pieces not sufficiently rich are thrown away, while the rest are taken to the stamping house, not far off, and crushed to powder beneath huge, iron-shod beams, incessantly descending. In this state it is placed in vessels of water and agitated, just like gold washing at the "diggins," until by careful manipulation the earthy particles are wasted away and the silver remains, almost in the form of powder. After this there is nothing to do but smelt it in the usual manner, and cast it into bars and ingots.

The mine which we visited is government property, and by far the largest, producing on an average £5000 worth a week; but then there are many men employed, so that after deducting all expenses, the net profit would not altogether suffice to pay off such a national debt as our own.

We found our carriage waiting, and soon scampered down the hill, back to the town, for one of the natural peculiarities of Norwegian horses is, their custom of going down hill at a great pace: strangers are considerably astonished to find a steady-going horse start off at the rate of perhaps 8 or 9 miles an hour upon reaching a declivity—especially if there happens to be a sharp turn half way, or a bend of a bridge at the bottom, which is to be expected; but then the horses are so sure-footed that no danger need be apprehended if only the wheels are left within the limits of the road, such being a matter which does not enter into the quadruped's calculation, for (like most of us) it only thinks of itself.

On our way we saw for the first time an interesting custom that prevails throughout Norway and Sweden. It was at a funeral, all the streets through which it passed were strewn with fir twigs and branches of trees the whole way to the churchyard, where the Præste (priest) met it, and performed the last rites. We were told, that a fortnight since, a mine had taken fire—there is much timber employed in platforms, supports, and ladders—and nine men were suffocated or burnt to death; their remains had been successively recovered, and here was the funeral of the last.

And the sun shone, and the air blew softly, as before.

A COBBLER'S NOTIONS ON CHURCH MATTERS.

"I wish there was a good many more like our Mr. Jones." Why, sir, what good men in his situation might do if they'd the mind. It isn't giving big sums of money and clapping your name down for it that's wanted, but its just looking after everything and trusting to no one's eyes but your own. There's an old saying, "If you want a thing done, see it done; but if you want it well done, do it yourself.'" Now this was Mr. Jones's plan. He'd all the very best machinery, and all the newest inventions in his mill; he'd every thing fenced off, so as to provide against mishaps; he'd all his rooms made as airy as they could be. But this wasn't all. Tom Higgins told me that he's often seen Mr. Jones knocking about in a working jacket. "Catch a weasel asleep, and shave him," said he, and then you'll catch Jones winking or nedding. It's like masters like men; and so Mr. Jones soon sent to the right about any of his hands that used bad language or other improper conduct. Now this is just what too many don't do; it's all work and wages with 'em, just as if there was no kingdom come, and no settlement but pay Monday or pay Saturday. Now, Mr. Editor, Mr. Baxley, at your Church Institute meeting, told the Manchester folk that the rural districts arn't more moral than the towns. But for all he's such a clever chap at figures, I know better than that, for I've lived in both. There's nothing

more to make folk vicious in piecing and minding than in setting potatoes in a field, but its just this road that's ruining factory folk—the independence of lads and lasses, both of their employers and their parents. They get work and wages so ready and so soon, that there's nobody to control 'em; and so, if they've decent fathers and mothers, who correct 'em for keeping loose company and late hours, away they take off in a huff, and go into lodgings. They like to kick a loose leg, and they'll do it of a night, when country lads and lasses are fast asleep in bed. I don't care a button for Mr. Bazley's figures. You may cook them up as you like, just like Mr. Mann's census; but even figures are against him. There's fewer bastard children born in the country, bad as they are in that respect. Why, in Wigan and Bolton such births are one in seven and nine, whilst in the rural districts it's one in fourteen. Then where in the country will you find your casinoes, and penny theatres, and dancing saloons? I should like to have taken Mr. Bazley and the Lord Bishop (who, you wise Manchester folks, have located five miles out from his Cathedral) up Deansgate of a night, and just let him both see and hear the goings on. I saw enough of it when I came over on a visit to a friend at Hulme. I'll say this. I saw more abominable work than I've done all the quarter of a century I've lived in the country. I should like to know where in the country you'll see women coming out of ginshops wiping their mouths on their aprons, and where you'll hear young wenches swear and talk foul language, as they do going backwards and forwards to the mills. Ask the Rev. Mr. Clay, of Preston Gaol, the betwixt and betweens of North and South Lancashire, and he'll tell Mr. Bazley and the Lord Bishop a different tale. I just notice this, Mr. Editor, because I see through these big men and their figures: they want to have a fling at the Church, which is strongest in the country and weakest in the town, just as if it isn't a great blessing to have a parson to every four or five hundred folk, with a squire interested in their welfare, instead of folk crowded together with a minister to every ten or fifteen thousand, and the rich all removed to fine houses, miles away. I don't mean to say but that enterprising men have a far better chance of getting on in the town. But then there's a many drawbacks. Look at the temptations young folks meet with—look at the bad company. Look at the want of some one to look after 'em. Why, sir, the way in which many of the operatives are living is a disgrace to a Christian land. What they want is some one that they can look up to, and THAT they'll never find so long as the only bond betwixt man and man is work and wages. And then as to religion, it isn't brought before you in town as it is in country. You don't see the church standing plainly out by itself, as if to say, "There's no mistake what it's meant for and used for." Your town churches are like big brick houses, with a tang-tanging bell. And then they're all pewed and boxed off, so that a man never feels at home; and you have to stand the first part of the services, and be beholden to any one who'll open a pew door to you, before the lessons are over. And as for the parsons, I should like to know how often their people catch a sight of them, except in church; and where they're to find them, now that most of them have given up the daily prayers, and have gone to live in some fine suburbs. Why, sir, the people have so outgrown the church in our big towns, that few ever notice their parish priest in the street; and if he was to rebuke a man when he hears him swear, ten to one but he'd be insulted himself. No, no, sir, these things don't go for nothing; and its all moonshine to reckon vice by police reports. Why biggest vices are overlooked by the police altogether, whilst everything is seen and known in the country. I'll answer for it. Let 'em run down country squires as they like, every big man will turn squire as soon as he can. Why, I knew a worthy man who built a school. Well what must he do but stick it all over with griffins, and crests, and coats of arms, and such like fabulous animals, just as if he'd been descended from William the Conqueror, when, honest man, his father trudged into town with five shillings in his pocket.

But to go back to Mr. Jones. When he'd once made up his mind to anything, you might be sure he'd not be long about it. So to it he went. The ground was all mapped out. He told everybody what he was about, and said he was willing to have everybody's help. "I've been abroad," said he to Mr. Pilkington, "and when a church was building every one lent a willing hand. I wonder if it could be so now." Mr. Pilkington replied that he didn't know; but it might be just as well to let it be known that, as their plan was all for the good of their people (Mr. Pilkington hated the word "hands"), they would be glad to see that they entered heartily into it.

No sooner was the wish known than help wasn't wanting. Many joiners and masons came and offered to work overtime for love of the cause. Two or three offered their carts and horses. Several young ladies and young women volunteered to make the bedding and sheeting for the hospital. Good Mr. Andrew presented a velvet altar cloth, which was worked by Miss Pilkington, and the Surplices for the chapel. One friend of Mr. Pilkington's gave a lot of matting and druggett, to make the rooms comfortable. So soon as it was once started, folks began to be ashamed that they didn't do more themselves; and so there was a regular run to help Mr. Jones. But the biggest help was given by my Lord Noble, the lord of the manor of Aston, who offered to Mr. Jones the whole of the timber needed for the wood work, and the stone from one of his quarries, off one of his estates. Mr. Barker, the worthy builder, volunteered to undertake the work, and to give up all the profits; and he persuaded Mr. Williamson, the sculptor, to do the carved work at the same rate. Dr. Leeson volunteered his advice free gratis; and Mr. Hill, the chemist, offered to stock the dispensary with drugs and medicines, and his services, or his assistant's, for an hour or so a day. Mr. Austin and his curate gave a lot of books, and got a grant of others from the Christian Knowledge Society. There were all sorts of books except bad ones. Mr. Pilkington gave Scott's novels, and some of Bulwer's (mostly his later ones, which are far the best), and Thackeray's and Dickens' works. Mr. Tomkins supplied twelve copies of "The Church of the People." There was to be a news room, well stocked with papers, and magazines, and the like.

A deal of talk the work made as it went on. Mostly it was approved of; but there were grumblers who took care to find fault with something or others. Some of the mill masters quite gave Mr. Jones and Mr. Pilkington the cold shoulder for it. It was along of some of their hands giving notice to leave to get on with Mr. Jones. Although that gentleman didn't engage 'em, they saw that Jones and Pilkington would win trade everywhere. Mr. Tomkins and I took a walk almost every night, to see how it got on. One night we were joined by Stephen Harker and Jaques. Just as we got to the spot, Mr. Stubbs and another of the masters passed us. "I see how it is," said one to the other; "no one will be able to employ a hand on reasonable terms now. There'll be no dealing with them, unless you can promise them something more than fair wages; this comes of Jones' fantastic follies." I say that when you've paid your man you've done with him.

As Mr. Stubbs turned his face to us working men, of a purpose, as we thought, Mr. Tomkins said, "That's making your fellow-creatures very much like machines."

Mr. Stubbs: We estimate a man exactly in proportion to his producing powers. If you call that treating him like a machine, it is so.

Mr. Tomkins: Is that right in the sight of God?

Mr. Stubbs: You've nothing to do with that, my friend; religion is a thing betwixt a man's conscience and his God.

Here I stepped forward. I said as respectfully as I could (for, as a country bred man, I hadn't forgot my manners), "I thought, sir, that the second commandment in the law is to love thy neighbour as thyself."

Mr. Stubbs: Well, man, I do to others as I would have them do to me. I give a good day's wage, and I expect a good day's work. I don't think that Mr. Jones was at all called upon to set up that asylum of his. The poor are provided for by the poor laws.

Stephen Harker: And prettily they're provided for, with their prison houses and felon's dresses; prettily you poor-law guardians love your neighbours as yourselves, when you separate man and wife, and feed 'em on water gruel, and shove 'em, when they're dead, into the ground, in a deal box, without name or belongings. I've not forgotten my old mother, and how they refused her a bit of tea I was bringing her, and her backey, because it was against their regulations. D— their regulations, I say. If the Bible's true, which I begin to doubt, you rich men are in for it.

I saw that poor Stephen was on the wrong tack. Poor fellow, he'd striven hard to keep his old mother; but during the strike she'd been obliged to go to the workhouse, so he was a little bit bitter in his feelings and rough in his speech. Mr. Stubbs turned away, offended at his freedom. "I say this," said he, "that Mr. Jones is not acting justly to others. *He* may be able to pay for his fancies, but other people cannot; and so those who cannot do so will be placed in a false position."

Stephen Harker had no time to say anything more to Mr. Stubbs, so he said to me, "I see where the shoe pinches. Precious little he'll do; and he's as rich as Jones, any day. What I'm afraid of is *favouritism*. I say that Jones and Pilkington should take folk into yonder cottages, whatever they profess.

Myself: And I say that he should give 'em what he believes to be best.

Jaques: But he should force no man's conscience.

Mr. Tomkins: No, not force 'em; but if he chooses to say, "These alms-houses are for church folk," why mayn't he do so? Other people would be only just as they would have been, if he'd never built 'em.

Jaques: That's favouritism to the back bone. I thought that would come of all the crosses he's put up outside of the chapel there.

Myself: And I say (asking your pardon, Mr. Jaques), that it's *not* favouritism. Mr. Jones has a right to do what he will with his own. No one complains of Mr. Stubbs yonder because he does nothing at all. The Bible says we're to do good unto all men, but 'specially to those who are of the household of faith.

Jaques: We are to do good to *all* men.

Mr. Tomkins: And so Mr. Jones does. Why only the other day he gave £500 to an infirmary, which is for all; and his library here is for all; and the dispensary too; but he says, "I choose for church people to live in these almshouses," and he's a right to. It's only what Humphrey Chetham did at Manchester, and Michael de la Pole at Hull.

Stephen Harker: But parliament is making short work with such jobs; and they'll soon have a bill in to throw such spots open, as they ought to. Why, Dissenters may go to Oxford College now; and I don't see why all sorts shouldn't preach in our churches turn about.

Mr. Tomkins: Because it would be unjust. Surely folks may will their money as they please. If you were to set aside wills, where's the security for private property.

Jaques: It would be only serving the Church as it served the Catholics. There was many a will made for masses, and such like rubbish, and it was all done away with.

Mr. Tomkins: The wills provided for the good of the souls of the founders. It's true; but when it was found out that masses did no good, then it was right to make a change; but they'd no right to alienate property from religious purposes. They should just consider what the testator would have done had he known a bit more.

Jaques: Had Henry VIII. a right to take the Church property from the Papists and give it to the Protestants?

Mr. Tomkins: He did nothing of the sort. He lived and died a Roman. All he wanted was to get the Church property for himself and his favourites and flatterers. There was no taking away from one set of folks to another, except what was taken from the clergy and put in the pockets of the laity. The Church and nation was Papist. It saw its errors, and reformed itself. It was the same Church, just as a man who's washed his face is the same man as before.

Jaques: That's a very different tale from what one commonly hears. Why a lecturer came here, and he said we'd robbed the Papists, and so he was against all endowments.

Myself: He was an ignorant ass; and just like most of those fellows who've got the gift of the gab.

Stephen Harker: But the Church and nation may turn round again, and then who'll get Jones' money?

Mr. Tomkins: I am only talking of what's just and right. We may have a revolution and a reign of terror, it's true. God grant we mayn't. What I say is, that what's once given to the Church cannot be taken from the Church without injustice.

Jaques: Aye; but if the Church washed its face from Popery, as you say, so it may wash it again from other things; and so your property may, after all, get into other pockets than yours and Mr. Austin's.

Mr. Tomkins: So it may, and if there was a revolution they might make as short work of your savings; the nation may rob the church, but it would do so at its peril, that was one of the things that the Jews were punished for.

Stephen Harker: It will not be long before it is done, you'll see, why that's what Mr. Myall and Apsley Pellatt are aiming at.

Myself: I should care ten times less for their robbing us of our money than their tampering with the faith.

Jaques: You'd see a precious deal louder outcry for loaves and fishes than for aught else.

Mr. Tomkins: I can't say that I have much fear for either. A backbone churchman is becoming better understood, Even dissenters like us to be true to our principles, and laugh in their sleeves when they hear Mr. Flower talk of his "dear dissenting brethren."

Myself: I believe that the church is getting a greater hold on the country, wherever such men as Mr. Austin and Mr. Jones are to be found, but I can't say but I've my fears that our new reformers will try to make it more comprehensive and liberal as the talk is, and that we may have to fight for the faith.

Jaques: I'm not able to follow you, you're over-deep for me, but its plain enough dissenters want to have a

finger in the pie, and get hold of church spoils, and you'll find it hard to keep them out, they've got the edge of the wedge in.

Mr. Tomkins: They've no more right to church property than we have to chapel trusts.

Jaques: But church property is *national* property.

Mr. Tomkins: Not a bit of it; it was church property given by churchmen for church purposes, but I don't care to defend loaves and fishes as you call them, let the people see that it is not the fleece but the flock our clergy care for, and let them work as good Dr, Hook, of Leeds, does (more shame that he's not made a bishop), and as Mr. Austin does, and the people will stick by them.

Jaques: And then they'll get their hands as deep into their pockets as Austin has dipped his into Jones's. I should like to see him try Stubbs.

Myself: I have heard of getting butter out of a dog's throat.

Mr. Tomkins: If God touched his heart as he did Mr. Jones he'd soon do so.

Stephen Harker: There's a deal in an *if*, but I will say this for Mr. Austin, he did look well after my poor old mother, he came to see her every day, and made prayer by her.

Jaques: No more than he ought to do, he's paid for it.

Myself: Not he, he's not like a doctor, he's no return for his visits.

Jaques: If he's not paid by the job he's paid in the lump; I say it's his work and he's paid for it.

Mr. Tomkins: St. Paul says that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and that they who preach the gospel live of the gospel.

Stephen Harker: Aye, but it was a different sort of "live of the gospel" in them days, they had not Lord Bishops in Paul's time. They were all fishermen and tent makers and such like.

Mr. Tomkins: I'm not going to argue that point with you, for I must be off home, but I do say this whatever the church has is its own; if we musn't have rich ministers we musn't have rich people. I'll have something to say about this matter some other day, only remember St. Paul was a great scholar, Nicodemus was an honorable councillor, or what we should call a member of parliament, so was Joseph of Arimathea, and Dionysius the Areopagite.

Jaques: You've got it all up, chapter and verse, Mr. Tomkins, so I can't follow you, good night, sir, the church 'll never fall if it's got such true blue blood in it as you.

Mr. Tomkins: Good night, Mr. Jaques, it'll never fall so long as Christ is present with her, that's what you should have said. Here we parted; what happened to Stephen Harker, and how Mr. Jones's works were completed, I'll tell you another time, for I'm afraid I've spun a longer yarn this time.

The Church of the People.

JANUARY 3, 1857.

TO OUR READERS.

Success (we can hardly say) has made us venturesome, and yet the cause we advocate may well induce all who have that cause at heart to risk somewhat in its promotion. The "Church of the People" will appear in future weekly. Whilst the Roman Catholics have their "Lamp," and, whilst of immoral and irreligious penny magazines, the name is legion, a cheap weekly periodical, which Churchmen can support, has long been wanting. We shall omit no reasonable effort to supply this deficiency. Some indulgence we may perhaps at first ask for at the hands of our readers. Hitherto our labour, and that of our valued contributors, has been one of love. That labour will now be greatly enhanced; and our reward can only be the increased utility of our paper, and the extended support which it may receive. We have reason to hope that its reduced price will secure support in quarters whence it is now excluded,—that the equal variety and larger proportionate quantity of matter will render the change not unacceptable to our present subscribers, whilst the greater frequency of issue will tend to produce a more lively interest in the publication itself, and in the all-important topics of which it treats, than has hitherto been possible.

The next number of "The Church of the People" will appear on this day fortnight; meanwhile we trust that our clerical friends will exert their influence in making our plan of a weekly church paper known in their respective congregations and Sunday schools; and that all who approve the plan will order "The Church of the People" from their booksellers, and communicate to us as early as possible any promises they may be able to give, of literary or other assistance.

THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN" ON CHURCH ORNAMENTS.

Our mercantile contemporary, the *Manchester Guardian*, sometimes digresses into the tangled paths of ecclesiastical controversy—but, we cannot help thinking, with less credit to himself and advantage to his readers than attend his lucubrations upon the cotton manufacture and the currency. His last display of this description related to the late judgment of Sir John Dodson, whereby Mr. Westerton's ultra-Japanese crusade against the Cross has received a further temporary sanction and support. The *Guardian's* article adopts the somewhat common-place and superficial view of the *London Times:*—First, that crosses and other decorative and symbolic furniture of the chancel (being once mixed up by the blundering prejudices of "our common protestantism" with popery and its corruptions) ought not to be tolerated in protestant worship; and secondly, that the whole controversy, like the Neufchatel embroilment, is unworthy the enlightenment of this age and country. By the way we cannot help marvelling by what tests the conductors of such a paper as the *Manchester Guardian* decide upon the topics they shall deal with, and upon the line of argument to be taken with respect to those topics. It is a paper which professes to be actuated by the purest regard for the happiness of its fellow citizens. It seems to consider church matters not unsuitable to its columns. It professes to take, as we do, what may be termed the popular side in church questions, as distinguished from the vested, or class interests, which support the anomalies existing in the church. On the one hand, within a mile and a half of its own office, there are a quarter of a million of human souls vitally concerned—and the less they feel themselves to be, the more they are really concerned, in the restoration of the full rights of the people to the edifices and the religious ministration of their national church, from which they are now virtually

excluded. On the other hand there is a single church, a great way *off*, from which a meddling puritan, placed in office by dissenters, is striving to tear down, after the manner of his ancestors who defaced so many of our glorious cathedrals, certain outward and visible manifestations of piety, which, by the way, are found in scarcely any other church. By what mysterious dispensation of human motives is it then that our Manchester contemporary exhausts its armoury of logic and sarcasm upon the London clergyman and his attached congregation, who are merely resisting an outrageous and unwarrantable persecution, and that, at the same time, he totally ignores the thousand-tongued absurdity and abomination presented at its very door, by closed and proprietary pews, teeming populations and empty churches, with the consequent spiritual neglect and moral depravation? To return to the more immediate subject of the *Guardian's* remarks, we conceive in that *obsta principiis*—resist beginnings—is a rule universally applicable. We cannot understand how a paper, which at times powerfully withstands the interference of a persecuting and fanatical ultra-protestantism with the civil and religious freedom and Sunday occupations of the people, should support the same party in their bitter and unrighteous assaults upon the people's natural and reverential dedication and use of music and the arts in God's honour and worship. The question in Liddell's case, as in other matters, wherein, by the way, Mr. Westerton's party simply depend upon our forbearance for being allowed to continue their present violations of the rubrics and canons of the church, is one simply of decency, and order, and individual reverence, and one for each man's conscience to decide. It is upon the aggressor, and not upon those who merely resist aggression, that public obloquy ought to fall. We make these remarks with great respect to our contemporary, whose services, in rescuing Manchester from the craven policy and evil odour of the school to which that city has unhappily given a local habitation and a name, are beyond all praise.

OUR VILLAGE.

I have not fallen a victim to Major O'Blazes; neither am I leading a fugitive life, like a literary Wandering Jew, pursued by that gallant officer. No! I have heard no more of my numerous correspondents, who have considered themselves aggrieved by my former chapters. My last observations upon this subject, I think, settled the matter, so no more about it. Mr. de Gugguet saw but little of his noble guest, Lord Bullycrackcranium, during his stay at the hall. When he was not in Mr. Dales' garden, he was to be found in Vaughan's studio. He tried hard to persuade that individual to accept Mr. de Gugguet's invitation to dine with him, if it were only for the sake of playing a game of billiards, and smoking a cigar with him, Lord B. "For," observed that young nobleman confidentially, "the old bird," by which general ornithological term he was wont to designate his worthy host, "is so preciously slow; and as for the mother and daughter—my eye! I don't pretend to be a clever chap, you know, Vaughan, old fellow; but be shot if I can't see through *their* game." It must be confessed that the little canary bird that called Mr. de Gugguet "Papa" was twittering round a certain coronet in rather a pertinacious manner, nor was her voluminous mamma less assiduous in her attentions; until between them they fairly drove their quarry out of their hunting grounds—back again to which nothing save the daily dinner bell was a spell potent enough to charm him. My lord liked good things, and Mr. G.'s *artist*—they used to call three cooks one—provided them for him, and was delighted with the commendations which the peer bestowed upon his fiecandoes, his ragouts, his suprêmes, and all the rest of those delicacies which your true Briton swears at as "kickshaws," when he cannot procure them, and ruins his digestion with when he can. Greatly, however, to the mortification of their ingenious designer, his dishes no longer had a charm for his noble patron. Bully-crackcranium spent more and more of his time in Mr. Dales' garden, and less and less in the young painter's studio; and when he came back to dinner he had no appetite—by which piece of evidence the astute reader will not fail to discover that he was in love. In love with our Nelly, of course,—who else? So one fine morning off he sets, paler and more crestfallen than ever, to Vaughan, of all people in the world, to appoint him confidant and general adviser in the matter which lay closest to his heart.

Of course Vaughan was delighted to hear it. He was painting a view of the parsonage: the west front, with Nelly's garden, and Nelly's room, and Nelly's rose tree twining—oh, cunning, lucky rose—up to the window, to peep inside, and blow a kiss of sweet perfume to Nelly upon the wind. He had almost finished it, when his friend came in; and a true, breezy, happy-looking picture it was. When he stammered out his story, after much beating about the bush,—Vaughan never dreaming of what was coming,—the brush fell from his hand, and he turned deadly pale. He left his work, and came and stood by the window with his back to his visitor, and heard all that he had to say without a word in reply.

Suddenly he turned, and looking his friend full in the face, said, in a low, clear voice: "You have told her this?"

"No, no, no; by Jove, no. I could not do that. That's just what I want you to manage for me."

"Me?" inquired Vaughan, with that old, sad smile that I have known so well.

"Yes, yes; you. You're such a no end of a clever fellow with women, you know. I've heard you say all sorts of pretty things to her. You must tell me what to say, like a jolly old chap now."

Vaughan was a very jolly old chap just then. There was something rising in his thorax, of which he had some difficulty in disposing.

"Miss Dale is so far below you in point of rank. A poor curate's niece—an orphan."

"By Jove, she's fit to be a duchess," broke in Bully-crackcranium.

"You can only make her a countess," said Vaughan, coldly.

"Yes; but that's better than nothing," urged the somewhat crestfallen peer; "and I do love her so. I—"

"You must write all about this to your father."

"I am of age."

"So is your father, I presume. Write to him: gain his consent, and then come to me again. If she were your equal, or nearly your equal, you might propose, and be accepted without further delay; but as she is not your equal, or nearly your equal, for her sake you must obtain the sanction of your family. The world is a very good world, as world's go; but it will not give you credit for unbounded wisdom in the choice of a wife, or Miss Dale absolute immunity, after the deadly sin of having made a good match."

Here Vaughan returned to his easel, and took up, not the brush which he had dropped, but a larger and a coarser one, which he charged with dead black paint, and drew slowly and steadily across the finished paint-

ing of the dwelling of Nelly Dale. Stroke followed stroke, until the last rose-bud was destroyed, and the last sunbeam blotted out. And when all was done, there was nothing but a black stain upon the canvass before him; and nothing but a hopeless void within his heart.

How long he sat there—I know not—the young Earl had gone—left him—he rose at last with a long long sigh, and shut up his studio and locked the door, and walked forth into the twilight—through the village—past the foot of the hill where flowed the little brook by which he had sat the first day he saw him—looked not at the blazing windows of the hall—turned to take but one look at the light from the parsonage window and walked on—straight on, upon the road which faint, weary, and hopeless, he had trodden a year ago. The midnight heard his quick unwavering tread—and the grey morning found him toiling on—straight on upon the cold hard road, never once looking behind him or faltering upon his weary march to the great city—the gigantic hotbed of vice, and intellect, and wonder—to his old haunts—his old companions, but with a changed mind, a chastened disposition—with a heaving heart, and an aching head—but with the shadow of his good angel still following and all protecting him.

That night I found these few lines upon my table:—

"Dear Friend,—As a wanderer I came amongst you—as a wanderer I take my leave. In a few days you will know the cause of this my sd sudden departure—God bless you and all who like you gave a new name and a new nature to—V. B."

In a few days the county paper was "informed"—I cannot say how or by whom—that a marriage was on the tapis (why will marriages always be upon the *tapis*, who, and what is the *tapis* that it should tyrannise over us in this manner, usurping the place of Her Majesty's English?). between the noble heir of the Marquis of Skillyvannon, and the lovely and accomplished niece of the Rev. T. Dale, &c, &c, &c. The announcement did not go on to say that the "noble heir" made his proposals to the "lovely and accomplished" object of his adoration, and was incontinently rejected by that young lady.—"I always feared that your stay here would prove but a dull one, my lord," she said "but now I am convinced of it, as you have found no better occupation than thinking about poor me; I am truly grateful for the honour you have done me, but "It's no honour at all."

"Pardon me, it is—I am not so vain or so romantic as to be persuaded that it is not." "Let us call things by their right names my lord, as it will be all the more honest. I flatter myself that I should make a passibly good poor man's wife, but am sure that I should turn out a most wretched specimen of a countess. Let us still call you our friend as before, and forget that this subject has ever been mentioned."—And the poor fellow hung his good honest head and cried like a child over the hand she so frankly gave him.—"I'm not half good enough for you, that's it," he said, "If I was only a clever fellow like Vaughan now, and not so confoundedly rich, and stupid as I am, I might have a chance, but it wo'nt do." Nelly did not stay to hear the end of his speech, the name he had mentioned banished all the blood from her face and neck, and raised a strange flutter at her pure heart, so she turned and sought her room with the latticed window, and the charming rose which had been painted out in the picture a week before, but which was not forgotten—no, not forgotten.

Meanwhile, strange men with tall white poles and chains, and things on complications of legs like deformed photographic machines came wandering over the fields and through the lanes of *Our Village*, and we soon found out that the Great North and South Diagonal Railway was coming to do us the honour of cutting us in two, for no other apparent purpose but of buying some very bad land of Mr. de Gregguet (who was a director and large shareholder), and paying a high price for it. When the railway solicitors came to investigate his title, it turned out that there was about ten acres of land to which he could not establish a claim, and which still belonged to the Balcarraigus. They were worth about nothing an acre, but still the company had to buy, and Vaughan to sell them. But Vaughan was nowhere to be found to complete the purchase, so Mr. de Gregguet took upon himself to give the railway officials permission, and to indemnify them against the consequences. So the works went on, but scarcely had a spade been struck into the soil when Mr. de Gregguet suddenly changed his mind and violently opposed the passage of the line through his estate—doubled his demands, already exorbitant, for compensation, and thereby sent the Great North and South Diagonal back again to its direct route, a mile and a half from our village. There was a mine of copper under the waste land—Sir Vaughan Balcarraigus last scrap of his inheritance—and as he was not there to know anything about it—why Mr. de Gregguet held his tongue and took steps for purchasing the land of its absent owner, before he became aware of its immense value.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS AND WEEKLY OFFERINGS.

The Manchester meeting of churchwardens, whose proceedings we lately chronicled, has not produced—it was not likely to produce—any immediate change in the practice of the churches of that town. Few clergymen, whose platform Protestantism does not afford them a sufficient shield from the imputation of Tractarianism, like to encounter that which some amongst us find a short and easy way of resisting all improvements in church arrangements and church services. Our meeting has had, however, the good effect of strengthening the hands of clergymen disposed to obey with strictness the church's order. It has also acted beneficially upon other towns. In Liverpool a movement has been made, with the sanction, we believe, of (so called) "Evangelical" clergymen of great weight and respectability. The following paper has been drawn up by the Revs. J. S. Howson and Mr. Minton, and furnished to all the clergy of that town, together with a circular, authenticated with the signatures of the rectors of the three parishes of Liverpool, West Derby, and Walton.

> "*As I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.*"—1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2.

Every one believes that almsgiving is a duty. Every true Christian knows that it is a happiness to give alms. The modes of discharging this duty and securing this happiness are various, and ought to be various. The passage of Scripture, which is quoted above, has been prefixed to this paper not with any view of restricting a wide subject within a narrow interpretation of one particular text, but because the Word of God is the best point of departure for any contemplated change, and because an apostolical precedent is, to say the least, a safe one.

If we find St. Paul prescribing not only to the Corinthians, but also to the Galatians, a certain method of

collecting alms, we should expect to find some advantages in the method,—some moral reasons recommending its adoption. The following questions will probably occur to the minds of those who consider the subject carefully:—

1. If our public worship were always accompanied with the dedication of some part of our substance to God, might not almsgiving be rescued from the secular ideas with which it is too often associated? Should we not be reminded that it is a sacred duty, worthy, if performed in a right spirit, to be connected with prayer and praise? Should we not learn to view our contributions rather as offerings given to God, than as collections made by man,—and by thus viewing them in their right aspect, should we not be aided and encouraged in the right performance of the duty?

2. Is there not a peculiar cheerfulness connected with giving "as God has prospered us,"—with giving not merely what we are able, but under the immediate consciousness that our prosperity, whether more or less, comes from God? And is it not well that the sense of gratitude should be brought into active exercise, when it is fresh and warm?

3. Is it not well, for other reasons, that occasions of giving should be presented as frequently as possible to the members of a Christian congregation? Are not the negligent thereby reminded of their duty? Are not the liberal encouraged to give more and more? Are not opportunities of giving, which would otherwise be lost, thus afforded to persons with uncertain incomes? To those who receive weekly wages are not such opportunities almost essential, if they, too, are practically to learn that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

4. May we not expect that the habit of giving will grow in proportion to its exercise? May we not hope that, under the system of weekly offerings, while there is less of excitement than heretofore, there will be more of settled principle? The Apostle appeals, not to mere impulse, but to deliberate judgment. If we follow the course thus recommended, may we not hope that our sympathy will become deeper, and that the grace of liberality will abound in us more?

5. Has it not often been felt that the common plan of conducting occasional collections, leads to interruptions in those systematic courses of instruction which both the clergyman and his congregation would wish to follow? With weekly offerings as a customary part of public worship—while there would be perfect freedom for the most earnest pleading and the fullest explanation, according to the requirements of each special subject - and while the sums contributed would be appropriated according to the united judgment of the pastor and his flock—would not the means of edification be better husbanded and more effectually applied?

6. Is there not good reason to believe that much larger sums would be collected by weekly offerings, than in any other way? If some contributions were withheld under this system, is it not probable that new contributions would be more than a compensation? Would not results be in a great measure independent of those accidental circumstances, which often mar the success of an occasional collection? The experiment is not untried: and where it has been fairly tried, whether in rich or in poor congregations, it has been successful. May we not confidently expect, that if the experiment is tried on a wider scale, in humble dependence on God's blessing, the consequences will be honourable to Him, and rich in benefit to man?

It is hoped that these questions have been so put forward in this paper, that no effort need be made here to answer objections and to remove misunderstandings. It will be observed, that nothing has been said concerning the mode of gathering the offerings, or of applying them when gathered.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. Cumming and the Episcopal Church of Scotland. We have received a courteous letter from Dr. Cumming, containing a distinct denial of certain statements which we imputed to him on the authority of the London papers, with respect to Bishop Wordsworth and the Scotch episcopal church.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

1st CIRCUMCISION.—This day has been kept as a festival in all ages of the church; but being also the first day of the civil year, that circumstance has usurped primary notice.

6th EPIPHANY.—The Manifestation of our Lord, indicated by the Star appearing to the wise men of the east. Also on this day occurred the baptism of our Lord, and the changing of the water into wine at the marriage feast.

8th ST. LUCIAN,—Priest of Antioch. He revised the text of Holy Scripture, and his writings afforded great assistance to St. Jerome in his works. He suffered death in the persecution of Maximian C A D 235.

13th ST. HILARY.—Bishop of Poictiers. He was celebrated for his learning and eloquence, and for the success with which he opposed the Arian heresy, although he was for a time banished through their influence. He died C. A. D. 240.

18th ST. PRISCA.—Virgin.—She was seized by the Emperor Claudius Cæsar for refusing to worship idols, and after suffering many torments, was at length decapitated C. A. D. 271.

20th. ST. FABIAN.—Bishop of Rome.—Was elected successor to Antherius. He suffered martyrdom by decollation during the persecution of Decius, A D 250.

21st ST. AGNES.—A young Roman lady of great beauty and noble birth, who endured frightful torments with heroic fortitude, and at last was slain with the sword. At the early age of 13 "she suffered death and found life." A. D. 304.

22nd ST VINCENT.—A Spaniard, who suffered for the faith in the persecution of the Consul Dacian, and after horrible tortures, expired on the rack A.D 304.

25th CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.—The particulars of the event are narrated in the IX chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. It occurred A. D. 33.

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A COBBLER'S NOTIONS ON CHURCH MATTERS.

Not long after me, and Jaques, and Stephen Harker, had our talk together, as put down in the last paper, poor Stephen had a sad mishap. He was one of Mr. Stubbs's hands, as I think I named before. He was at work as usual, and whether he went too near the machinery, or it wasn't properly fenced off, I can't pretend to say, but so it was, poor Stephen was brought home on a stretcher, more dead than alive. There was an enquiry made about it by the mill inspector, which ended in Mr. Stubbs being fined pretty heavily—a piece of justice that gave him and others great offence. I never heard what Mr. Stubbs did for Stephen, or if he did anything for him. Maybe he didn't think hisself bound to do, as Stephen was in a club. I shan't soon forget Dr. Leeson's kindness; he and another doctor came to do some operation on Stephen, and they were as kind as if he'd belonged to 'em. You can't tell the good a real Christian doctor may do. He's as many chances as a parson—and, I'm happy to say, there's a deal of doctors who mend soul as well as body. Next to the doctor, the vicar was the first to cross the threshold, and he never passed a day without going. At first he found Stephen a bit hard to manage, for like too many, he'd not given much thought to his soul. Still the vicar persevered; the less Stephen was inclined to good things, the more patient the vicar was, and the more kindly he talked to him. "I do think," Stephen said to me and Mr. Tomkins one day, "that there's something in religion, or Mr. Austin would never give up his time to a poor fellow like me as he does. Why he comes into my house, and pulls off his hat, just as if I was a lord; and my Mrs. there says its beautiful to hear him say, 'Peace be to this house, and all that are therein,' just as he sets foot in. "Aye, Stephen," says his wife, "and a deal of peace he's brought in since he come. I've had a deal of comfort from his prayers and good talk."

Mr. Tomkins: Take my word for it, Stephen, your wife's right. I've not been without my trials myself. I have been at death's door, and I do assure you, nothing will keep a man up when this world's slipping away from under his feet, but a good hope for the next world. It's a poor look out to have nothing to look to but what isn't worth a thought.

Well, so the vicar persevered, as I said, and at last he'd his reward. Stephen Harker begged everybody to go out of the room one day, and then he opened his mind to Mr. Austin. He told him all about his past life, and made a clean breast of it; "for," as he said, "you tell your ailments to the doctor, and why shouldn't you to the doctor of your soul? how is he to do you good, unless he knows what ails you within?" And then Mr. Austin prayed with him, and absolved him, and he went on mending in his soul, just as fast, poor fellow, as he worsened in his body. One day, when Jaques and a few more of us was in the room, he says very solemnly,—"My friends, hear my words, for they are the words of a dying man—Never forget God. Always mind that He sees you—that He gave you your life, and that He can take it from you. Never jest about heaven and hell, or talk heedlessly about serious things. Never ridicule ministers. Never say anything against them that may hinder them. If I'd not joined with other sinners, in scoffing at Mr. Austin, what a deal of sin and misery I might have been spared."

Poor Stephen lingered through many weeks, but at last mortification set in, and he died. The day before his death, he received the blessed sacrament, and Mr. Tomkins, and I, and Mr. Austin, were by when he expired. I shan't soon forget that scene, nor Mr. Tomkins either,—Mr. Austin stood by, whilst we all solemnly kneeled—

God the Father, who hath created thee;—said he—God the Son, who hath redeemed thee; God the Holy Ghost, who hath infused His grace into thee, assist thee in all thy trials, and lead thee in the way of everlasting peace.

Jesus Christ, that redeemed thee with His agony and bloody death, have mercy on thee, and strengthen thee in this agony of death.

Jesus Christ, that rose again the third day from death, raise thee, body and soul, in the resurrection of the just.

Jesus Christ, that ascended into heaven, thither bring thee, whither He Himself has gone before, to the paradise of bliss.

Depart, O christian soul! in the name of God the Father, who created thee; of God the Son, who redeemed thee; of God the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee: One living and immortal God, to whom be glory for ever and ever.

These solemn words were all said by Mr. Austin slowly. Just as the last were spoken, poor Stephen's soul departed. Mr. Austin was in his surplice—for he never said any of the offices of the church without it—he looked, we thought, like a messenger of mercy. For the last few minutes, the passing bell had been tolling, for it was always the plan at St. Alban's to toll it before death, that all who heard it, might offer up their prayers for the soul. This, I'm told, was the custom of old, and why it's called the *passing bell.* Immediately after death, whilst we were kneeling to offer our thanks for the release of the spirit, and whilst the priest was

consoling the mourner, a messenger had been sent to the church, and one short peal from all the bells were rung.

So Stephen went to his long home; all his relations followed him—his widow and children going next after the coffin. It was covered with a purple pall, with a large white cross on it. Many of the hands went too, and a deal of the neighbours in what bits of black they could get—for you'll always find poor folk stand by one another. The bell tolled from the moment the funeral left the cottage, and at the church gate, all down the church yard, there stood Mr. Austin, bareheaded, and six or eight of the choristers—for they made no difference betwixt high and low, rich and poor, at St. Alban's; the service was sang, and anything more beautiful and touching, I never saw or heard. When all was over, there was one short peal from all the bells, and then we left our friend in his narrow bed. By the following Sunday, the grave was planted with flowers, and there was a small wooden cross at the head, with this inscription (put up at Stephen' own wish)—

Here resteth the Body of
STEPHEN HARKER,
A PENITENT,
The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day.—2. Tim. i. 18.

Some folks, who knew no better, ridiculed both the cross and the words, they said it was all papistry, and that Stephen had died a papist, but the widow didn't mind a pin, she said, "the cross was Stephen's hope, as it is mine, and I pray God we may all find mercy in that day." I'm happy to say that the solemn event left a good impression. It did the vicar a deal of good, in making folk understand and know him, and in doing away with prejudices against him. Amongst others, it set Jaques a thinking, "I should like to die as happy as Stephen did," he said one day to Mr. Tomkins.

Mr. Tomkins: So you may, if you'll only go the right way—if you'll only go to your heavenly Father—like the prodigal son, and ask Him to forgive you—if only you'll give up what's sinful, and try with His help, to live as a Christian should do.

Jaques: I've a good mind to have a bit of talk to Mr. Austin about my soul.

Mr. Tomkins: I'm sure you couldn't go to a better man.

Jaques: Well, I'll think about it.

Mr. Tomkins: Only don't put off. I do believe God's Spirit is speaking to you now, if you obey at once, all will be right.

I didn't see Jaques till some weeks after this, and vastly grieved I was to see that he had stopped short of his good intentions—unfortunately, just about the time, there was a meeting of the Bible Society in Mr. Flower's parish. Lots of the speakers, jealous I'm afraid of St. Alban's, and what Mr. Jones had done, began to rail at puseyism and priestcraft and the like. They told the poor ignorant folk that was there, that they'd nothing to do with creeds and such like human inventions; that a man had nothing to do but read his Bible and pray to God, and he would be led into all truth, just as if their own common understanding couldn't have shewn em that Bible readers, who won't hear the Church, just come to a thousand different minds—and just don't agree in any one thing. There was one chap, an Irishman, who out did 'em all in folly—for he made out that a man might pick his faith for himself, and choose his own Church, just as if the Bible had never said one word about the Church as the "pillar and ground of the truth," and the one faith and one baptism—just as if we were not indebted to the Church alone to tell us what is the Bible. How Church people could sit and hear such rubbish—and flat denial of their own doctrines—I can't make out; and little do folks think of the mischief of all such talk. How many infidels are made, I don't pretend to say, but I can speak for the harm it did poor Jaques. It just put it out of his head to go to the vicar, and so he set himself to read his Bible, and to find out something for himself—just as if he couldn't have learned the need of a spiritual guide from the history of Saint Philip and the Eunuch, in the Acts of the Apostles, and just as if he could point out any one case in the world where the Bible was ever sent to convert folk, without a visible Church and Ministers.

So poor Jaques blundered on—first he found out that there was no need of public worship—that a man need only read his Bible at home; then he got it into his head that all Christians were alike, and that any body, who'd a mind, might preach and pray. Some Quakers got hold of himnext, and persuaded him that there was no need of water baptism. Then somebody else told him that it wasn't the letter he was to look to, but the spirit—"the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life,"—and so they made it out that the letter of the Bible was to be interpreted by an inward light, what every man might have if he prayed for it. I heard of him shuffling about here and there and every where; going from pillar to post, as he said, where he thought he could get good; sometimes he wouldn't go any where, and then he would take off to a love-feast among the Ranters, or to a camp meeting: then he'd drop in any where where there was a taking preacher.

After drifting about in this way for about three years, he'd been an Independent, a Methodist, a Ranter, a Swedenborgian, a Johanna Southcoter—some Latter-day Saints, or devils (as I call em), came preaching about. Jaques went to hear em, just as he said, out of curiosity, when they fairly got hold of him, and persuaded him to sell up his little bit of furniture and belongings, and go off to the great Salt Lake, and there he is now. I've heard a bit of a whisper, that he's not found it all gold that shines, and that he just wished himself back again, but know nothing certain, but if I do, I'll let your readers know.

I'm sure of this, Mr. Editor, that Jaques's case isn't an uncommon one, and that there's hundreds of well-meaning folk who are just turned this way and that way, like a weather cock, because they listen to the trash that my Lord Shaftesbury, and other noble lords and right honourable gentlemen talk on platforms, to tickle old maids, and please voters and admirers, at Bible meetings and Protestant meetings. Tell an ignorant chap that he's nothing to do but to find all he's to believe for himself in the Bible, and that he's to listen to no church whatever; and it's my belief that he'd be the victim of every designing impostor he meets; for after all, there isn't one of 'em but listens to some teacher or other, and if not to the church, who will it be but to impostors, and heretics, and the like? But who will be to blame but them who ought to know better, and who do know better—such folk as my Lord Shaftesbury, and Mr. Flowers and Mr. Smiles, who pretend to be of a mind in circulating the Word of God, when they can't even join to pray in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, for fear of offending heretics, that the very Bible itself pronounces accursed. Why, they tell me that your Lord Bishop didn't dare to give his blessing at the meeting at Manchester, because there were folks there who'd say, "I've as good a right as you, my Lord, to give a blessing, and yours can't be worth sixpence;' and because others might say, "We don't believe in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." I wish churchmen

would learn wisdom, and stick to their own Bible Society, the Christian Knowledge Society, which only needs support to do its work as well as the other, and a deal better too, for it doesn't starve its folders and stitchers, but gives 'em a good day's wages for a good day's work. I never thought much of my Lord Shaftesbury, after he refused to look to the claims of those who were engaged in manufacturing the cheap Bibles, when he was told that they hadn't enough to keep body and soul together, and they only asked for like wages with what's given by the Christian Knowledge Society. I like a man to stick to his colours, and not to give up the ten hours bill, as my lord did, for the sake of an extra half hour a day, to please the masters; and I like a man, whether he's a noble lord or not, to speak on religion without abusing other folks, better than himself, and bearing false witness against his neighbours, as too many of such spouting chaps do, calling foul names and crying "Puseyite and Papist!" as they do, if everything isn't done to their mind.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF CATHEDRALS, AND THE LAITY.

Dr. Hook says:—"The origin of this institution [dean and chapter] is to be traced to a remote antiquity. A missionary bishop when converting our ancestors, would take his position in some central town, with his attendant priests: these, as opportunity offered, would go to the neighbouring villages to preach the gospel, and administer the other offices of the church—but they resided with the bishop, and were supported out of his revenues. By degrees parochical settlements were made; but still the bishop required the attendance of certain of the clergy at his cathedral, *to be his council;* for the bishops never thought of acting without consulting their clergy, . . . and being considered the *representatives* of the clergy, upon them devolved the government of the diocese when urgent; and they obtained the privilege, doubtless, on *the same principle*, of electing the bishop, which originally belonged to the whole clergy (and laity) of the diocese, in conjunction with the bishops of the province."—Church dict., 6th edit., p. 222.

The Encylopædia Britannica, explaining the word chapter informs us, that "it was in the eighth century that the body of canons began to be called a chapter; afterwards abbots and other dignitaries, as deans, provosts, treasurers, &c., were preferred to this distinction. The deans and chapters had the privilege of choosing the bishops in England; but Henry VIII got this right vested in the crown." From the foregoing it appears that originally the duties of the chapter were to assist the bishop in preaching the gospel to the heathen, and afterwards of administering the offices of the church in such parts of his diocese as had embraced Christianity. Subsequently the chapter became the council of the bishop. The canons were supposed to be the most pious, the most learned, and the wisest of the presbytery, and thus they became the representatives of the whole clergy of the diocese. They were not only the standing council of the bishop, but whenever a vacancy occurred in the see, they were entrusted with the important duty of electing the chief pastor, and during the interim, they had the spiritual charge of the diocese. It is impossible to conceive a system better adapted for the purpose than this, provided that the members of the chapter are elected in such a manner as that they shall fairly and in truth represent the whole diocese. But the laity have rights as well as the clergy, and especially in the election of bishops—any one reading the account of the appointment of Saint Matthias to the apostleship, cannot but perceive that they had a share in that election. There were one hundred and twenty souls assembled in the upper chamber at Jerusalem: of these, eleven were apostles, and if we add the 72 elders, there would remain upwards of 40 who may be considered as laymen. The rights of the laity, in episcopal elections, is clearly explained by Bingham:—"Sometimes the bishops in Synod proposed a person, and the *people accepted him:* sometimes, again, *the people proposed*, and the bishops consented; and when they were unanimous in a worthy choice we scarce can find that it was rejected. If they were divided, it was the Metropolitan's care to unite and fix them in their choice, but not to obtrude upon them an unchosen person. This we learn from one of Lee's epistles, where he gives us at once both the church's evils and practice, and the reason of it. In the choice of a bishop, says he—"let him be proposed whom the *clergy* and *people* do unanimously agree upon and require—if they be divided in their choice, then let the Metropolitan give preference to him who has most votes and most merits; always, provided, that no one be ordained *against the will and desire of the people*, lest they contemn or hate their bishop, and become irreligious or disreputable, when they cannot have him whom they desired."—Book iv., cap. ii. sec. 4. It is very probable that the chief cause of the Church of England's weakness, and want of power over her people—and of the prevalence of so much dissent—may be attributed to the laity having no voice in the election of their bishops, whom they look upon as merely the nominees of the crown, and as a lord of Parliament. Again Bingham writes us of the manner the people used to vote—"which was threefold: for either first they was unanimous in their vote for or against a man, and then their way was to express their mind by a general acclamation, crying out with one voice—as the word then was, be is worthy or unworthy."—Book iv. cap. ii., sec. v

The rights of the laity then in the selection of their chief pastor, is incontestable. How then is this right to be restored, if the chapters are to be entrusted again, as they were formerly, with that most important duty? The feasible plan is to allow the laity to elect representatives to sit in the cathedral chapter, with privileges similar to those of the clergy, excepting only such which belong to their office as priests. Some, however, of the clergy are jealous of the rights of the laity; this, surely, is unreasonable, for the church consists of four distinct orders—bishops, priests, deacons, and laymen, or more properly is she divided into two great classes—the clergy and laity; and these each have rights, the due recognition of which is absolutely essential for the preservation of unity. The bishop, chosen by all ranks in the church, and ordained by the bishop of the province, is the ruler and governor of his diocese, the centre of unity, and the original (under Christ) fountain and dispenser of grace; the priests sent by the bishop to various parts of the diocese, administer the

offices of religion; and the laity—the great body of the people—receive the same as their hands,—that is, from the bishop and priests, the whole forming one compact body, under its head Christ, "from whom the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the *effectual working in the measure of every part*, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."—Ephes. iv. 16. For the true government of this "body," the bishop requires the council of the faithful, in order that every "joint" may duly supply its quota of strength, even "to the effectual working in the measure of every part," so that unity of doctrine, and due submission to lawful authority may be maintained among all orders in the church. And why should not the laity, at least their representatives, be allowed to form part of their bishop's council, to assist him in the chapter, as well as to elect his successor, in concert with the clergy, when the see is vacant. Surely the advice of good and wise laymen may be as valuable to the bishop and the diocese at large, as that of the clergy; and as there is some evidence in favour of the presence of laymen in ancient councils,—and none against its lawfulness at least,—there can be no valid reason why the representatives of the laity should not sit in the chapter of the diocese, as well as in the diocesan synod. St. Cyprian, one of the greatest of ancient bishops, in his epistle to the presbyters and deacons, said—"from the beginning of my episcopacy, I resolved to do nothing of my own private judgment, without your advice and the *concurrence of the people*."—Epistles, xiv. 5. Library of the Fathers, vol. 17.

OUR VILLAGE.

The Great Diagonal Railway was (according to its prospectus) an undertaking that could not fail to make the fortune of any individual, who should be fortunate enough to be permitted by an indulgent directory, to hold its shares. Its design was vast—its theory within the capacity of the merest child. What could be more simple? England is the workshop of the world. Admit this fact, and the Great Diagonal Railway follows as a matter of course. Raw material has to be imported, of course! Manufactured goods have to be exported — good! Very well, then, establish two grand harbours at Milford Haven and Dover; two others at Hull and Liverpool, and carry through two lines of railways direct to and from these points, and they will cross England like the letter X, intersecting each other in the heart of the manufacturing districts. No matter then from whence your trade comes, or whither it goes. East, west, north, or south, you are prepared to carry it without loss of time, and ship it to any part of the world, or distribute it over the country by the established railroads, which will, as a matter of course, become mere feeders to the Great Diagonals. "Nothing could be more simple, my dear sir," said the bland projector of this gigantic scheme to Mr. de Grigguet, "to a gentleman of your capacity, I need not enter into details, you must see at a glance the extraordinary prize which I am enabled to place within your grasp. A director of the Great Diagonal will—but no matter, perhaps I am betraying confidence—but really there will be so many members of the peerage connected with it, that government will hardly permit any one of their body to remain a commoner, with the enormous fortune that he will realise; no, sir, it will require an earl at *least* to spend it." So Mr. de Grigguet became a director of the Great Diagonal, and took a great number of its shares, and what was considerably more to the purpose—paid for them, a proceeding which was not demanded of some of his noble coadjutors in its direction, whose coronets were hung out as a glittering bait for the *commune vulgus*, just as you tow a piece of tin overboard—*with a hook*—for mackerel.

Meanwhile, the art critics of the great metropolis were perplexed in their minds, concerning a strange picture which appeared at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and which, owing to some mistake, had no artist's name, and no title in the catalogue. It was No. III,—that was all. Now the British public has a great reverence for names. Shakespeare never made a greater mistake than when he wrote those lines about a rose, which everybody misquotes upon this subject. There is *everything* in a name, especially with your small critic. In matters of art people will not think for themselves, they praise what Snooks praises, and turn up their noses at what Brown rejects. The Snookses and the Browns take their cue from the Titans of criticism, and swim round them like minnows, in the depths which these great ones alone can fathom, and strive to imitate with their puny wriggling, the action of their mighty fins. Until these magnates have spoken out, your Snookses and Browns are dreadfully puzzled what to say. Another tribe of critics I wot of, fellows who measure art with a foot-rule and tailor's pattern-book, who prate of *rules* of art, and without a spark of feeling in their composition, carp at anything and everything—no matter how pleasing, rich or true it may be—that it does not come within the four corners of their beloved ordinances. These gentry do not wait for the word of command, their business is to find fault, and they find it accordingly—if it is not present they make it, and so it comes to the same thing either way. Whilst Messrs. Snooks and Brown were waiting to be primed and loaded, Messrs. Cavil and Nag took No. III in hand, turned it upside down, inside out, and pulled it to pieces handsomely. They informed an attentive public, that it was full of crudities (a favourite expression with Signors C. and N.), that according to all recognised in art, the grass in the left hand corner of the picture, should have been brown, instead of being as the painter had ignorantly rendered it—green. The sunshine, moreover, was absurdly bright, and the water ridiculously clear. The principal figure, too, was standing with his left foot foremost, which, considering that he wore a scarlet tunic, was an unpardonable offence, as all figures in scarlet should stand—according to the highest authorities amongst the old masters—with both feet in a line. These, and many other remarks of an equally valuable character, were the public treated to, by Nag, Cavil, and Co. Snooks and Brown in their notices of the exhibition, passed by No. III, giving it as wide a birth as possible; they had the sense to perceive that it was either wonderfully good, or execrably bad: it was quite out of the common way, and out of their depth. They called it "a cu-

rious picture," "a remarkable production, to which we shall return before we conclude our notice,"—thus leaving it open for them to praise or blame it, just as matters turned out. At length a real critic—a bold, conscientious, thinking man, who had stood for hours in all sorts of lights, opposite the unknown picture—set his thoughts up in type, and at a wave of his gold pen, all the small fry and scum of criticism bowed down to him, like the imps in the transformation scene of a pantomime, when the good fairy appears in the halls of dazzling light. He declared it to be a masterpiece.' He said that its air could be breathed — that its sun refreshed him in that damp cold weather—that the grass was alive, wavy, and moist with dew—and that the people represented in it, had bodies inside their clothes, and minds inside their bodies, which, he added, was not always the case with Royal Academy studies. What Cavil called "crudity," he termed "originality,"—what Nag condemned as "ignorance," he praised as "creative power." He pointed out faults certainly, but they were kindly and judiciously found, and above all—were *true*. The nameless painter saw at last that he was appreciated, and that in his critic, he had found a friend. It then came out that No. III. was by a certain Mr. Vaughan, quite an unknown artist, whom Messrs. Snooks and Brown began to bespatter with the most fulsome flattery; Vaughan was in everybody's mouth, and sundry picture dealers, who had purchased certain sketches of him, upon his first appearance in London, began to exhibit his productions in the centre of their windows, and placidly to ask, and pocket—as many guineas for them as they had reluctantly given shillings to the poor unknown hungry fellow, who strove so hard to turn them into honest bread.

I never heard from Vaughan from the day when he left *Our Village* so suddenly, till his fame reached us as a great painter—the founder of a new school of art. I wrote to congratulate him, and received such a feeling and noble answer, as made me sure that I was never mistaken in him, and that in poverty or affluence, his was the same true heart as of old.

One morning an advertisement at the top of that mysterious second column of the *Times*, to the effect that if Sir Vaughan Balcarraign, Bart., would communicate with Messrs. Tap and Spiver, of Lincoln's Inn, where a letter could be directed to him, he would bestow a great favour upon the advertiser. Vaughan sent his address, and that same afternoon arrived—not a letter—but Mr. de Grigguet who was considerably taken aback when he discovered that Vaughan the painter and Vaughan the baronet were one and the same individual. Now my friend thought a great deal less of himself as a baronet getting into scrapes and making a bad name, than in his new capacity as an artist getting out of them, and earning a good one. Mr. de Grigguet's mind took a contrary impression, and all the respect which he might have felt for the man of title, was effaced by the appearance of the man of art. He proceeded without much preface, to open the business which he had in hand:—It was about some waste land upon the estate which had once belonged to the Balcarraigns—a mere matter of form, he said. The land ought certainly to have been conveyed with the rest—it was for Vaughan to do so now—it might hereafter become an inconvenience, and the sooner it was settled the better—and so forth, and so on—holding up the high hand, and demanding a conveyance of the acres—which the Great Diagonal could not afford to purchase at the price set upon them by this conscientious gentleman—as a matter of right, but hinting that some additional compensation would not be refused, The fact was Mr. de Grigguet was mistaking his man. A painter's studio is not a handsome place, it is always in the wildest disorder—redolent of dust, and innocent of dusters. He had not heard of Vaughan's success. How should he? He never read anything but the Price Current, and the reports of the Great Diagonal Railway. His vulgar mind recognised artist only as a sort of higher class of tradesmen, inhabiting the housekeeper's room of society, only to be summoned into the parlour when they are wanted to do something for its inmates.

Vaughan heard all that his visitor had to say, and was very cold and short in his manner to that worthy, "You say, sir, that you have a right to this land; I know that it is valueless, but if you think it worth while to make a title to it, I will attend you at your solicitor's, and sign any deed that he may prepare for that purpose." By a strange coincidence, Mr. de Grigguet had just come from his legal adviser, and curiously enough, had in his pocket the very instrument which Vaughan was to sign—Bravo Mr. de Grigguet! Vaughan, therefore, to cut the matter short, and end an unpleasant subject once and for ever, cleared—not without much confusion—a space upon his table, upon which he could spread the deed, and sticking a rusty old steel pen, which he found in the fire place, on the end of a painting brush, proceeded to sign away the "waste land" to good Mr. de Gregguet and his heirs for ever.

THE HISTORY OF A MIND.

In these days, when so many earnest persons are being roused to question, anxiously, the true nature of their position in the sight of God; and we hear on all sides of heart searchings, and deep religious convictions, it cannot fail to be interesting, as well as profitable, to have the actual *history of a mind* brought before us, in its progress through all those intellectual trials and difficulties which are agitating the inner lives of numbers among us.

Such a record we have in a work just published, entitled—*The last words of an English Catholic, a record of inner life.*—(London: Masters.) It is a volume scarcely likely to be popular, and to many persons, it will appear exaggerated and high-flown, from the somewhat unchastened style, and too great profuseness of imagery—yet, there can be no question that it is the true and faithful history of one who has actually lived, and loved, and suffered; and who sought in vain for light and truth, till both were found, where they alone exist, in the Church of Christ, the home and rest of souls on earth. We will give a brief outline of the work, premising that although the writer speaks in the first person, it is clear that a thin veil of fiction is thrown over the outward circumstances of his life.

He begins by describing the religion in which he was educated—a system of "respectable morality"—Protestant in doctrine, and with an outer casing of Church principles, which only serves to deprive it of the real

earnestness of the ultra-Evangelical School. This barren creed takes no hold whatever of his mind; he passes through confirmation and first communion as a mechanical part of his education, and, almost immediately afterwards he goes abroad, to enter into the brilliant, fascinating, half-infidel, and wholly corrupt society of a foreign town.

He has no relish, however, for the follies and dissipation around him, because his whole mind is absorbed in one master passion—an indomitable ambition; to make himself a name on earth is the sole aim and object of his life's best years. But, gradually, the vice, and error, and selfishness, of those with whom he associates, inspire him with a sort of misanthropical contempt for mankind in general, which dissolves his ambitious dream by rendering their praise worthless; a horrible instance of suicide, following on lawless passion, has filled him also with dread and repugnance to the mere earthly love, which might have supplied an aliment at this time to his mind—and so, to use his own words, there came a day when his soul rose up and stood before its God, seeking in Him the satisfaction of his being—he believed in God, but knew not where to find him; and he determines to study the book of Revelation, untaught and unaided, nothing doubting in his presumptious arrogance, that he can gather from its pages the true system of theology.

After months' study of the Sacred Volume he does gain the truth, but a *part of the truth alone*, and he falls into the fatal error of believing that by an abtract act of faith in the death of Christ salvation is to be secured, and by that alone; then arise the torturing difficulties, to which his conscience perpetually bears witness, that the mere act of belief cannot renew or sanctify his fallen nature: still he seeks no aid, trusting to his own powers of mind alone to extricate him from this perplexity, till at length a bitter chastisement is sent to arrest him, in mercy, in his destructive course.

He is seized by a sudden and violent temptation to complete unbelief, which so hopelessly darkens and bewilders his soul, that he can no more attempt to seek light in any self-formed theory.

At this juncture he goes to England, and finds himself accidentally in a church, where the Exhortation to Communion is read. He hears the invitation of the priest, addressing any who are disquieted in conscience, saying, "Let him come to me," and in his despair, he rushes to accept the offer, and begs of this clergyman advice and help. He has happily encountered a man of sound views, and much experience in cases of conscience. Lingard (by which name the priest is called) tells him that his ignorance of the whole body of Catholic truth, has been the main cause of his difficulties. He places him under a course of instruction which developes the whole divinely constituted system of the church, and at once arouses him to a consideration of his own condition as a member of Christ. He finds himself, then, as he describes it, a man in maturity of years, still only a babe in that regenerate life in which he should have grown from baptism to that day; the weight of his whole past Godless life, hangs upon him as a burden paralysing every effort, till he is reminded that by the absolution of the church, he may be delivered from its weight, and his soul come to him once again as a little child, enabling him to commence his spiritual life anew. To this discipline he subjects himself, and rises from it at peace with God, and full of energy for the future.

The description he gives of his subsequent life as a member of the church, in full enjoyment of her privileges, is, perhaps, one of the most useful in the book. A more searching trial, however, awaits him here; he has resolved on becoming a candidate for the priesthood, and has practically determined to give himself to that holy office, without suffering any human tie to share his heart with God. But before he takes holy orders, he encounters one whose gentleness and purity awakens in him that longing desire for human sympathy, which is so powerful an element in every heart.

He deliberates, hesitates, and lets the time pass by without having resolved to give up his heart's desire for Christ's sake,—and then he finds that she whom he loved was herself too entirely given up to a life of holy self-denial, to listen to any offer of human love—so that it is henceforward impossible for him to make this sacrifice to his Lord.

His repentance is bitter, and he sets himself henceforward to live to God, and Him alone. Subsequently a mortal sickness seizes him, and he finds that he has only reached the perfect abnegnation which should have been his from the first, when the time of his probation was over; and for this cause he spent the last days of his life in writing this, his history, in order that those for whom the day of grace still lingers, may learn from him, and seek their rest in that church where alone it may be found.

SUSAN'S EARLY MARRIED LIFE.

"You must have been very young when you first married; you must have found some difficulties I should think?"

"Yes, I were very young, an' my husband had been a navvy afore he knew me, an' he'd ne'er been used to a house nor women-folk. When we was coortin, he made a deal o' me; folk mostly do then, but he were beyont th' common, an' I were young, an' I thowt it would always be th' same. But when we was married, there soon coomed a change. Most men's quick enow to spy a fault i' their wives, an' there's none quicker nor him, nor that's got a sharper tongue to blame it. He's as hot a temper as e'er I knew, but it's soon o'er, an' then he thinks no more at it. He'd fly out, an' give me such words, an' then in half-an-hour, it 'ud be "Come, wench, thou knows I dunnot mean it, let's be friends." But I couldn't get o'er it so: "if thou doesn't mean it, whatten for does thou say it?," I'd say. I'd always been reckoned a good temper at home, it weren't my way to fly out sudden, but I couldn't mak' friends again i' such a hurry neither, I thowt it were like childer. So when we'd been having words, I'd lay him out his dinner or his tea as nice as could be agen he come home, that he might have no fault to find wi' me, an' then when I heerd him comin', I'd whip up stairs an' bide theer till he were gone; or maybe I'd stand at th' winder, an' ne'er look round when he come in, nor speak a work a' th' time he were eating. Then, especially at th' first, he'd often be for kissin' me, and axin' my pardon; and if I'd been so at dinner, maybe he'd buy summat nice to tempt me to eat wi' him at tea time. Eh! mony a time I've been reet vexed to see him ware his money o' such trifles, for all it were done to pleasure me! But, mostly I'd come round then, an' we'd be good friends till next time.

But things didn't mend: after awhile he gave up that, he were as hot as ever, an' when I were grumpy at after, he'd be grumpy too; an' I begun to think I was maybe punishin' misel', an' I were often very unhappy. An' then come the time when my first child, yon lile lad, were born; I were very ill, I scarce thowt I'd win o'er it, an' he were very good to me then. I'd a neighbour to nurse me i' th' day time, but at night there were only

him ; an' I do believe he'd ne'er a good night's sleep for a three week, an' him workin' hard all day. He were so feared that I or th' babby should be wanting summat, and not able to waken him, for he's a very heavy sleeper, that he'd ne'er let himsel' go reet off to sleep at all. That touched me, yo' see ; an' when I were better I telled him I'd been thinking a deal about it, an' I were very thankful for his kindness, an' I didn't mean to be sulky no more. He munnot be no hastier wi' me nor he couldn't help, for I couldn't abide it very well, an' I'd do my best not to be cross when he were. So he said as he were very glad, for mony a time he thowt he couldn't stand it much longer, an' he'd been sore tempted to lift his hand to me when I wouldn't speak to him. So after that things was a deal comfortabler ; not but what he's very hot by times now-a-days, an' to hear him, yo' might think we didn't do so well together now ; but it ne'er lasts, when it's done it's done, an' I dunnot heed it much, I know he doesn't mean it ; an' I ne'er threap him wi' it at after, an' I ne'er cast up to him at one time what he's said at another. An' so we're good friends again in a minute, an' he's very fond o' me an' th' childer ; indeed, mostly, when we do have words it's because he mars the childer so."

"I have thought sometimes that some one else spoiled the children too, at least the little girl, don't you think you do rather too much make a favourite of her?"

"Well, I dunnot know but she is my pet. I love my lile lad wi' all my heart, but if working a day away fro' th' childer, an' I think o' this un, it comes o'er me wi' a rush as if all my heart went from me to her. An' I think I'm makin' an idol o' her an' God will tak' her fro' me. Eh! but the world wou'd be an empty place to me without thee, my darling ! But I'll tell yo' how it comes that I think more o' this one. When she were born, my husband comes to see me, an' says he, "Well! I'm glad thou's got through it ; but thou knows I doesn't love wenches so well as lads, so we'll part 'em; this shall be thine, an' t' other shall be mine." So I telled him I could be very well content to have one all to mysel, for I ne'er had my fair share o' t' other. An' he didn't tak' so much notice o' this babby for awhile, an' I used to please myself wi' thinkin' as it were all mine, an' that's how I come to be so fond on it. But one day when it were a few weeks old, I gave it him for to hold a bit for me; an' he were standin' at th' winder wi' it, when I seed his face change all of a sudden—I ne'er seed a man's face change so, it were all of a glow—an' says he, "Wench, doesn't thou think she's like my owd mother?" "Ay, lad," says I, "I've seen it many a time afore." An' he kissed it, an' clipt it, an' kissed it again, till I thowt he'd have fair ate it up, an' I telled him he mun leave a mouthful for me. I've often telled him sin, he's none kept to his bargain, for he's getten both childer now.

Well, I've not much yo' see to complain of my husband. I've but one fear an' one wish for him."

"And what are they?"

"Well, he's not a man given to drink in a general way, but now an' then one of his owd comrades 'll come this way, an' 'tice him off to the public house, for owd friendship's sake, as they say, an' he cannot bear drink; he's like one wild for a day or two, if they 'tice him on to take a drop too much. It doesn't happen but just once in a way, but it gives me a sore heart whenever it do."

"And the wish?"

"I wish I could get him to th' church wi' me. I think its mostly that he's bashful; he says he doesn't know how to behave himsel', an' he'd be shamed before th' people. I tell him I'd find him his places, an' nudge him when he mun get up an' kneel down. An' I dunnot give it up, but I dunnot frab him about it neither, for that 'ud set him agen it altogether. An' if he'd keep away fro' his owd comrades, an' tak' to the' church, I'd be quite happy, an' have nowt to wish for left.

THE OFFERTORY AND "OPEN" CHURCHES.

I rejoice to see by the *Church of the People* and the *Guardian*, that you are making a great move in Manchester to revive the Offertory Collections; and, as you solicit information, I venture to give briefly the result of our six years experience. At the commencement of our work here, we had so much difficulty in getting money that it seemed a hopeless task to attempt to raise sufficient to build a church. We therefore resolved on erecting schools, and using them for Divine service. This more than exhusted our funds. In the prosecution of our work, we determined on carrying out the system of the church branch fully, and trust in the Divine appointment rather than modern devices for getting money. One school room was set apart as a Chapel on which we began with daily service, weekly communion, and offertory collections from all the congregation, it was agreed to appropriate the offertories towards the building of the church. Not to publish any lists of subscribers nor ever to placard sermons and preachers, excepting on the notice-board of the church. To this system we have steadily adhered, and the results have been most satisfactory. The work has cost about £12,000, beside all the expenses of Divine service, and various parochial works. At the consecration of the church, in 1853, we had a debt of more than £3,000, in consideration of which, the Bishop allowes us still to appropriate the bulk of the offertory towards liquidating this debt, which was so paramount a duty that we resolved not to draw upon the offertory, for other purposes more than could be helped—But *as all the seats* in the church are *free and unappropriated*, there was no other fund from which to defray the current expenses, amounting to £300 per annum, until evening collections were made for that object. From January 1st, to June 11th, £340 have been received by the offertory—The evening collections are from £3 to £4, in half-crowns, shillings, and a great many small coins. I think you will say with me, that the testimony furnished by the Church of St. Matthias, in favour of the apostolic system, is so conclusive, that it ought to convince the most sceptical. To have raised, in spite of coldness and opposition, £12,000 for church, schools &c. ; to have maintained one of the most efficient services in the Church of England,—supported schools, additional clergy, and other parochial works, mainly for the offertory, *without popular preachers, placarding charity sermons, pew rents, or subscription lists*, is the most complete proof of the superiority of the church's method over every modern scheme. This year we shall sweep off our debt, and have funds for any works we may see well to undertake.

I should have stated that our congregation is very far from being a rich one, but consists chiefly of men in ordinary way of business, merchant's clerks, and the middle classes generally.

The offertory system will not, however succeed, unless it is fully and fairly carried out. The giving alms must be a regular part of Divine worship. We assemble to render to Him the homage, of body, soul, and spirit, and to offer him our substance also,—For the maintenance of his service, and relief of His poor—so that whenever we come together to join in one common worship, all the congragation should have the oppor-

tunity of offering to God a portion of the worldly goods with which He has blessed them.

Monthly collections will never do. The people will not thus acquire the habit of giving, and consequently the monthly collections will seldom or ever exceed the sum which would be given cheerfully every Sunday.

N.B. The choir is entirely voluntary, and consists of communicants who esteem it a high privilege to take part in the worship of God. R. B.

Review.

A Letter, &c. on the 55th Canon, and the Kirk of Scotland, by the Rev. E. C. Harington, A. M.—Rivington's.

As it is desirable that Churchmen should be fairly alive to their principles, we direct attention to the above letter of Chancellor Harington's, on a subject, which, we regret to say, is but imperfectly understood by many Churchmen, and which, has by Mr. Macaulay in his *History of England* (vol. 1, p. 75) been grossly misrepresented. We refer to the 55th Canon of 1603 in which all Preachers and Ministers are to move the people to pray for "the Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland," and arguing from this, Mr. Macaulay gravely states that "in 1603 the Convocation of the province of Canterbury solemnly recognized the Church of Scotland, a Church in which episcopal controul and episcopal ordination were then unknown, as a branch of the Holy Catholic Church of Christ."

In Scotland the Presbyterian party had the upper hand for some years prior to 1597, and to quote from Mr. Palmer's *Treatise on the Church*:—"James after many contentions with the Presbyterian party succeeded in gradually restoring the episcopal office, first by nominating Bishops in 1600, and then by Acts of Parliament, and of a general assembly of the Church in 1606."

As an additional proof, to quote from the *Compendium of the Laws of the Church of Scotland* which Mr. Harington states was recommended to him as an able exponent of the views of the Kirk:—"Henceforward, therefore, and indeed from the assembly at Perth, the Church in Scotland must be regarded as Episcopal, since from the time that the general assembly at Perth was held in 1597, the Presbyterian Constitution of the Church, as established in 1592, may be regarded as subverted by the interference of King James; and this restriction of episcopacy effected by the assemblies of Perth and of Dundee, was rendered effectual by another Act of Parliament in 1606, whereby Bishops were espoused and restored to their ancient and accustomed honours, dignitaries, privileges." &c. &c.—Part 2, pp. 36 and 39.

Mr. Harington quotes from Stephen's *History of the Church of Scotland*:—"In March, 1603, the Convocation of the province of Canterbury, at which Bancroft presided, knowing as he did that there certainly was *de facto* a titular episcopacy existing in Scotland, and knowing also the King's firm determination to have these titular Bishops canonically consecrated at the earliest possible moment, and the parochial Ministers afterwards truly ordained; no doubt he had the 55th Canon so framed as to pray for the grace of reformation for the Church of Scotland, as it then defectively stood, and by anticipation for that branch of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, when in reality she should be duly organized according to Christ's appointment. Therefore, the Canon neither does, nor can, refer to the Presbyterian Kirk, but to the titular and real Episcopal Church of that country." As a further proof, we need only refer to the 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Canons, erected by the same Convocation, which were evidently directed against the Presbyterians.

[We again cordially recommend this Letter to our readers' attention, and thank Mr. Harington for the good service he has done in calling attention to the subject.]

Church Newspapers.—The year 1856 saw the decease of two church newspapers; one was the *Church and State Gazette*, which for many years had been notorious for its antipathy to high church doctrine; and the other is the *Courier*, a smaller and more short-lived publication, advocating the interests of the curate class, and proposing many alterations in respect to the patronage and fiscal regulations of the clergy. In their place we now have the *Union*, a cheap weekly newspaper, which professes to take up a more decidedly church line than the *Guardian*. And certainly it must be admitted, that the recent decisions of our (so-called) church courts, together with Lord Palmerston's outrageous ecclesiastical appointments, are circumstances which call for very decided action on the part of all the church's true children.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

2nd Purification—A commemoration of the observance of the Jewish ceremonial law by the Blessed Virgin, on the fortieth day after the birth of her Son. It is also called Candlemas-day, on account of the number of candles formerly burnt in honour of the festival.

3rd St. Blaise, Martyr.—Bishop of Sebaste, in Cappadocia. Flying from the persecution of Dioletian, he lived for a time in a cavern, but being discovered, was commanded to sacrifice to Jupiter; on repeatedly refusing, he was in vain tortured with iron ℂlons or combs, and finally decapitated. C.A.D. 316.

5th St. Agatha.—Virgin, Martyr.—Suffered many tortures for the faith, at the instance of Quintinus, the Roman Consul, and at length was so severely burnt, that she expired almost immediately on being taken back to prison. This was at Catania, in Sicily, C.A.D. 253.

14th St. Valentine, Martyr.—Bishop of Rome. His numerous conversions excited the minds of the senate, who put him in prison, and had him decapitated at night, for fear of the people, A.D. 271. "He was so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing valentines upon his festival, took its rise thence."—Wheatley.

25th St. Matthias.—Apostle. Elected by the other Apostles, in the room of Judas. He travelled through Macedonia and Judea, confirming the word by miracles, and finally suffered martyrdom, by means of an axe or halbert, according to some—or by a blow on the head from a stone, as thought by others.

24th Shrove Tuesday—So called on the account on the confession of sin and absolution, customary before the commencement of Lent.

25th Ash Wednesday.—The first day of Lent. The name is derived from the practice of strewing ashes on the head, in token of mourning. The penitential season of Lent was appointed as preparatory to Good Friday, and the high festival of Easter.

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LOAVES AND FISHES.

A pale middle aged woman, wearing a widow's cap, was turning the corner of Church-street, carrying under her arm a large prayer book, wrapped in a handkerchief, which, for three Sundays together she had taken to God's house, and made good use of—though it had been laid on a shelf and neglected for many a long day since her mother's death—when, all of a sudden, you might have seen her start with fright, and become as white as ashes, upon hearing the following words:—"Oh, Mrs. Piety, so you've buried your husband, and now you are going to be better than your neighbours, I suppose; but its "*loaves and fishes*" with the like of you, and no mistake." This rude speech was uttered by a slatternly female, who had been sometime standing on the watch for her, just inside an entry, with an unwashed baby at her breast. The prayer book slipped out of the handkerchief, and fell to the ground, at the first word almost; so that the poor widow was obliged to hear the whole sentence, before she could remove from the alarm of the sudden voice, and pick up the treasured book, and proceed upon her way home. And the reader will hardly believe how much work Satan had done in that short minute; for the widow's heart had been softened by sorrow, and like ground just ploughed and harrowed, was ready to yield to any pressure. Her husband had hastened his earthly end by drink; but by God's mercy he had been blessed with four months' sickness, and with grace and opportunity to profit by it. I don't mean that it will be the same in heaven with him, as with his next door neighbour, who had died after two days of cholera, but had loved and served his Saviour, regularly attending Church and the Lord's Supper, and growing in grace, for nearly twenty years; for they who are God's holiest servants here will have a higher place, and greater powers for enjoying the glory which Christ has purchased for them, hereafter, But, I do mean, that John Cooper had been apparently convinced of his sins by the Holy Spirit, and that his heart had been opened to receive the things spoken by God's minister; that for the four months whilst he was gradually dying of decline, the vicar had been teaching him the way of life; he had been brought, as a little child, to look for the Father's mercy through Jesus Christ, as "the way, the truth, and the life;" and that there was hope in his end. Mary Cooper had seen all this; and though, when her husband fell ill, she was no better than the untidy woman who now mocked her, she knew well enough that sin had brought no comfort to her house; and she had found out that though John's club pay, and the shilling often added to it by the vicar, in God's name, were together less than his wages when in health,—yet, she had more peace with less money, whilst he was learning in God's school of affliction; and she had made up her mind to *follow him*, as she said, every Sunday, and, after looking at his grave, to join in the confessions and prayers of the congregation, and to try to learn something from the lessons and the sermon.

She had kept her word for three Sundays since the funeral; her prayers at home had been offered twice daily, and were more real and earnest than before; and she had been to the vicarage to return thanks for the vicar's kindness, and had received some good advice for her soul's health, and gladly accepted his offer to let her three boys attend the National school, *gratis*. Still, I won't make too much of her: I will only say, that she was moving in a right direction, and, perhaps, was "not far from the kingdom of heaven." But, now mark the sad change worked in her by that wicked reproach of the evil one, whose jeering words cut to her very soul; and, rousing her false pride and false shame, threw her back into neglect of God. She went home, indeed, without returning the woman's impudence, and she burst into tears, from a mixture of grief and fright and passion, as soon as she got into the house. But that was the last day of her Church going. She "could'nt for shame, she said, go to Church to be made a mock of; and she would shew the neighbours that she could do without the vicar's help." And to this foolish resolution she stood fast, though she had broken a better one to do so. Satan's net had been well spread to catch her: she fell headlong into it: and her last state was worst than the first.

I have three things to say about this case; and they will just as well suit the case of old Jones, who has been lately having his Sunday dinner at the Parsonage; or of Mrs. White, who gets the tea leaves and pigswash from Mr. Taylor's, the Churchwarden; or of any other poor brother or sister who is laughed at for going to Church, and receiving kindness from richer worshippers:—

First—If widow Cooper had known, and remem-

bered, that when the Devil quotes Scripture, he never applies it fairly, she would not have cared for "loaves and fishes" from the mouth of the Devil's servant. "Loaves and fishes" are Scripture words, but, as the Devil quoted Scripture in the hope of tempting Christ, and Christ answered him with other Scriptures, shewing that he put a *wrong meaning* on the texts; so Mary ought to have remembered, that if she would "reign with Christ, she must also suffer with Him;" that He has said, "some hate you when all men speak well of you"—and "whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and my words, of them shall the Son of man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of his Father." St. Mark, viii. 38—and, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."—St. John, xvi. 33. But she could not bear a little mockery for His sake, who bore her sins upon the cross; and, therefore, she fell away from Him for ever.

Secondly—The wicked woman who made her fall, must answer for it at the day of judgment, when men "must give accoount for every *idle* word," and much more for every soul-destroying word, that they have spoken. The person who is hanged for murdering a body, may have fewer stripes in Hell, than he who murders a soul. For Christ has said, "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe on me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged round his neck, and he were cast into the depths of the sea."

Thirdly—When poor folks are mocked with "loaves and fishes,"—"Fleshpots of Egypt," and any other like expressions, because they receive help from richer people who worship with them, they should remember that there is nothing to be ashamed of in *honest poverty*, nor in receiving gifts of money, food, or clothing, from God's people. A clergyman is not ashamed when his flock gives him something for his maintenance, or as a gift of gratitude for his ministry; on the contrary, he knows that God tells them to support and honor him; and he thanks God, and takes courage, when they do so,—though the world may laugh both at him and them. Why, then, should a pious member of the flock be ashamed, when the rich "remember the poor," as God has taught them? and why should the hungry, or the ill-clothed, or destitute, be frightened at the world's mockery, when those who are well fed and well clothed, and well of, remember how Christ told them to "feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked;" and how St. Paul bade them "do good to all men, but especially to those who are of the household of Faith."

The truth is, that as our Lord twice fed the multitudes, who came to hear Him, with "loaves and fishes," so rich Church people *ought to give* something like "loaves and fishes" to those poor folks who go with them to prayer. And the Devil knows this, and tries to prevent it, by putting it into the hearts of wicked people to mock when it is done. I say that Christians, who can afford it, *ought* to give "loaves and fishes," and to turn the Devil's sword against himself; and poor people *ought* to receive them gladly, in spite of mockery; and to thank God for them, treading the world and the Devil under their feet. I say more than this, that poor Church people should thank God that they belong to a branch of His Church, which is fruitful of such good works, and which is learning more and more to love the poor, for Jesus' sake, who became poor to make us spiritually rich; and that, though they can't please God if they go to Church *only* to get the "loaves and fishes;" yet, they may really please God, by gratefully receiving those "loaves and fishes," if they thank Him for them,—and if the real motive of their service is to have fellowship with the Father, and with the Son, and with the Holy Ghost, the ever blessed Trinity.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you."

A COBBLER'S NOTIONS ON CHURCH MATTERS.

One day, when I and Mr. Tomkins had been to see poor Stephen Harker's widow—Mr. Tomkins had been carrying the children a few oranges—we saw a chap coming towards us, in a bit of a foreign sort of cut as I thought. He was looking about him at the Alms Houses—when, who should it turn out to be, but our old chum, Jaques. Why, bless my soul, Jaques, says Mr. Tomkins, is it thee, I'm right glad to see you back again. "No gladder, I'm sure," says Jaques, "than I am to come back,—I've seen enough of that spot, and their goings on yonder, if I live to a thousand years. You'll not see such carrying on any where out of Hell, I'm sure." Well, says I, then we are all the bigger pleased to have you safe away, and none the less to find you've found 'em out. When did you get back?

"Only yesterday, I tramped it from Liverpool, and I'm a bit tired, and hungry too."

Mr. Tomkins invited him to go home and have a bit of supper, and a bed with him, so together we all went. When we'd got a bit of something to eat, and a cup or two of tea, we both asked him to tell us a bit of his adventures, so he began, as nearly as I can call to mind:

"Well, to hear them Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints talk, or as you was always right in calling 'em, Mr. Tomkins, latter-day devils, and to see their goings on, is enough to sicken a man. You know how they palavered, and how pat they'd got their tale,—why they made me, and a many greenhorns like me, believe we was going to a perfect paradise, we was all to be brothers together,—there was to be no poor amongst us—we was all to be saints together; them that was rich was to help them as was poor. We were all to be new baptized, and then we were to have nothing but peace. Now, I'll just tell you how they carried it out, just like a set of fiends let loose; them that could stand up for themselves, got all—them that couldn', got nothing. I'd saved a bit of money, upwards of £30, from my furniture, and my bits of savings out of the bank. I was made to give it all up, to what they called the common stock—precious little of it was common to me, and when I complained, I was threatened like mad. But that wasn't all—my poor Mary was young, and prettyish—more the pity, and they got her from me, for one of the Elders spiritual wives. I say, that if there's a devil on earth, its that Brigham Young."

Myself: Well! I'd never believe Mary would have left you.

Jaques: No more she would, but they threatened her life out if she didn't. She'd ha' borne up against that, but when they'd put me out of the way, and threatened to finish for me, she gave in. We'd tried to run away together, but we were too closely watched—[Here poor

Jaques was much affected]—If they're once suspicious of you, your life's worth nothing. Why, since I left, one of 'em met me in the streets of New York, and told me they'd mark me out if I went from one end of the world to another.

Myself: How did you manage to run away?

Jaques: It was one of their jollifications when Brigham Young, and some other of those Elder chaps had been taking some more wives, there was a deal of liquor drunk, and as they kept it up after dark, I contrived to give 'em the slip. I'd made it up with Mary to pretend to be reconciled to the man that she'd gone to, and as he is obliged to go to other parts, to get him to take her with him, and give him the slip at the nearest safe spot. I've given her a few sovereigns, which she's sewn into her stays, and I've a friend or two on the look out. Well, I cut away, I say, in the dead of night, and I walked 40 miles without resting, till I was fit to drop. I then found myself near a settlement of Red Indians, so I made signs of friendship to 'em—one of 'em knew a few words of English. I'd heard of a pipe of peace, so I lit mine—it was a fancy article—and handed it to the chief. I begged him to keep it. Well, I staid with 'em sometime, and they took charge of me, and brought me to a town, I've forgot the name of, but there was a railway there, so I steamed it to New York. I waited sometime, hoping I might hear of Mary, but I didn't. I left them as is looking out, and I put the Indian chief on the watch, and I doubt not she'll make her escape. Please God she may, for I believe she's as innocent as a babe.

Amen!—we both said.

After a bit of a pause, Mr. Tomkins said, Now just tell me, Jaques, how it was you could be so imposed upon?

Jaques: That's easily told; it was all along of those speakers at that Bible meeting, telling us we'd nought to do but to shape out a belief for ourselves, and we was to listen to no church. A man who gets such chaff as that in his head, is ready to be blown about any how. You see, first they persuaded me I was not to belong to any particular church; then others told me that it didn't matter what I believed, so I was sincere; so I got it into my head that I needn't go to church at all, and then I got persuaded water baptism was nothing, and sacraments was nothing, and then I got hold of the notion of an inner light, the worst delusion of all; and when I was ready to believe anything or nothing, up came those Latter Day Saints, and they'd got their texts as pat as any of 'em. I needn't say they stomached me when they brought out the Book of Mormon. "Why that's not the Bible at all," I said.

Tomkins: What did they say to that?

Jaques: They said "It's a new revelation — why shouldn't there be one?" of course I couldn't say, for you see I dursent say, as Mr. Austin might, and you both might, that the Church had for ever settled which was God's Word; for you see I'd no belief in any church, so I said, "I don't see why there shouldn't be." I'd given in before, you see, to a new light, so I thinks why if any one has a new light, why mightn't he put it down in a book, as they did with the Old Bible, and then they gave me some rodomontade tracts, and told me a pack of lies about Joseph Smith, and the Angel, and the golden plates—just the tales for such a booby as I was, to swallow—and then they never left me alone till they'd got me clear persuaded to go out to the Salt Lake. Oh! I dreamed and dreamed of it, till I could write and talk of nothing else; I can compare it to nothing but the Israelites going to the promised land, it ran betwixt me and my wits, till I counted days and hours till we started; and when I set foot on the steamer, I dropped down on my knees and thanked God. Do you know, I think I can say something like St. Paul, when I thought of my escape, "I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief, thinking to do God service." I'm sure this was my idea.

Tomkins: True: but you forgot the exhortation to walk in the good old paths, and to lean not to your own understanding.

Jaques: Aye: but those were biggest to blame who first set me wrong — they were blind leaders of the blind. I see this, once set a man to trust to his ignorance and presumption, and he'll be this to-day, and anything else to-morrow, and the mischief is, believe what you will, they'll all have texts twisted this way and that way to support it.

Myself: What first gave you suspicion?

Jaques: The conversation of some of 'em on board the boat, then the carrying on at the settlement. I was very miserable and wretched, and didn't know what I should turn to, when as I was travelling in a lonelyish spot, a good minister overtook me, and gave me a lift in his car, and we got into talk together, and I found he knew our vicar here, and he directed me to pray for enlightenment, when to seek for it, and never to believe anything against the old belief of the church; and I brought a letter from him to Mr. Austin here, and a deal of talk we've had together. I never saw two men who believed so alike, as the American parson and Mr. Austin. I've felt a deal more settled since I've seen the vicar. He's explained a deal to me I didn't understand before. I used to think that parsons like him set little store by the Bible, and made a deal of the traditions of men, but I've learned different now. The Bible is God's Word to you only when you really know what it means, and listen to it with a humble teachable mind, remembering that no meaning can be the true one that contradicts the old faith that has always been believed, for I found out that whatever a man believed, he was glib enough at twenty texts to support it.

Mr. Tomkins: Ay, just as St. Peter tells us, there's "things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable, wrest as they do also the other scriptures unto their own destruction."—2 Pet. iii. 16. They just turn wholesome food into poison.

Here I took up my hat, and went home after Mr. Tomkins had had his wife and children in, and had prayers, and sang the evening hymn. Its a rare good plan is family prayer, to my thinking. Just as bedside prayer brings a blessing to yourself, family prayer brings it down on your families and belongings.

I'm happy to say, Jaques continued steadfast, he'd had enough of shifting about, and now he felt his footing. At my advice, he went to Mr. Jones, and I went with him to plead his cause: as he was a good mechanic and steady, Mr. Jones took him into his employ. So matters went on, till one fine day, a letter was brought him from Boston, United States, from the good Clergyman in America, that told him he'd seen his wife safe into the steamer—that the good Indian Chief had brought her one night. Mr. Jaques went to meet her at Liverpool, and found her alive and well; he told me he spoke to the Captain, and sent by him his watch to the Clergyman, to give to the Chief. In a short time after, another letter came to say the Chief was dead. He died in the faith of Christ, attended by the Clergyman, and he sent back the watch. I've heard since that the Minister is made a Bishop in America. As for Jaques' wife, she went to the vicar, to ask him to pray that she might be forgiven for any error she'd committed. They

now live in a nice little cottage, under Mr. Jones, they've no wrangling and disputes—they are very regular at St. Albans, and in spite of a bit of teazing and persecution, they jog on pretty happy together. One day, at Ashton here, one of these Mormonite chaps met Jaques, and threatened him with his life; several threatening letters were sent to him too. It just happened lucky enough, that Mr. Pilkington was by, and heard it, so as he was a magistrate, he gave the long bearded vagabond a turn on the treadmill, and bound him over to keep the peace.

As for those Mormonites, I hear in the papers, that they're breaking up; they've gone too far in their folly and villany, and folks are getting awake to 'em. The only wonder is, how they can manage to gull their victims, and, if it wasn't that the Bible has all along prophesied of such fallings away, we couldn't credit it. As Jaques's tale is quite true, I only wish that it may fall into the hands of some one whose eyes it may open. To my thinking, if poor ignorant folk was looked after a bit more, like as by Mr. Austin, it wouldn't happen; and its to the reproach of Protestants, who pretend to be so enlightened, that it doesn't happen to Papists. The Priests look after 'em too well for that, although Jaques says, and a deal more, that they're not so well looked after in foreign parts.

THE LATER DAYS OF ENGLAND, No. I.

In my last paper, on the early days of England, I confined my observations principally within that strongly marked boundary which is formed by the invention of printed books. Whether arising out of that invention or not, it is certain that from about that period a change came over our country, something parallel to that change which all acute observers will notice, as cotemporary with our own development of railroads: a change, which though not confined to a single year, but extending over a long period of many generations, yet justifies us in dividing the social and political history of England into two very distinct portions—the ages before the development of the printing art, and after; which I have ventured to call the early and the later days of England. But let me be distinctly understood. I do not in the least mean to imply by this broad division, that the later period is marked by more nobleness of mind or matter: that the last four centuries of our country's age are years of more religion, more morality, more intellect, or more happiness. We may find something to say on the subject before ending — but all that is needful to remark in the outset is this: — that running side by side with that continuous nationality of which I lately spoke, there is also a line of national characteristics which is, as it were, of a different colour now from what it was in earlier days; and that the mingling of these two diverse colours is marked by the great discovery to which I have alluded. I went at some length, last year, into the manners and customs of the Anglo-Saxon and later mediæval periods, as from the great distance of time at which we look back on those early ages, we are enabled to take a condensed view of their domestic characteristics. But as we come nearer to that section of English history which is more closely connected with ourselves, the materials out of which these interesting particulars may be derived become so extensive, and the changes of habit in consequence so minutely marked, that it will not be easy to lay hold upon their characteristics in a manner favorable for such brief papers as these. I shall, therefore, take a more general view of the history of the period now before us, and gather up as we go on those characteristic details, which in any great measure distinguish it from the times of which we have experience.

The first great event to which the invention of printing led, was the consolidation of those constitutional changes under the Tudor Monarchs, which had been so long developing, under their predecessors especially, during the time of the wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. Great as the effects produced by those long struggles must have been, and many as the changes were which our country saw between the time of the Norman conquest and the accession of the Tudor kings, there was no event, or series of events, during the whole 500 years between Harold and Elizabeth which can be compared with the political and religious era known as the reformation, in the magnitude of its results. It is a great mistake to look upon the reformation period only as a crisis in the religious history of England, and a still greater to suppose that it arose out of any sudden or temporary circumstances. There was a continual struggle on the part of the old English element for supremacy, from the time of the conquest onward, through the whole of the mediæval period. Sometimes it got the better of the un-English element—as for instance, when any very great man took the lead in matters of government, who derived his origin from the lower classes of society—then the most English of all. Such was Thomas à Becket for example, the first *English* archbishop of Canterbury after the conquest, whose whole life, nearly, was spent in a contest with an un-English King, and in a great measure in maintaining the national rights of his country. And such were some other of the great Lord Chancellors, and leading Churchmen of the day. Now the Reformation itself, instead of being the event of an hour, or the contrivance of a single mind, was neither more nor less than the climax of these continual struggles between the national and the non-national element in the constitution and personal government of England. It was the old Anglo-Saxon nationality — modified somewhat by the course of ages — again rising to the surface, and moulding things into a better accordance with its own nature.

It is difficult for us to understand how, without conquest, any foreign prince could ever have attained to the enormous political—or rather constitutional—influence over the country, which the Pope of Rome possessed over England, between the days of the Normans and the sixteenth century. It is mere nonsense to speak of that influence as wholly or chiefly religious. It was just such an influence as belongs in our own days to the prime minister for the time being; and the religious part of it did not extend very much beyond what the religious influence of Lord Palmerston may be—patronage in the appointment to offices in the church, and such supremacy as he now exercises over its movements. I do not, of course, deny that all the machinery of this political power of a foreign prince was hidden under the veil of a religious form of expression, or that it was exercised in a great degree through the clergy—but what I mean is, that the object of bulls, and rescripts, and interdicts, was to retain around the kings and people of England, that political chain which was first fettered on in the days of William the Conqueror, and was immensely strengthened by the unconstitutional act of his great-grandson John, when he did homage to the Pope for his kingdom, and thereby set the example of receiving it as a donation from a foreign prince's hands.

I said, that it was wonderful how any foreign power could be so long wielded over England without conquest; but it must be remembered that the Pope of

Rome adopted, in some degree, those very measures by which his predecessors—the emperors of Rome—had so long retained their authority over countries that would otherwise have struggled for independence. During the reign of the Normans and the early Plantagenets, these foreign kings had so little of the heart of Englishmen, that they were glad to use the assistance of other foreign powers, as far as they could, in retaining their places. Accordingly William I, as well as his successors, was anxious that Italians and Frenchmen should be appointed to all the English sees; the Conqueror making a special request to the Pope, that he would thus assist him in keeping his hold upon the country. And so it happened that for many long years after the conquest, foreigners took possession of all high places in the church; and were the very obedient servants—in most cases—of the Pope, since all their natural feelings went to recognise him as their sovereign. Such a system was, therefore, something like that by which India is kept in subjection—a native army officered by foreigners; the Italian dignitaries of the ecclesiastical army of England, being represented by the English officers; the other priests of the church, by the body of the native soldiers. This way of influencing the country, and drawing its revenues to a foreign crown, lasted for about two centuries, when it was so firmly resisted by the Edwards, that it could be pursued no longer. Another plan was, therefore, adopted—that of the mendicant orders, or friars, who came into being in England about the thirteenth century. You must remember that friars were very seldom clergymen. Neither fish nor fowl, they were a set of men who went about as itinerant preachers—being for the most part foreigners—and whose chief business was to beg for the Pope. The books of the day complain most bitterly of the influence which they gained by this local preaching and begging, and of the way in which they withdrew the people from their allegiance to church and state. They formed, in fact, a sort of secret police, used by the Pope to counteract the influence of the native clergy; and for a time they did their work effectually. It is of the friars that we read most of those tales about profligacy and wickedness of all sorts, in the ages preceding the Reformation. They mixed freely among the lowest classes, that they might the more effectually influence them; and then, as now, the tavern was a place where numbers of those classes were always to be found. They were, in fact, doing the very same kind of work, for a different object, which is done by political agitators in our own day; and though like these, they did for a time gain influence over the people, yet their principles were not the principles of a loyal people, and so in the end they fell to the ground.

I say so much about these friars, because they and their iniquities—quite distinct, remember, from the real English clergy—formed one of the greatest provocatives of the Reformation, and the Reformation must occupy the same prominent historical place in this, that the Conquest did in our previous investigation. Other causes led on the monarchs and nobles to take part in freeing England from the foreign yoke; but the people were provoked to take part in that resistance, chiefly through the great abuses and extortions which had been exercised by the Pope's militia of local preachers, the begging friars.

With the immediate motive which actuated Henry VIII. we are all well acquainted, I will, therefore, in my next paper, pass on from the causes of this great constitutional change, to some of its social effects.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA, OR MISPRINTS.

These blunders have been the stumbling block to amateurs, commentators, and editors of every age, more especially since the art of printing was introduced, for previously to that time the errors or mistakes were confined to the carelessness of the scribe who made one copy; whereas, now before a work gets into the hands of the reader, we often find the errors of the MS. perpetuated, and others added by the carelessness or ignorance of the printer.

Our immortal poet Shakespeare has been a victim in this respect, and a practical printer of the name of Z. Jackson, was, I believe, the first to point out that the great cause of the many obscurities in the early editions of the plays, was "in the foul perversions occasioned by careless transcribers, and the dross of typographical blunders." A great improvement, however, in this respect has no doubt been attained; and yet we find blunders too often occurring, which occasion great annoyance and vexation to the author.

Many of these errata are of a ludicrous nature, and give rise to the most laughable anomalies, and even direct contradictions. Some of these I have occasionally made a note of, as advised by Capt. Cuttle.

As an introduction, I will first transcribe a passage bearing some relation to a subject at present engaging public attention. It is from a curious work entitled, Examen Legum Angliæ: or the Laws of England examined, by Scripture, Antiquity, and Reason. London, 1656. 4to. p. 115—6. as follows:—

"That there is not a strict law for true printing of the Holy Scriptures, and to punish the abuse of false printing of them is a sinfull neglect, there are some editions, which I believe have near one thousand faults in them, and the Parliament once had it in hand to do something in reformation thereof, and some Godly men were employed to observe the mistakes, about such time as *John Bill* was the then king's printer, at which time among other great faults, this was observed to be one, that where it was read the Lord will *deliver* his people, it was printed the Lord will *destroy* his people, and many other great mistakes I could instance; the Parliament did nothing then to amend it, and since the translation is grown much worse: insomuch that there is not any play-book, romance, or idle story printed so falsely as the Holy Bible."

The above author is justly shocked at there being in some editions of the Bible near *one thousand* faults; what would he have thought, could he have seen the handsomely printed edition of "The Holy Bible, containing the authorised version of the Old and New Testaments, with *twenty thousand* emendations. London, 1843." Ro. 8vo.

One of these I infer is the seventh verse of the fifth chapter of Job, thus printed,—

For man is *not* born to trouble,
As the sparks fly upwards.

My attention was called to this peculiarity, by a question in *Notes and Queries* (iv. 103)—"Is this insertion (of *not*) occasioned by the oversight of the printer, or of the editor?" In reply, the editor somewhat flippantly, I think, says "As to the oversight of the printer or editor we cannot speak, but are rather inclined to attribute that, and other emendations, to the

second sight of one of the parties concerned."

Now as the editor of *Notes and Queries*, must be assumed to be like all other editors of the *periodical* press, competent to decide any point, I give this upon his authority as a *misprint*.

These blunders often produce unpleasant incongruities, as appear from the instances taken from a cutting from a newspaper.

"The omission of a *t* makes the *mortal* the *moral*; we read a short time ago, a lamentation on 'the frightful increase of morality of the metropolis.' So an advertisement announces a treatise 'on the blessed immorality of the soul.' We have met with the glory of the conqueror turned into *gory*; and our loyalty has been shocked by the announcement of a 'most reasonable attempt on the life a sovereign,' nay, we have seen a worthy duke cruelly described as 'the farmer's *fiend*,' instead of, as the fact was, their *friend*."

(To be continued.)

THE CHANCEL.

We are thankful to be able to bring before our readers, a pamphlet of very great practical value, entitled "The Chancel: An Appeal for its proper use,"—London: *Masters*,—Addressed to Architects, Church-restorers, and the Clergy generally; by the Rev. Thomas Chamberlain, M.A. Student of Christ Church, Oxford,—which we earnestly hope may meet with as universal a response as it deserves. The address is most eloquent and forcible, and the subject is of the highest importance; for, as the author justly observes, the adaptation of the chancel to its proper use involves the recognition of the deepest sacramental truths of our religion.

We shall, however, do our readers a better service by giving a brief analysis of the tract, than by seeking to describe its merits in our own words. We must, however, premise that we cannot attempt to do it justice in our narrow limits, and that we would hope that our readers may purchase it for themselves. The address commences with a contrast between the churchbuilders, from whom we derive our cathedrals and old parish churches, and those to whom in the present day we are indebted for the structures which are perpetually springing up around us. In the minds of the former there existed, Mr. Chamberlain says, a certain definite type of what were the indispensable unalterable requirements of a temple to the Most High, to which they religiously adhered; whilst the object of the latter, is simply to prepare a design for seating or accommodating a certain number of material bodies at the cheapest rate, and then to advertise for the lowest tender, with a view of carrying the said design into execution at the lowest possible cost. In making these remarks, however, he states that he does not wish needlessly to find fault, as he is aware that it is very difficult now, even for those really anxious to act for God's glory, to keep the fact before their eyes, that they are building for Him and posterity—or rather for eternity. Our ancestors, he concludes, had their difficulties, their "drunken workmen, cheating tradesmen, and low-minded clergy," but they had not the grievous impediments which stand in the way of our modern church builders, and which consist mainly of two special hindrances. The first is that ecclesiastical architecture is now a *secular trade*; the second, the all-pervading prejudice and party spirit. Formerly the building of a church was entrusted to a cleric, chosen by the bishop, who considered it "alike a vocation and a labour of love, to embody the devotion of the faithful in those marvellous creations of enduring stone, which nothing but a holy life and habitual meditations on the mystery and significance of spiritual things could have excogitated and brought into existence."

Then after detailing some of the workings of prejudice, "the miserable politics and selfish squabbles" of the day, he proceeds in a noble strain, to urge the necessity of ridding ourselves of these "petty paltry feelings," and of building for the time when all existing controversies shall have perished. Faith, he says is to be the foundation on which we are to build—the setting forth of the glory and truth of the Invisible, the spirit which alone must animate us in the work.

The author then proceeds to speak of the unity of conception existing in all ancient buildings, in contradistinction to the manner in which additions have been made to our churches for the last 200 years, and describes the effect of the utilitarian principle, in a very amusing manner. We will now leave him to state in his own words, what the real purpose of church building ought to be:—

"Churches are not consecrated (consecration makes a church) for the purpose of forming preaching-houses, or even oratories, but for the purpose of celebrating Sacraments and sacramental acts. And for all such acts, it is superfluous to say that the holy Eucharist is the highest and most perfect. Of that the altar is the seat and symbol. Therefore, by consequence, the altar in every church should be made to arrest and fix the eye of the beholder; and to this everything should point. This is plainly the theory of our Prayer-book; Matins and Evensong for every day in the week; the celebration of the holy Eucharist on every Lord's Day, or other festival, at least. Now this truth should be proclaimed by the material fabric and arrangement of our temples. I will point this out in several particulars; for this—though I have been slow in announcing it—is the design of this paper. And first of all, then, it involves and implies that it should have a separate and distinct building for its reception, more ornate and more elevated then the rest of the church. This is the theory and intent of *the chancel*, viz. to exhibit to the best advantage and to do honour to those ministrations and functions which are peculiar to God's house. These functions are so exhibited by having the whole chancel (and especially the sacrarium and easternmost part) raised considerably (by three steps, if possible) above the level of the nave, by keeping the seats low and longitudinal in it, and by excluding from it all who are not required to take part in celebrating them; they have honour done to them by making the chancel constructionally a distinct building, with its separate walls and proportions, its own distinct entrance and special ornaments; and still more by separating it inwardly, as it is separated outwardly, by the cancelli, or screen; not, of course, a screen that is impervious to the eye—for that would be to defeat the very object proposed—but one which, setting aside for the present its symbolical meaning, will help to teach this most important practical truth—that the great characteristic services of God's house

are the highest work in which the creature can engage, or rather that the Lord Himself is the real agent in them, and that He has been pleased to tie His agency to the intervention of certain whom He has commissioned to be His representatives on earth, and that the scene where this high act is performed needs to be marked and distinguished in the most honourable manner that we can devise. I believe this truth to be of the highest religious and moral importance,—that we have failed hitherto utterly to impress it upon our people, and that we shall still fail to do so, unless, concurrently with sound doctrinal instruction, we make our churches teachers with us of what is so needful for all to understand. It is the capital fault of modern church-building (still, of course, acknowledging many honourable exceptions,) that proper attention has not been paid to the chancel, and what belongs to it. * * * So strong indeed, has the feeling on this subject become in me by the experience of not a few years devoted to an observance of things among us, that I do not hesitate to say that a restoration is, in my judgment, *for the highest purposes* altogether valueless, which does not secure a well-elevated altar with a suitable dossal, and the exclusive appropriation of the chancel to the choir. And of new churches I must also say, that they will certainly fail (unless these conditions are complied with) in enabling our people to apprehend the true object of Church-worship, which in its highest parts is nothing less than this—the joining with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, in adoration of the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world, (Who should be as really present to the faith of the spiritual worshipper as He was in vision of old to St. John,) and in renewing to ourselves the benefits of that Passion."

They author then goes on to show what important matters are connected with this external arrangement—

"First—It proclaims more forcibly than words can do, this great cardinal truth—that the celebration of the Holy Eucharist is the central act of Christian worship."

"Secondly—It demands the restoration of a choir for their proper office of assisting the priest in offering the sacrifice of praise and prayer."

"Thirdly—It is of infinite benefit to the congregation, by teaching them that their devotions *are being led*, and that the whole service is a tribute of homage to Almighty God, offered day by day in the name of the whole parish, for which purpose every Christian is constituted a priest 'to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ.'"

He continues—

"How much we have lost in surrendering this most beautiful and elevating idea of worship need not be said. But I am bold to affirm that there is no other way in which we are likely to recover it—and would not the recovery of it be like the reanimation of our congregations?—save by reverting to this legitimate use of our chancels."

The author then touches on some of the real difficulties which stand in the way of a right appropriation of the chancels, and concludes by saying—

"It will indeed be our condemnation and our shame, if, in these days when men are looking narrowly into the uses of things, and professing to lay aside prejudice, and to follow the dictates of reason and common sense, we cannot vindicate for our church the liberty to do right, and to fulfil her appointed function of setting forth the glory of God in the most edifying manner."

Reviews.

The Past History and Present Prospect of the Scottish Church. By the Rev. E. L. Blenkinsopp, M. A.—Edinburgh: Landrum & Co. Pp. 10.

This tract sets forth shortly and well, the claims of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, to the brotherly regard of English Churchmen. It refutes the silly imputations against its liturgy and its clergy, of being Romish in character and tendency. A strong remonstrance on the part of Bishop Auckland with a clergyman of his diocese, who had been schismatically officiating at the so-called English church at Dunoon, is reprinted in a note; and we trust that this appeal will not be lost upon those of our own clergy, who "set up altar against altar," at this fashionable place of resort, every summer. How would any of them like for some wealthy Scotchmen to build a "church" close to his own, and compete by means of better sermons and better music with his own church service? How can they stickle for their own rights as incumbents, if they thus spurn the rights of their neighbours?

The Denison Case and the Thirty-Nine Articles. By the Rev. T. Todd, M.A., Rector of Holy Trinity, Hulme.—Masters. Pp. 34.

An able treatise by an able and exemplary parish priest, upon the subject of the relative authority of the formularies of the Church. The writer shews by careful examination of the creeds, articles, homilies, and other authorities, that the Thirty-Nine Articles are not its sole standard of doctrine. We are not aware that the Doctrinal *Formulæ* of the Church of England, have hitherto been put together in the present form, and we strongly recommend the pamphlet, especially to those of our readers whose minds may have been perplexed by Dr. Lushington's late "decision."

Symbolism not Formalism;—a Sermon by the Rev. J. W. H. Molyneux, of Sudbury.—J. H. & J. Parker, *London.*

We regret that our limits do not allow of our noticing at the length it deserves, this admirable epitome of the grounds upon which Churchmen suitably adorn and furnish God's house with the symbols of our redemption and the Divine presence. The following passage is an illustration of the author's outspoken earnestness and simplicity of style:—

"The Cross is a symbol which one would naturally suppose every Christian would value and love. For, what does the Cross represent, but the death of Christ? What does it remind us of, but the sufferings and love of Christ? It is the very symbol of our Redemption. Think what the Cross was—how it was regarded—till it was taken to be the instrument of the death of Christ. The Cross was a gibbet, on which it was usual to hang the vilest criminals. The Crucifixion of the Son of God, as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, has invested it with infinite glory. Has not then the Cross, above all other symbols, a claim upon the love and reverence of all Christians? Can it fail to be looked upon with love and reverence by all who remember the act of infinite love with which it is for ever associated? * * And on what plea do men attempt to excuse their hatred of the Cross of Christ? They say, it has been abused. And so I believe it has. But what then Do you know any good thing which has not been abused? Are not the best things liable to the worst abuse? What has been more abused than the Bible? Did not the Devil himself quote it,—tempting our Lord? They who tell you any good thing should be disused because it has been abused, should begin by burning their Bibles."

THE DENISON CASE AND THE XXXIX ARTICLES.
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THE CREEDS, ARTICLES, AND HOMILIES: their ORIGIN, AUTHORITY, and INTERPRETATION severally and *relatively*.—By the Rev. T. TODD, M.A. Hulme, Manchester.

"Mr. Todd promises no more than he has well executed; and we thank him for so valuable a monograph on a subject of the very highest importance at the present time."—*Clerical Journal.*

Manchester: HALE & ROWORTH.

THE MONTH.

Convocation met as usual the day after Parliament re-assembled, and has had its three days' session,—the period to which the Archbishop of Canterbury, of course with the concurrence of the Queen's Government, has limited its sessions, since the Convocation of his Province revived from its torpor of 140 years. Three is the mystic number; there are three Pawnbroker's balls, and three Crowns in the Pope's Tiara; and other threes; is this the reason Convocation has a three days' session?

Its debates increase in interest and ability; and though its opponents loudly ask, if Convocation is to be allowed to sit any longer? while the Lord Chancellor avoids acknowledging its existence, when he states that the Archbishop has prepared a Church Discipline Bill, "with the advice of his right reverend Brethren," there can be no doubt the reports of its Committees are being consulted on that measure. Another chief subject of its discussion was, the admission of lay members, to which there are two grave difficulties:—First, their admission would completely change the immemorial character of Convocation, and might endanger its existence. Second, Dissenters claim to be part of our Church's laity, and as the law now stands their claim cannot be prevented. If this second difficulty is to be removed, lay Churchmen must bestir themselves, and insist both in and out of Parliament, that Dissenters shall not interfere in the affairs of their Church. An attempt to open a communication with our Northern Convocation, (which is still inactive,) failed; the upper house fearing to be "unkind to the Archbishop of York," who alone prevents its revival.

Sir John Dodson's decision in the Court of Arches, that Archdeacon Dennison had no appeal from the Archbishop's judgment at Bath, has been overruled by the Queen's Bench,—and that important case will now be re-heard by him, and subsequently by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The case of the Knightsbridge Churches (Westerton *v.* Liddell) has already been heard by that Committee. We should have been glad if Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, who so worthily distinguished himself seven years ago, by dissenting from the Committee's judgment on the Gorham case, had been the Equity Judge present on this occasion, and *not* the Lord Chancellor. Of the other members, Lord Wenleysdale, and Mr. Pemberton Leigh, were among those who heard the Gorham case; Sir John Patteson, and Sir William Maule, have been added since. A judgment drawn up by Mr. Leigh, has been, it is understood, assented to by the other members, and will probably have been published before this summary reaches our readers.

Dr. Lyall, Dean of Canterbury, is dead. We had almost written, that Lord Palmerston's appointments to Deaneries, were not so objectionable as those to Bishoprics, but we recollect Dr. Close's appointment to Carlisle, and we will not venture a surmise of who is to be the new Dean of our primatial Cathedral—the late Dean was Prolocutor of Convocation when the office was a sinecure.

Some measures, more or less affecting the Church, have been introduced into Parliament, but we have no space to notice them this month.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

1st ST. DAVID, Archbishop—Was celebrated for zeal, learning, and eloquence. The success which attended his exertions, so caused the Church in Wales to flourish, that he is accounted the patron of that country. The See and City of St. David's is named after him. He died C.A.D., 544.

2nd ST CHAD, Bishop—He was consecrated Archbishop of York, in the absence of that primate, but resigned on his return. His death occurred C. A. D. 673.

7th ST. PERPETUA, Martyr — A native of Carthage. During the persecution under Septimus Severus, she was imprisoned with several others, and at length exposed to wild beasts, in the public circus; this death being too tedious for the bloodthirsty crowd, it was completed with the sword A. D. 203.

12th ST. GREGORY THE GREAT—One of the most famous of the Popes. From his youth he was celebrated for piety. We are indebted to him for the mission of Saint Augustine, which himself offered to undertake. The Ecclesiastical Chants of unequalled solemnity, termed the "Gregorian," were either rearranged or composed by him. He severely reproved the Bishop of Constantinople, for assuming the title of Universal Bishop, which he called "a name of blasphemy." He disproved the heresy of Eutyches at a public disputation; and generally united and strengthened the churches by his counsel. He died A.D. 604.

18th ST. EDWARD.—King of the West SAXONS. Succeeded to the throne of his father at the age of 12 years. During a brief reign, he took part with St. Dunstan in the dispute then raging between the clergy and monks, and was treacherously murdered by his mother-in-law, Elfrida, A.D. 979.

21st ST. BENEDICT,—Abbot. Was born at Rome, but at an early age retired to a desert place, and soon became a monk. He acquired so great a reputation for austerity and learning, that crowds flocked to him, whereupon he instituted the well-known Benedictine order. He died C.A.D. 543.

25th ANNUNCIATION OF THE B. V. MARY, thence commonly called LADY DAY. The miraculous event occurring on this day, and narrated by St. Luke, has always formed a favourite subject for painting.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"An Enquirer after Religious Truth."—It would scarcely consist with the objects of our paper to publish the letter. If our correspondent will send us his name and address, we will communicate with him privately.

To "M. A. M." "E. J. S." and "A Manchester Clerk," we can only apologise for unavoidably postponing their valued contributions till next number.

"An Admirer of the Church of the People."—We were compelled to abandon the project of a weekly issue, through difficulties in "the trade."

"S. F. S."—*The Union* is published by W. Painter, 342, Strand, London.

*** To our numerous "Well-wishers," we can only say, Buy and distribute a dozen or more copies monthly. The low price of 1d. per number, admits of much being done in this way in schools and amongst the poor.

London: KENT & CO., Paternoster Row. Manchester: T. DUNHAM and Co., 7, Corporation-street (to whom any communications for the Editors of "The Church of the People" are to be addressed), and all booksellers.—Printed by ARTHUR BURGESS, Steam Printing Office, Back Pool Fold, Cross-street, Manchester.

The Church of the People

And the People's Magazine.

No. 14, New Series.] APRIL, 1857. [Price 1d.

TAULER'S LIFE AND TIMES.

If one half of the world, as it has been said, knows not how the other half lives, still more limited assuredly is the knowledge which either half possesses of those who are dead. We fear that ninety-nine out of every hundred of "Rational Protestants" now-a-days know little and care less about almost all the good and great men who were in former ages ornaments to the church, and lights to the world. One of such men, hitherto unknown to us, was the fine old Catholic preacher, whose life and times have lately been introduced to the English reader.* The state of things which prevails at Basle or Strasburg five hundred years ago differs so widely from all that we see surrounding us at this day in London or in Manchester, that we despair of giving our readers, what indeed we are not sure of having arrived at ourselves, any very clear notions of those mysterious church reformers the "Friends of God," or of those fanatical pantheists "The Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit," who prayed and preached, worked or speculated, so long ago. But having read Miss Winkworth's book with pleasure and edification ourselves, we think that some account of it may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Tauler, who was one of the leaders amongst these "Friends of God" was born at Strasburg in 1290. He gave up the fortune which belonged to him in order to devote himself to the life of a preaching friar in the Dominican order. The period was one of extraordinary commotion and perplexity, both civil and religious.

"There were, indeed, many reasons why heresies and religious divisions should abound in these regions at this period. Not only was the German Empire, as we shall soon see, torn by political dissensions, which in many ways were interwoven with the religious controversies then afloat, but there was variance between the heads of the Church and its most efficient servants,—the devoted, hard-working, enthusiastic Franciscans. The two Mendicant Orders were formed to reclaim for the Papacy her empire over the human mind, which in the twelfth century was threatened on the one hand by the moral purity and elevation of the Albigenses, who almost occupied the fairest provinces of France, on the other by the learning and civilisation no less than the arms of the Mahometan Infidels; and faithfully had they accomplished their vocation, by turns refuting heretics by their learning or dazzling them by miracles, outshining them in ascetic purity, crushing them by the Inquisition, or winning them by self-devoted charity. While the higher ecclesiastics, above all the Papal court, were enormously wealthy, and, with few exceptions, absorbed in secular objects and pleasures,—the parochial clergy, likewise often worldly and vicious, generally ignorant and inert,—the wandering friars came among the neglected flocks, roused them from the sleep of sin, reclaimed the vicious, convinced the scoffer, brought hope to the wretched, consolation to the sick and dying; and, as a natural result, the people were eager to express their gratitude by placing their property in the hands of the Order which had shown such zeal for their souls. And thus, though forbidden by their original constitution to hold property, in a few years the amount of wealth which they accumulated from the bequests of the dying was so large as to excite the jealousy of the regular clergy, already irritated by the friars' denunciation of worldliness, and the tacit censure of themselves implied in the ascetic lives and burning zeal of their rivals, and they repeatedly demanded the suppression of the two Orders."

The political state of Germany was disturbed by the contest between Frederic of Austria and Louis of Bavaria, who had both been crowned emperors on the the 25th November, 1314. Strasburg was divided between the *two* rival emperors. The bishops and clergy took the part of Frederic; but the burghers for the most part sided with Louis, who, in 1322, defeated Frederic and took him prisoner. "Pope John XXII. who had quietly watched this contest, dreading that the power and popularity of Louis would render him too independent of Rome, now instituted a process against the victorious Louis for assuming the title of King of the Romans before receiving the Papal sanction, admonished him to lay down all his powers, and forbade his subjects to render further fealty to him. But when in the following year it appeared that the real object of the Pope was to depose Louis altogether, and raise the King of France to the throne, the Diet assembled at Frankfurt declared almost unanimously for their brave Emperor, in defiance of the unrighteous claims of the Romish See. The Pope in return laid all who had acknowledged Louis under

* The History and Life of the Rev. Dr. John Tauler, with twenty-five of his Sermons (temp. 1340) by Susanna Winkworth, translator of Theologia Germanica. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Interdict in July 1324, from which some places were not released for six and twenty years. It must not be forgotten what this sentence involved, how intimately its consequenses were felt in every parish and every home, when the churches stood silent and empty for years, the lawless and wicked were left unwarned, and the pious deprived of the consolation of worship and the holy communion during all this most dark and troubled period. But, in spite of its terrors, the German people, and even the greater part of the clergy, took part with their princes, with the exception, however, of the Bishops of Passau and Strasburg. The city of Strasburg, however, remained faithful to Louis, resisting by force the officers who attempted to proclaim the Papal fulmination against the Emperor, and sending troops to his assistance."

"Tauler sided with the emperor in his whole contest with the Pope but did not suspend his activity when, in 1338, the great struggle came between the absolutely contradictory commands of his temporal and spiritual lords, and, as we have seen, his brethren quitted the town, and left their convent deserted for two years. By the departure of nearly all the clergy from Strasburg, Tauler found a still wider field of labour; and from allusions to him in letters of his contemporaries, it appears that he did not confine his exertions to that city, but preached from time to time at various places, from Cologne to Basle. Before the close of 1338 he seems to have made a somewhat lengthened visit to the latter city, where the state of things were very similar to that in Strasburg. The Bishop of Basle belonged to the opponents of Louis of Bavaria, and made common cause with the Bishop of Strasburg in attacking the adherents of the emperor in 1339. The citizens again, like those of Strasburg, had remained faithful to Louis, and had even gone so far in their hostility to the Pope, that when, in 1330, John XXII. despatched an envoy to publish his Bull against the emperor, the incensed mob hurled him, although a priest and a dignitary, from the citadel into the river; and, when he tried to save himself by swimming, put out in boats after him and slew him. During the Interdict, however, most of the clergy, and especially the monks, had forsaken the churches, so that in many places the sacrament had not been administered for 14 years; and on the magistrates ordering them to resume their functions, the greater part had refused to do so. About this time, however, the people of Basle by some means prevailed on the Pope to relax the severity of the Interdict for the space of a year."

About 1340 took place Tauler's remarkable "Conversion." "He preached," says the quaint history, well rendered by Miss Winkworth into English appropriately quaint, "oft times in a certain city; the people flocked to hear him, and his teachings were the talk of the country for leagues round. Now this came to the ears of a layman who was rich in God's grace, and he was warned three times in his sleep, that he should go to the city where the Master (i.e. Dr. Tauler) dwelt and hear him preach." The layman went accordingly, and was so much pleased with what he heard that he persuaded Tauler to preach again to him. When this sermon was ended, the man went home to his lodging, and wrote it down word for word as the Master had spoken it. And when he had finished he went to the Master, and said, "I have written out your sermon, and if it be not troublesome I should like to read it to you." The Master replied, "I shall be glad to hear it." Thereupon the man read the sermon over, and then said to the Master, "Dear sir, pray tell me if there be a word wanting, that if so I may set it down." The Master said, "Dear son, thou hast written every word and phrase just as it came out of my mouth. I tell thee, if any one would give me much money for it, I could not write down every word so exactly as thou hast done it here, unless I set to afresh to draw it from the Scripture." Tauler is astonished at his wisdom and prays him to tarry still longer. Then said the man, "Dear Master, you must know that I have not come hither for the sake of your preaching, but because I thought, with God's help, to give you some good counsel." Quoth the Master, "How shouldst thou give counsel, who art but a layman, and understandest not the Scriptures; and it is, moreover, not thy place to preach if thou wouldst. Stay here a little longer; perchance God will give me to preach such a sermon as thou wouldst care to hear." Then the man said, "Dear Master, I would fain say somewhat to you, but I fear that you would be displeased to hear it." But the Master answered, "Dear son, say what thou wilt; I can answer for it that I shall take it in good part." Hereupon the man said, "You are a great clerk, and have taught us a good lesson in this sermon, but you yourself do not live according to it; yet you try to persuade me to stay here that you may preach me yet another sermon. Sir, I give you to know that neither your sermons, nor any outward words that man can speak, have power to work any good in me, for man's words have in many ways hindered me much more than they have helped me. And this is the reason: it often happened that when I came away from the sermon, I brought certain false notions away with me which I hardly got rid of in a long while with great toil; but if the highest Teacher of all truth shall come to a man, he must be empty and quit of all the things of time. Know ye that when this same Master cometh to me, He teaches me more in an hour than you or all the doctors from Adam to the Judgment Day will ever do."

The man agrees to stay with Tauler, and then continuing his discourse convicts him "that he is still walking in the night of ignorance, and has an unclean vessel, and therefore is yet a Pharisee." He proceeds to give Dr. Tauler some particulars of his own history, "how he tried to follow the example of saints; how he sought to comprehend divine things by his own reason, and saw it to be the devil's counsel, and how at last his mind was filled with a clear understanding. At first the Rev. Dr. Tauler is vexed that he should be instructed by a layman, and stigmatised as a Pharisee; but at length, submitting himself humbly to one superior to himself in the piety and earnestness, he "confesseth his sins and is resolved to amend his life."

The next chapter presents us with "the golden A B C, which this pious man set the Doctor to learn for the amending of his life, and which doubtless it were very profitable and needful for us all to repeat many times and oft, and amend our lives thereafter." After a course of severe self-discipline, prayer, and

meditation, under the directions of his inexorable monitor, Dr. Tauler resolves to begin the good work, and the layman took his leave.

Before the year was out Tauler grew to be despised of all his familiar friends in the convent, and his spiritual children all forsook him as entirely as if they had never seen him. He abstained from preaching for two years. He falls into poverty so that he was obliged to pledge his books; and he sinks into great weakness of his body, in which state "meditating on our Lord's sufferings he heareth a wondrous voice and is straightway healed in body and mind." The pious layman visits him again, rejoices at his change of heart and advises him to begin again to preach, whereupon befell "a strange event by which he was still more tried and humbled, yet not without fruit." Having, with thirty florins given him by the layman, redeemed his books, he ordered notice to be given that he would preach three days' after.

"And when the master came and saw that there was such a multitude, he went up into a pulpit in a high place, that they might hear him all the better. Then he held his hood before his eyes and said 'O merciful, Eternal God, if it be Thy will, give me so to speak that it may be to the praise and glory of Thy name and the good of this people.' As he said these words, his eyes overflowed with tears of tenderness, so that he could not speak a word for weeping, and this lasted so long that the people grew angry. At last a man spoke out of the crowd, 'Sir, how long are we to stand here? It is getting late; if you do not mean to preach, let us go home.' But the master remained in earnest prayer, and said again to God, 'Oh, my Lord and my God, if it be Thy divine will, take this weeping from my eyes and give me to deliver this sermon to Thy praise and glory. But, if Thou dost not do it, I take it as a sign that Thou judgest I have not yet been enough put to shame. Now, fulfil, dear Lord, Thy divine will on me, Thy poor creature, to Thy praise, and my necessities.' This all availed nothing; he wept yet more and more. Then he saw that God would have it so, and said, with weeping eyes, 'Dear children, I am sorry from my heart that I have kept you here so long, for I cannot speak a word to day for weeping; pray God for me, that He may help me, and then I will make amends to you, if God give me grace, another time, as soon as ever I am able.' So the people departed, and this tale was spread abroad and resounded through the whole city, so that he became a public laughing stock, despised by all; and the people said, 'Now we all see that he has become a downright fool.' And his own brethren strictly forbade him to preach any more, because he did the convent great injury thereby, and disgraced the order with the senseless practices that he had taken up, and which had disordered his brain."

(To be continued.)

ELECTIONEERING EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Editor,—As we've been very throng at our shop for the last few weeks, you must excuse me sending my notions for this month. I send you instead a letter which I have just got, which will incense your readers as to the sort of carryings on they may expect at the coming election. I need not say how I answered Mr. Smoothface. I told him above a bit of my mind, and let him know that I wasn't one of his sort, and wouldn't sell my conscience for shoe leather. I said that I was willing enough to *mend his understanding*, by letting him know what's right, and as to sticking to my last, I'd stick to the Church to the last. Hoping this will find you well, as it leaves me at present, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THE COBBLER.

BETHEL TABERNACLE, ENON, NEAR TO SALEM.

March 13, 1857.

Mr. John Brown,

Dear Sir,—It is so many years since we were fellow-apprentices together, that I have quite lost sight of you, and it was only the other day that I learnt your whereabouts from brother Smiles, who was here at our Anti-State-Church and Bible Meeting as a deputation from the Parent Society.

The account that brother Smiles gave of the darkness of your town, especially since that son of the scarlet woman, that blind leader of the blind, that dumb dog that cannot bark, Mr. Austin, came among you, is truly deplorable. But what grieved most of all was, that *you* should be so far seduced by his wiles, as to lend the aid of your pen to that so-called Church of the People—say rather, Synagogue of Satan—which Mr. Smiles tells me is set up under his auspices.

But I write not to upbraid you, brother, but as an old friend to offer you something to your advantage, which is briefly this,—but you must not mention this to any body—at the forthcoming election, the society of which I have the honour to be the hon. sec., the Anti-State Church and Bible Society intend to bring out a candidate for Ashton, to represent their views. A suitable person has been found, and an address is in process of concoction, which I have no doubt will have considerable influence on the electors, especially that part of it, (composed by your humble servant) which denounces the fulsome flattery of King James, prefixed to the State Bible.

Now as the electors will wear out a considerable amount of shoe leather in coming to the poll, we have determined to supply every one who votes for our man, with a pair of boots for himself, a pair of shoes for his wife, and shoes for all his children, not exceeding ten in number. Now the object of this letter is to offer you the contract for the boots and shoes, on condition that you will give us your support in the *Church of the People*, instead of supporting the state-church candidate, AS WE FEAR YOU INTEND TO DO.

If you will consider this very liberal offer that we make to you, we cannot doubt that it will be greatly to your advantage in many ways, as you will get more from us than from Austin and all his set, who deal with dissenters as well as with churchmen.

If you decline to see your own advantage in *this* matter, I must give you one little bit of advice which is to "stick to your last," and give up scribbling in the newspapers.—I remain yours respectfully,

SENNACHERIB SMOOTHFACE.
Pastor of the Church of Particular Baptists,
Bethel Tabernacle.

Of course if you undertake the contract, we shall expect you to attend Brother Smiles's Chapel.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN ON THE OFFERTORY.

The following excellent remarks were lately made by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, in his place in the Upper House of Convocation. "The weekly offertory" said His Lordship,

"Is a mode most agreeable to the practice of the early Church; it is a mode adopted by almost every Church in the world except our own; it is a mode which seems fitted for almost all the various conditions of our parishes. It is well adapted to the congregations of manufacturing parishes, where large gains are frequently made in short periods, and where each one who feels disposed to return to God in proportion to the way in which he has been blessed has the opportunity weekly of doing so. It is well adapted to agricultural parishes, where the farmers' gains are made by the aggregate of small savings, and where they are more unwilling to give largely than frequently, and where they have the opportunity of putting their weekly mite into the plate. It is well adapted to the poor, who have the right to be presented with such an opportunity of giving. It is the only means that I know of by which a large result can be produced without those constantly-recurring excitements which cannot be kept up without great effort. This subject was mooted some twenty years back; but most unfortunately the attempt became connected, accidentally as we usually say, with certain schemes of doctrine, and a prejudice was thus created against the practice from causes with which it had no necessary connection between the weekly offertory and any scheme of doctrine. . . . . It is practised in almost every Protestant community. It must have been a most unreasoning prejudice which could ever have connected this primitive usage with any forms of doctrine seeming to tend towards Rome. Of late it has been a very hopeful sign of the times that a growing feeling in favour of the revival of the offertory has been springing up in the minds of the laity themselves. It has been adopted by a clergyman at Kidderminster, at the request of his parishioners. A similar movement has recently taken place at Manchester. In my own diocese it has been adopted in some agricultural parishes with marked success."

ERRATA, OR MISPRINTS.

Continued from page 182.

In the 10th vol. *Notes and Queries*, p. 522, we are told that the passage in the Merchant of Venice, act 3, scene 2, where Portia speaks of

"—young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy."

is printed in one edition of Shakespeare, "howling *Tory*." The commmunicator of this, says, that on receiving a proof sheet of a Life of Pope, in which was named his "Memoirs of a Parish Priest," it was found that the compositor had set it "Memoirs of a Paint Brush!!"

Disraeli the elder, has an amusing article in the first volume of his Curiosities of Literature, under the title of "Errata," furnishing some ludicrous instances,—but as the work is so accessible, I shall not transcribe it; but I would refer to another gossipping article, by the same compiler, in the sixth volume of the same work, on "The Pearl Bibles, and six thousand Errata."

I have a cutting from a paper telling us that "*The Courier* announced, with regret becoming a loyal subject on such an occasion, that his Majesty had had a fit of the goat, evidently a mistake for *gout*, by introducing an *a* in the place of a *u*.

Again, Jerdan in his Autobiography, states that in speaking of Davies' *Celtic* Researches, the printer had put it *Cellar* Researches.

A short time ago, in an article on Russia and Turkey, the writer no doubt intended to inform his readers that the Temple of Janus had once more opened; but the printer not being so classical a scholar, read it the Temple of *James*. A recent American paper announcing a concert, informed the public that the seats would be *reversed* for the ladies.

An agricultural society offered lately a premium for the best mode of irrigation, which by mistake of the printer, was changed into *irritation*, and the consequence was that a farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

The editor of a country paper said of the people of France, "when the provisional government promised the labouring classes they should never again want either work or high wages, *them asses* actually believed it." The next week's paper contained the following:—"Erratum, for them asses in our last, read *the masses*."

I have seen it some where stated, that in an Old England Primer, by the omission of the letter *c* at the beginning of a word in the third line, it was printed thus—

When the last trumpet soundeth
We shall not all die;
But we shall all be *hanged*
In the twinkling of an eye.

It is worthy of remark, that many passages become obscure and even contradictory, rather from accident, than from what can strictly be called an Erratum. One unfortunate instance has very recently occurred. In a book lately published, entitled "Men of the Time," "Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford," was thus spoken of,—"A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist—a sceptic as it regards religious revelation, he is, nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit movements." Its readers were horror struck, and the confusion was speedily removed, and explained that in "lifting," as the printers call it, a bit of the article devoted to Robert Owen, got tacked to that of S. Wilberforce. This may be, but certainly the two names are not alike in sight or sound.

[NOTE.—We are bound to admit, in justice to compositors, that bad penmanship often accounts for wrong printing. Very few writers give the printer so little excuse as our valued contributor.—ED. C. P.]

AN ESCAPE FROM WORK.

BY A MANCHESTER CLERK.

Few have been engaged, whether in mental or bodily labour, in a thickly populated manufacturing town, who have not thoroughly enjoyed a few hours in the beautiful, quiet country, should relaxation or pleasure have drawn them thither.

Life, in such a City as this we live in, is a constant struggle requiring all our exertions to enable us to keep our place in the throbbing crowd that ever hastens onward. The wear and tear of heart, and mind, and body, are consequently great, so great that many a strong heart has broken in the struggle; many a sound mind has lost its balance; many a robust body has suc-

cumbed to the *pace* at which everything, and everyone, is here pushed forward.

Having arrived a short time since nearly at the point described above, I resolved, for a few hours, to leave Manchester behind me. I accordingly betook myself to the nearest railway station, which happened to be that in "the London Road." Whilst considering to what station and on which line of railway I should take my ticket, I was relieved by the unexpected arrival on the platform of a dear friend of my earlier years,—masculine gender, aged forty,—clerk and choir-master of a little country church near Stockport. He was in a state of extreme health, both mental and bodily, and of singularly ruddy countenance considering his age. On my remarking this to him, he told me that from his earliest boyhood he made it a rule to avoid everything that was likely to wear out mind or body, and never to do more work than he could possibly help: he was a decided enemy to progress and reform, and would rather resign his situation as clerk and choirmaster than submit to the slightest alteration in the mode of conducting service, or increase his duties by even an additional Amen. I besought my friend to *act* as such, to get our tickets, and suffer me to go with him, simply stipulating that there should be no further conversation on any topic whatsoever until Manchester was left far behind, and the peaceful, heart-cheering country reached.

Reader, have you ever, after leaving toil and city behind you, experienced the strange though delightful sensation of awaking at early dawn amidst the wondrous hush of country life?

With a very grateful heart I thanked the great Giver of all good for having preserved and brought me to peace, and soon joined my friend, whom I found already up, and ready to accompany me in a ramble.

Having expressed a wish to see the village church, we first bent our steps thither. It was beautifully situated, and looked very well externally, with its solid looking western tower and gilded clock, which from the dark stone by which it was surrounded, peered forth like a watchful eye gazing down on the peaceful hamlet that lay beneath.

Internally, there was little to admire, except a stained glass memorial window, but there were things to surprise and shock; the pulpit and the reading desk were inside the altar rails, at either side of which was a comfortably carpetted, carefully upholstered sitting room, formed of baize-lined panels sufficiently high to enable the distinguished occupants (who I learned sat there once a week) to lounge without a chance of even the tops of their craniums—whether uncovered, silked-feathered, or flowered—being seen by the ordinary crowd who worshipped without the barricades. The remaining space was divided into less offensive and smaller compartments of varied size and figure, draped in every imaginable shade of bright and faded, clean and greasy baizes, in which I learned that the small proportion of the people, who refrained from going on the Lord's Day to either of the Meeting Houses in the village, shut themselves up.

Still, with these and many other drawbacks, one could not help feeling that it *was* the village *Church*, consecrated and set apart solemnly "from all profane and worldly uses," to the service of Almighty God; I therefore knelt down, feeling that I was in God's own house, and prayed him to bless my visit to the country to the improvement of my own soul and body, and to "stir up the hearts" of His people in the neighbourhood, rich and poor, to banish from His house all the present sights of worldly pride and distinction, and to make it, in some degree, more suitable for the high and holy purpose for which it was used.

Soon we passed through the village, and were climbing the lovely hills which surround it, stopping here and there to look at some beautiful point in the landscape, respecting which my companion gave me every information in his power.

Another hill still towers above us, and at its very summit, surrounded by the clear blue sky, like a weather-beaten, but still watchful sentinel, stands the gray old time-worn church of Mellor.

Arrived at the brow of the hill, one step more places us amongst the graves in the church yard which now almost covers the summit of the hill. Here, as in almost all time-honoured resting places of the departed, are curious monuments and inscriptions, some quaint and some heart-touching. Amongst them appeared the following, cut on a slab, over the remains of a man whose experience of matrimony must have been *rather extensive*:—

"Here lies the body of MATHEW MILLER, aged 75; NANCY, his wife, aged 16; MARY, his wife, aged 45; MARY, his wife, aged 75; SARAH, his wife, aged 58; NANCY, his wife, aged 77."

The little church stands almost in the centre of the grave-yard, towards which a distant funeral procession is seen slowly climbing upward, now hid amongst the trees, and now again appearing, as along the devious mountain-road it seems to gain the old church yard on the hill.

The little church consists of nave and western tower evidently of comparatively modern date, probably intended as a restoration of an ancient tower, though certainly not built on the same site; as within the present tower appears the fine old arch of the original western door, against which the present tower is built.

The interior bears painful evidences of the barbarism of modern arrangements and church-warden tastes—high pews and heavy galleries; and, as a suitable accompaniment, an extraordinary specimen of the much-loved three-decker pulpit, abomination luxuriates in the full bloom of puritanical loveliness.

By close investigation, an east window may be discovered, or at least part of it, for the greater portion is concealed by a hideous gallery which threatens to descend into the little chancel upon the Lord's table, on which it almost rests.

Inside the chancel rails is a strange relic of mother church's early days—a curious pulpit, some years since dug out of the chancel while the dear little old church was undergoing some of its sad changes. It was carved no doubt with much labor and expense from a solid oak trunk, and even now, in its solidity and strength stands as a monument of what our forefathers thought suitable for God's house, and contrasts strangely with the present ricketty, deal rostrum, and other flimsy, mean, and inexpensive fittings. The old sexton informed me that Mr. —— the late church-warden, "had spent some money on that same article, having put 7lbs of paint on it!" and sure enough, inside and out, a thick coat of buff paint completely enamelled it, and effectually hid all trace of the natural color and grain of the "old oak tree." I learned that Chantry had found his way thither, and recorded his opinion after a careful examination of the old pulpit, that it was probably carved during the latter part of the 14th century, about the year 1360.

At the other, or west end, stands another very interesting monument of the past—a curious Norman font of rare antiquity, a description of which, and of my restoration to health and return to the duties of my office, I hope to have the pleasure of laying before my readers at some future period.

WORKING MEN'S COLLEGES.

Among all the educational problems which are preparing at the present day for solution there is none of greater interest than what concerns the after-education of those whose early instruction, owing to adverse circumstances, has been neglected. Of such persons, who seek at a late period of life to repair the losses of youth, the number is now very great—partly owing to the early age at which the exigences of trade and commerce are continually drafting off relays of almost infant labour, partly to the frequent realization of independent incomes by those who commence life in the very humblest positions. So it happens that there is in every town,—and especially in our manufacturing districts—a numerous body of persons who are not educated up to the position which they have actually attained,—much less to the point at which their ambition aims.

At the same time their wants have not by any means been overlooked. For many years, efforts of various kinds have been made to assist them. The first of them was the project of Mechanics' Institutes—the failure of which, so far as the mechanics are concerned, may be accounted for on several grounds—first, because the range of instruction which they professed to give was too narrow; secondly, because the spirit in which they were conducted was exclusive and sometimes bitterly sectarian; and thirdly, because they boasted that their narrow teaching was an adequate and sufficient education for working men.

To this effort has succeeded another, upon principles diametrically opposite. This is the Lecture system, whose whole object is to amuse;—and now in the place of dull discourses on the steam engine and political economy, we have budgets of gossiping anecdotes, light critiques of Dickens' Novels, illustrations of popular songs and the like, mingled occasionally with more pretentious essays on history or travel.

On principle we have no kind of objection to the delivery of such lectures—save that it requires a man of really strong mind to resist the temptation of flattering his audience to their harm. We have hardly ever seen the sketch of a popular lecture that we should not have been ashamed ourselves to deliver. Many of them are clever; but, the effort being always to please, truth is too often sacrificed, and a species of mental dissipation is fostered which is specially injurious to the auditor. The reading of novels can scarcely be said to be edifying: a review of a novel is something still less invigorating to the mind; a lecture upon a novel appears to us to be about the lowest kind of mental exercise to which we can descend: it is fitted only for those who are absolutely too idle to read even the lightest literature for themselves: in respectable hands it is worthless; in the hands of an ordinary paid lecturer it is positively mischievous.

More lately a third attempt has been made with which we confess to feeling much more sympathy,—we mean the establishment of Working men's Educational Institutes, or Colleges as they are sometimes called. Undoubtedly there are temptations incidental to every effort at improving our own condition: but at least there is no deception practised here. People are not told that they can learn without study: they are really sent to school and employed in mastering the rudiments of grammar, or arithmetic, or drawing, or what not. This is as it should be. There is no short cut to learning; and to make persons believe that by listening to a few lectures they can compensate for the neglect of regular early education is only to practise a fraud upon them. Nothing in point of fact can altogether compensate for this loss. The processes of reasoning and the application of science can indeed only be taken in by the mind when it is arrived at maturity; but on the other hand there is a certain elegance and refinement which can only be attained when the faculties of the mind and the bodily organs are pliant and tractable.

Too much, therefore, must not be expected. The work will be found difficult and at best imperfect: and a sense of this imperfection should ever be present in the minds of persons who require to resort to it so as to keep them humble. The natural feeling in such cases sets very strongly towards pride. We think most of those things which cost us most; and knowledge acquired late in life under circumstances of difficulty will be sure to be over-rated. Boys learn they know not how: but men not without much conscious pain.

If these truths (truisms perhaps some may be disposed to call them) are kept in mind much disappointment may be spared, and we shall then augur a useful career for Working Men's Colleges, or Institutes.

CHILD OF HALE.

As a matter of curious local history, we give the following account, from Matthew Gregson's "Fragments, relative to the History and Antiquities of the County of Lancaster," and we do this the rather, because from the limited number of the impression of the work, it can only be in few hands.

John Middleton, Child of Hale, was born A. D. 1578, and buried in Hale Churchyard, 1628; his grave stone is still to be seen. He was of a prodigious size. Sir Gilbert Ireland, Knt., about 1617, took him up to the court of James I. where he wrestled with the king's wrestler, and put out his thumb, by which awkwardness he disobliged the courtiers, and was sent back, the king giving him as it is said £20. He returned by Brazennose College, Oxford, which was full of Lancashire students, and where his picture was taken, and now exists. A likeness of this English giant is also preserved at High Leigh, and one at Hale. His size is thus mentioned in Platt's History of Staffordshire:—"John Middleton, commonly called the Child of Hale, in Lancashire; his hand from the carpus to the end of the middle finger was 17 inches long, his palm eight and a half inches broad, and his whole height nine feet three inches—wanting but six inches of the height of Goliath—if that in Brazennose College library, drawn at length, as it is said, in his just proportions, be a true piece of him."

On comparing these dimensions with the picture now at Hale, they were found to be an exact measurement. Some years ago, when the late Mr. Bushell was parish clerk and schoolmaster, the thigh bones, or *os femoris*, were taken up from the earth, and were observed to reach from the hip of a man of common size to his foot. There was only one place in which he could stand upright in the cottage which he inhabited at Hale. The cottage now remains; and his bedposts, of a very uncommon size, were very lately to be seen. A descendant of his, Charles Chadwick, was living in 1804, and was above 6 feet high. —(Page 212.)

There are some other particulars in the 9 vol. Beauties of England and Wales, page 244; and in the first edition of Pepys' Diary, 1825, 4to, vol. 2, p. 236–7, under the date 9 June, 1688, mentioning his visit to Oxford, we have this obscure passage, "to Brazennose College, to the butteries, and in the cellar *find* the hand of the child of Hales,—long butler 2s." without a word of editorial remark or attempt at explanation further than this vague and unmeaning note from the word hand, "Does this mean slipped into the child's hand?"

The noble editor does not seem to have given himself much trouble to elucidate the puzzling obscurity he found in the M.S. for the passage remains the same in the second edition of 1828. How it stands in the third edition, we are not aware, but our attention was called to the subject by accidentally turning over a little volume entitled "The Parlour Window, &c. by the Rev. Edmund Mangin, 1841," 12mo. At pa. 172, we have the following erudite and learned remark on the passage in question, "The word *find* may be the obsolete verb active, quoted by Johnson from Shakspeare, as meaning to decorate, or grace:

'Hugh Capel, also, who usurped the crown,
To *fine* his title with some show of truth.'

or Pepys may mean he gave two shillings to the Child as a *fine* on himself for entering the college cellar."

All this nonsense must have had the effect of inducing the noble editor to do that, which a very little trouble would have enabled him to do at first, for when the fourth edition appeared in 1854, we find he had gotten a sort of inkling of what the fact was, and in a note, page 459 of vol. 3, he supplies some account of the wonderful Child.

Review.

Sermons for the Holy Seasons of the Church, with others on various subjects. By George Huntington, M.A. Clerk in Orders of the Cathedral Church of Manchester.

We have been rather late in noticing these excellent discourses, but as they have already been favourably reviewed in the *Ecclesiastic, Christian Remembrancer, Clerical Journal, English Churchman, Churchman's Magazine* and other Church Journals, and we doubt not are now in the possession of many of our readers, our own delay will not be of much consequence. As we have lately given our readers rather too much theological matter for the taste of most of them, we may be excused from doing more than cordially recommending these sermons as devotional in tone, eloquent and forcible in expression, and sound in doctrine. Whilst, on the one hand the preacher has not shunned to declare the "whole counsel" of God, and the sacramental and other doctrines of His Holy church; on the other, he has fearlessly exposed some of the current self-deceptions of this "age of shams." We append an extract—

"If any one thinks that by becoming *serious*, as the phrase is, he will shut out from his heart the world, the flesh, and the devil, by any other means than those of watching, fasting and prayer, he will sooner or later find out his woeful mistake. If Satan had never found his way into Eden, I had ventured to hope that he would be a stranger in the religious world (as it is called) but as he was discovered in the garden, so he may be seen here, aye and in the very strictest sect of our religion. Never was there a more fatal mistake than to suppose that we have overcome the world when we have renounced the gaieties and pleasures for which perhaps we have neither turn nor taste. There may be, and there often is, quite as much worldliness in the religious excitement in which the religious world delights, as in the pleasures of those who (as they say) "make no profession." In the one case quite as much as in the other there are pomps and vanities which the baptized Christian is pledged to renounce."

THE MONTH.

It is the end of March, and we are in the midst of a general election. Confined though this summary necessarily is to events affecting the Church, we cannot help alluding to the great topics of the past month; the debates in parliament on the attack upon Canton and the dissolution which has followed; since the vote of the Whig-appoin ed Prelates (now two thirds of the Bench) gave Government the majority in the Lords, in the Commons more than one honourable member did not scruple to declare, that they voted with ministers, not because the attack on Canton was a justifiable one —but because Lord Palmerston had appointed Evangelical Bishops. When the majority of the Bench of Bishops was High Church and Tory, any adherence to their party was urged as a reason for depriving them of their seats in the Lords; a party vote given by Whig Bishops is now considered an excellent reason for their retaining seats. When Conservatives asked support for candidates who would defend the Church's privileges, it was denounced as bigotry and intolerance; voters are now urged to elect such candidates only as will support Lord Palmerston, because he will make none but Low Church Bishops.—It is a pity that the high interests of the Church should be mixed up with an individual statesman's continuance in power or the success of a certain party policy. A stronger reason for the Prime Minister's ceasing to appoint Bishops could hardly be named—the present events are probably but part of a series which will bring public opinion to demand it. When who shall and who shall not be made a Bishop becomes an election cry, the system of appointment by politicians must break down.—Premiers will shortly cease to commend Bishops to the Crown, and Chapters recommence to do so.

In the Knightsbridge Churches cases the Privy Council in its Judicial committee has reversed the most objectionable points of the decision of the courts below. —"Their Lordships after the most anxious considera-"tion have come to the conclusion that crosses as dis-"tinguished from crucifixes have been in use as ornaments "of Churches from the earliest periods of christianity; "that when used as mere emblems of the christian "faith and not as objects of superstitious reverence, "they may still lawfully be erected as additional decora-"tions to Churches;—that the wooden cross erected on "the chancel screen of St. Barnabas' is to be considered "a mere architectural ornament; and that as to this "article they must recommend Her Majesty to reverse "the judgment complained of." The cross is to be removed from the altar of the same Church, not because it is a cross, but because in its position it prevents "the "table being *covered* with a fair linen cloth" at the time of communion as required by the canon. We regret the removal "of a cross ornamented with jewels," probably the most precious decoration existing in any reformed temple. The credence table is to remain.

The Rev. H. Alford, minister of Quebec chapel (which is however in London, *not* in Canada) is the new Dean of Canterbury. We find newspapers of all opinions commending the appointment,—and when this has been the case, we have usually found the Clergyman appointed prove a cypher. Deans who like the present Dean of Peterborough throw open their Cathedrals and improve their choirs, are the most effectual as they are the most national Cathedral Reformers.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

3rd St. Richard, Confessor, was born in the Pontine Province, but being converted by a Scotch Priest, became distinguished for austerity. He came and preached in Britain, and afterwards in France, at the invitation of King Dagobert, upon whose death he retired into a forest as an Anchorite. Died c. A.D. 630.

4th St. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor—Sent to Rome for education, he soon rose to be governor of Milan. The Bishop dying, there arose a tumult between the Catholics and Arians, about electing a successor; St. Ambrose went to pacify them, when with one consent both parties cried "Ambrose, Bishop." He, "unwilling to be a Bishop," unsuccessfully endeavoured to escape. He proved to be one of the most celebrated Doctors of the Church for learning, eloquence, boldness, and zeal. The Dowager Empress Justina plotted against him in consequence of his great success in opposing the Arian heresy, and threatened him with death, but in vain. He wrote many works, and, it is said, composed the "Te Deum." He died on Easter eve, A. D. 397.

19th St. Alphage, Archbishop and Martyr.—Of noble extraction. From being a monk he was raised by St. Dunstan to be bishop of Winchester, and finally named by him as his successor to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. While he held that office the kingdom was invaded by the Danes under Harold, to whom he went and remonstrated, but was met with violence and stoned to death at Greenwich, A.D. 1012.

23rd St. George, Martyr.—A native of Cappadocia. He was a soldier and became tribune. During the persecution under Dioclesian, he boldly remonstrated with the Emperor, by whom he was at once imprisoned. After suffering many tortures with unflinching firmness he was beheaded A. D. 291. Though his life is much hidden in the mists of age, yet few Saints were more widely honoured, or more frequently represented in Ecclesiastical art, from Norway to Naples, from Cornwall to Constantinople. Calvin endeavoured to prove him a myth, but our Reformers knew better, and preserved his name among the few especially retained in the Calendar. The dragon which he is usually represented as vanquishing, symbolises his victory over sin.

25th. St. Mark, Evangelist—A Jew by birth, he became a disciple of St. Peter, by whose instructions he wrote his gospel, he himself never having seen our Lord. He was appointed bishop of Alexandria, which he left for an extended missionary tour; on his return he was seized by the Heathen, and dragged round the city, bound hand and foot, till he died, A.D. 62.

Miscellaneous.

Old and New Ways.—Time has been when a country's pride was its people. Statesmen rejoiced in the numbers whom they governed, and patriots, philosophers, and philanthropists, held it their province to encourage and promote—not emigration, depopulation, or prevention—but the increase and multiplication of their kind. True, they were times when the human understanding yet pined in the grossness and obscenity of heathen polity and heathen religion.

Devilsdust, in 1549.—I hear say there is a certain cunning come up in mixing of wares. How say you? were it no wonder to hear that clothmakers had become poticaries? Yea, and (as I hear say) in such a place as they have professed the gospel, and the word of God, most earnestly for a long time? See how busy the Devil is to slander the word of God. Thus the poor gospel goeth to wrack. If his cloth be 17 yards long, he will set him on a rack, and stretch him out with ropes, and rack him till the sinews shrink again, while he hath brought him to 18 yards. We hear they have brought him to that perfection—they have a pretty feat to make him thick again. He makes me a powder for it, and plays the poticary, they call it flock powder; they do so incorporate it to the cloth, that it is wonderful to consider. Truly a goodly invention! Oh that so goodly wits should be so ill applied! They may deceive the people, but they cannot deceive God. They were wont to make beds of flocks, and it was a good bed too; now they have turned their flocks into powder, to play the false thieves with it. O wicked Devil! what can he not invent to blaspheme God's word. These mixtures come of covetousness. They are plain theft. Wo, earth, that these flocks should so slander the word of God! As He said to the Jews, "Thy wine is mingled with water;" so might He say of this land, "Thy cloth is mingled with flock-powder." He goeth yet on.—*From Bishop Latimer's Third Sermon before Edward VI., (Parker Society), p.* 138.

The Follies of Great Men.—Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed colour, and his legs shook under him, at the sight of a fox or a hare.—Dr Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost. If by mistake it did get first, he would step back and place his right foot foremost.—Julius Cæsar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get into a cellar, or under ground, to escape the dreadful noise.—To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed colour on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat.—Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so. Whenever he set foot on one he would shriek out in distress and agony.—Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped to any himself. If any of the articles happened to be spilled on the table he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished.

A "Loose" Churchman.—He is at most a confused and wild Christian, not specialised by any form, but capable of any. He uses the land's religion because it is next him, yet he sees not why he may not take the other; but he chooses this, not as better, but because there is not a pin to choose.—*Bp. Earle.*

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